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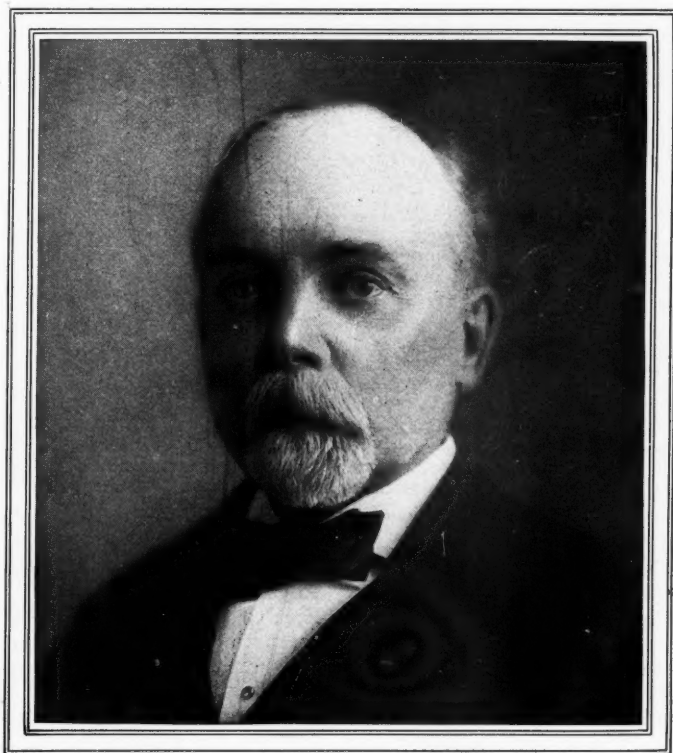
THE SUPREME COURT OF THE RAILROADS

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF THE MEN WHO ARE TO DECIDE THE
GREAT QUESTION OF RAILROAD RATES

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IN a modest room on the top floor of a gray stone building on F Street, in Washington, seven men sit as judges. Through the windows they can see part of the city

panorama, topped by the gleaming dome of the Capitol. They wear no solemn black robes; about them is none of the clatter of court machinery; there is no listening jury,



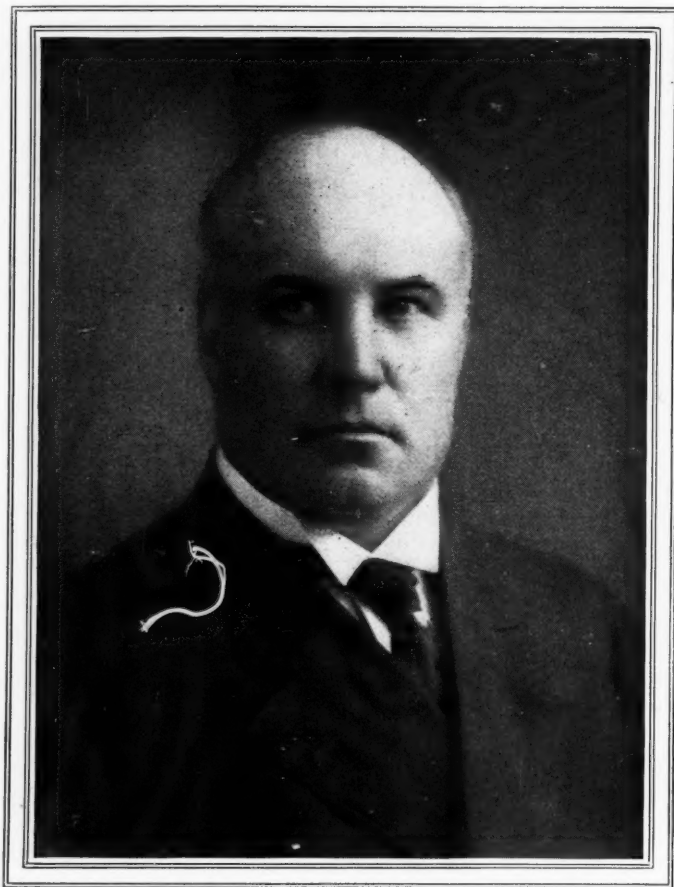
MARTIN A. KNAPP, OF NEW YORK, CHAIRMAN OF THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION—"THE PERSONIFICATION OF INCESSANT APPLICATION"

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

no expectant crowd. Yet they bring to their bar our mightiest corporate power in respectful compliance. On their decisions hangs the fate of whole zones of trade and productivity. The effects of their deliberations touch all the people in some way.

Even the sober-garbed justices of our

Why should the regulation of our railroad rates be fraught with such vast consequence? Simply because in no other land is the railway so intimately bound up with the general progress and prosperity. In Europe, practically every city was a well-developed entity long before the iron speed



FRANKLIN K. LANE, OF CALIFORNIA—"THE VERY INCARNATION OF THE WESTERN SPIRIT OF DRAMATIC ACTION"

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

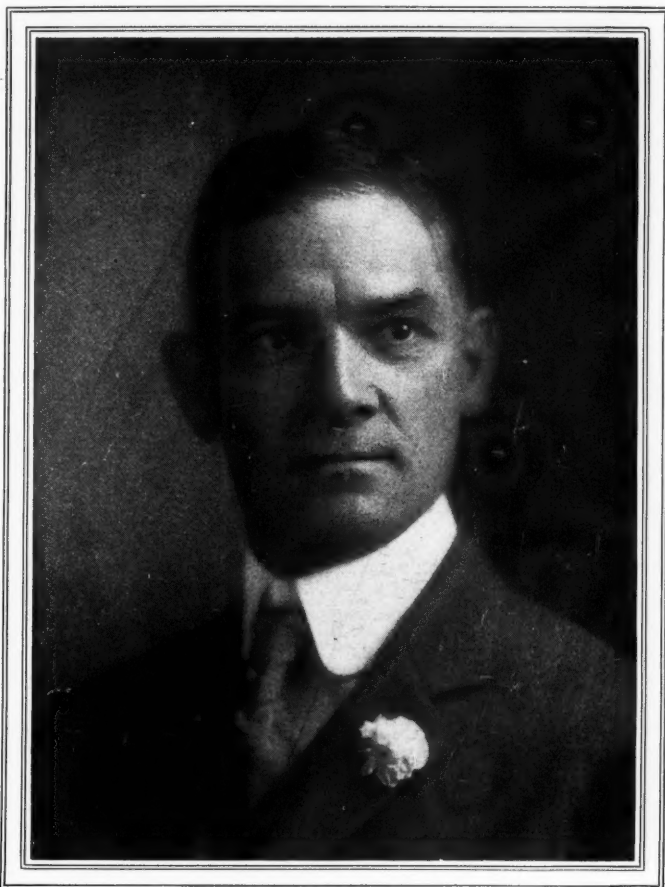
highest bench, who preside in the marble palace down the stately avenue less than a mile away, do not wield, in many respects, a wider or more significant authority than these seven men, for they form the Interstate Commerce Commission—the Supreme Court of the Railroads. They will decide the vital and far-reaching question of the advance in freight rates, in which every section of the country has a stake.

came. Save in isolated instances, there was no great intervening distance to annihilate. Each community was self-sufficient and independent. The life, in short, was local and communal.

With us, on the other hand, the railroad was the empire-builder. We pioneered with steam. The water-tank was the outpost of the town, and down the glistening steel highways came the ambassadors of commerce and

development. Distance vanished. A thousand miles became to-day as the league of yesterday. The fleecy cotton-fields of the South were annexed to the looms of New England; the rich glean of the Western fields was rushed to the markets of the East. Trade sectional lines were wiped out; com-

and to affect the cost of living for every American household. This function is only one of many imposed on the Inter-State Commerce Commission. In its rôle of regulator of our common carriers it has set up a sort of people's court for the redress of corporate wrongs and abuses.



EDGAR E. CLARK, OF IOWA—THE BRAKEMAN WHO BECAME A
TRANSPORTATION JUDGE

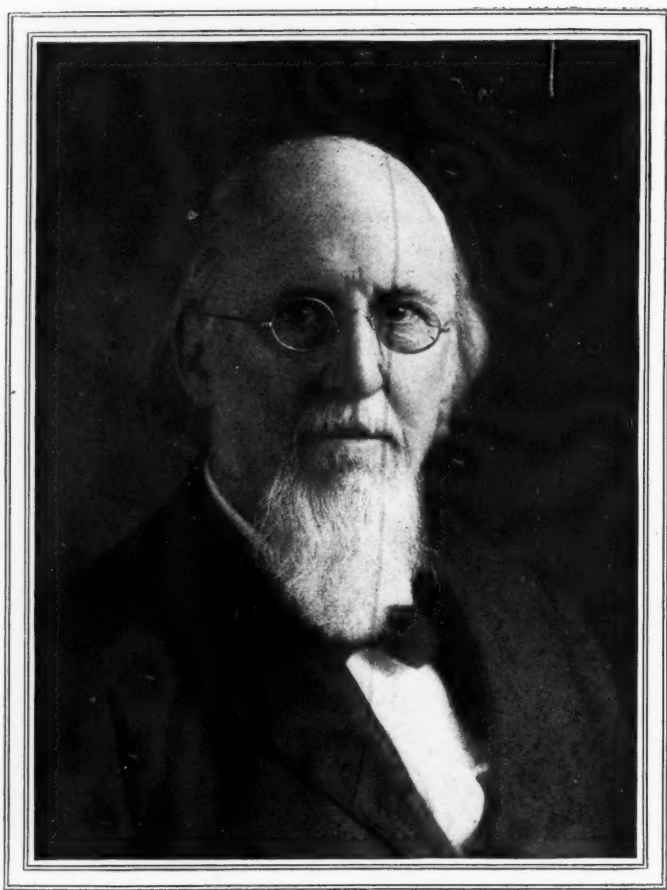
From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

munities remote and far apart became interwoven and mutually dependent, and all because the railroad had girded the country with its iron band.

Thus was created a national economic body, the life-blood of which is traffic. All traffic lives by rates. Therefore, when you invest men with the power to change these rates, you give them the authority to touch the very sources of the railroads' existence.

What, then, is the type of these men? Perhaps no other group of public officials exercising a potent influence is so little known. Yet no similar body can surpass it in the embodiment of the thing we call democracy.

With one exception, every member has worked with his hands and trodden the familiar but difficult self-made way to success. All sections, temperaments, and



FRANCIS M. COCKRELL, OF MISSOURI—"DASHING OFFICER OF THE CONFEDERACY, THIRTY YEARS A SENATOR OF THE UNITED STATES," AND STILL IN THE NATION'S HARNESS

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

view-points mingle in their persons and personalities. A hard-headed Yankee deliberator touches elbow with a Southerner whose impetuous blood was once fired by Confederate zeal; a big, frank, enthusiastic Westerner is the colleague of a reserved and calculating New Yorker, and so on down the list. In brief, it is a clearing house of distinct Americanism.

In view of the aloofness which the judicial status of the commission has imposed, many have wondered if the task entrusted to it were larger than the men themselves. Let us now see, in the concrete terms of achievement, how they measure up to it. Let us set forth their record, and allow it to speak for itself.

In the center of this court sits a wiry,

slight, bearded little man, with keen, incisive face, penetrating yet reflective eyes, and with something in his absorbed manner that suggests the physician rather than the corporate mentor. Watch him during a public hearing, when lawyers are pleading and witnesses protesting, and you at once get the impression that he has mastered one of the most difficult of arts—that of perfect listening. His whole attitude is receptive; but when he projects a question it is like a bullet that finds the bull's-eye, for it is straight and goes direct to the point. Such is the chairman of the commission, Martin A. Knapp.

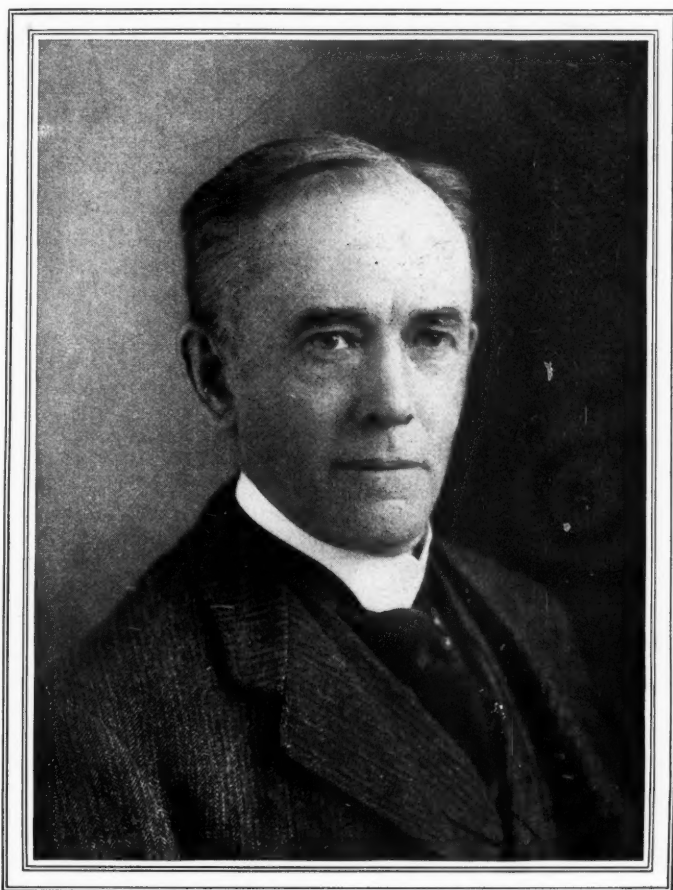
To look at him now, you would scarcely realize that he had been born on a farm up New York State, and had worked on it as

soon as he was old and strong enough to hold an implement, and as long as he remained at home. His father was a justice of the peace who was poor in everything but children. Back of his mother's line was a long string of Scottish theologians, and a love of learning was naturally kindled in the lad. But, unfortunately for the human-interest historian, there was no incident in his youthful life, or, for that matter, in his later one, to build up a thrilling biography.

His whole career, from the day when he set out to school up to the present time, has been the ungarnished record of hard and unremitting work. He has advanced by work, and part of his genius, as Thomas Carlyle defined it, is simply the infinite capacity for labor.

When he entered the academy at Homer, New York, at the age of seventeen, Martin Knapp made up his mind that whatever he tried to do in life he would do well; and he has stuck to this creed. After two years in the academy he had to earn some money; so he became a teacher in a small country school. His family had marked him for the Methodist ministry, for they had been Methodists since the days of John Wesley; but the boy thought differently. However, he entered the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, where he led his classes, and where he was graduated in 1868.

His boyhood ambition had been for the law, and it still held; but the law took time, and he had no money. During his college life he had written occasionally for the



CHARLES A. PROUTY, OF VERMONT—"A HARD-HEADED NEW ENGLANDER
WITH A STRONG WESTERN RADICAL STREAK"

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

Springfield *Republican*, so he applied to the elder Samuel Bowles, the famous editor of that newspaper, for a position. Rather to his surprise, he was offered the night editor's desk, at a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. The institution called fate, coupled with a complete ignorance of the newspaper business, led Mr. Knapp to decline the offer, because he thought the wage was insufficient.

He turned to teaching again, and became instructor at the Homer Academy; but he realized that there was no career in what he was doing. Borrowing some law books from a friend of his father, he began to study law at night and on Sundays and holidays. In less than a year he had qualified for admission to the bar.

In 1870 he became clerk in a law office in Syracuse. An important case was on the docket; his employer became suddenly ill; there was no chance for a postponement. The young clerk volunteered to defend the suit.

"You are too young, and don't know enough law," protested the older man.

"Give me a chance," said young Knapp.

He had his way, and won the case, because, with his remarkable power of assimilation, he mastered the details in a very short time. A year from that day he was made a partner in the firm. He became counsel for big financial and commercial concerns, and thus steeped himself in the law of business and commerce.

Like most other successful lawyers, his eye turned to the Supreme Court bench of his State; and he was in a fair way to realize this hope when President Harrison appointed him to the Inter-State Commerce Commission in 1891. Hence he is the oldest member in point of service. His appointment was quite unexpected; there were other candidates, and he did not seek the place. As he very well expresses it, he became commissioner "quite by accident, but with no contributory negligence on his part."

In 1898 he was elected by his associates as chairman of the commission, to succeed the late William R. Morrison, of Illinois, long known as "Horizontal Bill."

Now, at first glance there is nothing startling about such a life story; yet behind it there is really more substance than in many careers more spectacular or dazzling. First of all, Chairman Knapp is the personification of the first essential for service on the Inter-State Commerce Commission—which

is incessant application. It is difficult for the average man to appreciate the immense amount of labor involved in the board's work. There are public hearings all over the country, and they may range from Spokane to Tampa. The myriad evidence of thousands of witnesses must be digested; the briefs of hundreds of verbose lawyers must be studied; opinions must be written. One commissioner remarked to me:

"We are on the bench all the time—Sundays, holidays, and at night."

Hence Mr. Knapp fits into his job just as the task makes the best measure of him.

THE WESTERN MAN OF ACTION

Now turn to his exact opposite in one respect, and find in Franklin K. Lane the very incarnation of the spirit of dramatic action. Almost from his boyhood, Commissioner Lane has been projected into the stirring movement of some kind of public service, and in every instance it has been the clash of progressive uplift with an old and selfish order of things.

He was cradled in movement, for his father was a Methodist circuit-rider, a sort of ministerial soldier of fortune who happened to be living on a small farm on Prince Edward Island when the boy was born. The family stakes were never driven in one place very long, and before many years the Lanes had set up their abode at Oakland, California. Here the lad grew up, feeling the pinch of poverty that oppressed the family.

He made his way through the public schools, and then worked himself through the University of California, mainly by writing articles for the newspapers. As he grew older, there came to him the ambition for public work. All around him he saw administrative offices manipulated by political pull and recognizing no efficiency save machine influence.

"The surest way to the best public service," he said to himself, "is by way of the bar, because politics require trained discretion and judicial balance."

He had saved a little money, and he entered the Hastings law-school. The prescribed course is three years, but Mr. Lane made it in a year and a half. In San Francisco, however, as elsewhere, there is no royal road to legal prestige. The law took time to conquer, and time meant money. Mr. Lane had none.

He turned to the task that he best knew,

which was newspaper writing. In 1890 he came to New York as correspondent for a group of Western papers. There was method in his coming East. First, it gave him a chance to save up a little surplus; second, it meant contact with big affairs and big men. In the great metropolis were the legal giants whose arguments alone were a liberal education for the ambitious young lawyer.

After two years he was able to purchase an interest in the *Tacoma Daily News*, and he went back to the Pacific Coast. He found Tacoma boss-ridden and the grafter in the municipal saddle.

"We will turn these rascals out," he said.

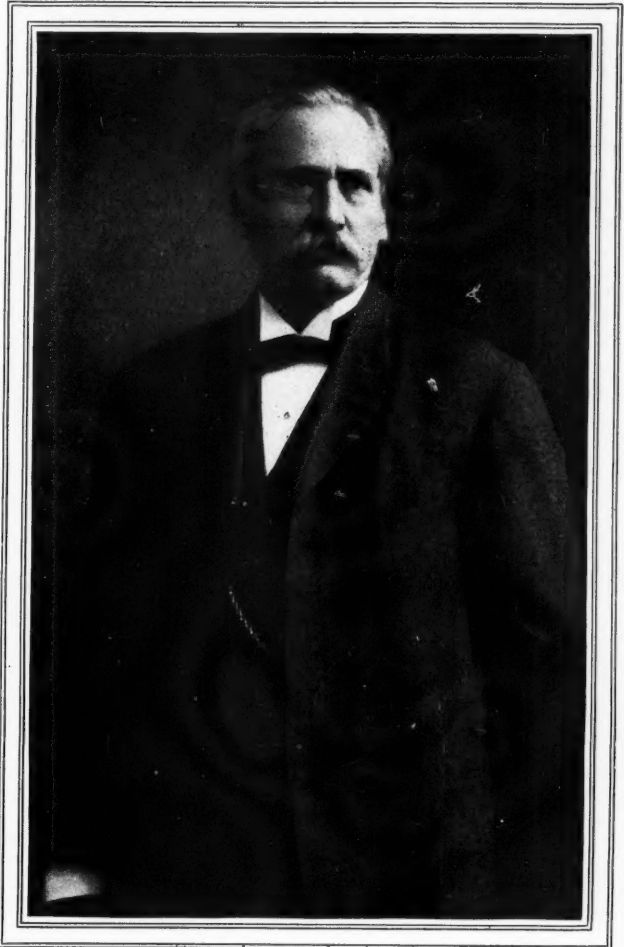
The bosses laughed at what they called the foolish threat of a beardless boy; but he waged such a fierce, effective, and brilliant campaign that the city was cleansed and the machine overthrown. He had accomplished what he set out to do, and now he went back to San Francisco and took up the practise of law.

Such a restless spirit as his could not be content within the confines of a court-room. He needed a larger field, so he became interested in politics. The city at the Golden Gate was chafing under corrupt restraint. The city charter, for instance, was a futile instrument that hampered and shackled the nominally responsible officials, especially the mayor. Far-seeing men believed that to achieve any kind of reform it was first necessary to arm the city servants with authority.

Mr. Lane was active in the framing up of a new charter. Of course, the politicians resented it, because it curbed their ambitions, and there was a big fight against its ratification. It was a struggle of the younger

and more progressive element, headed by Mr. Lane, against the stand-pat spoilsmen; and youth and character won out.

An able mind was required to construe



JUDSON C. CLEMENTS, OF GEORGIA—"ANOTHER LINK WITH THE CONFEDERACY," WHO GRADUATED FROM CONGRESS TO THE COMMISSION

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

this charter, and in recognition of his services Mr. Lane was elected city and county attorney. He was reelected three times. He had now passed into the thirties, and was known all up and down the Pacific Coast as a man of action, of iron will, and of compelling forcefulness. He became a power in politics of the right sort.

Along came 1902, wherein the Democrats of California faced the large task of nominating for Governor a candidate strong

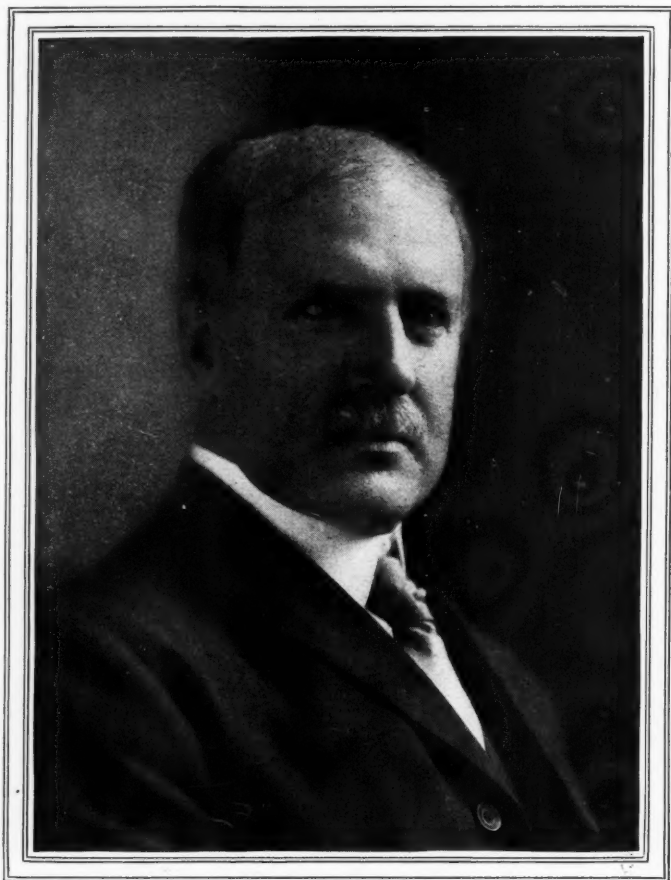
enough to ride down the entrenched Republicans who held the State government.

"There is only one man to lead that hope," they said, "and that man is Franklin Lane."

Lane, who was still well under forty years of age, was made the party nominee, and

car, steamboat, and railway, on horseback and on foot, he pleaded his cause before the voters; he went everywhere, and the youth of the commonwealth rallied to him.

When the ballots were counted, it developed that he had run sixty thousand votes ahead of his ticket, but on the face of the



JAMES S. HARLAN, OF ILLINOIS—"BIG OF BONE, LIKE HIS FATHER, WITH THE TYPICAL KENTUCKY HARLAN FACE AND PRESENCE"

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

plunged into a campaign that stirred the State from end to end. People out there still talk about it.

Up to this time, the Democrats had made railroad domination of politics their chief issue. Mr. Lane, of course, agreed with this policy, but he had a larger vision. His platform was for good roads, civil-service reform, irrigation development, an open market, and a greater California all around. By motor-

returns had lost by about three thousand. Of course, the Republican nominee was declared elected. Subsequently, on a recount in some of the southern counties, it was shown that enough votes had been thrown out to make Lane Governor. It would probably have been useless to contest the election, as the Legislature was overwhelmingly Republican. The Democratic wing of that body, however, showed its appreciation of

his high services by giving him the complimentary vote for United States Senator.

He went back to his law-books, but the people would not let him rest. Once more a strong man was needed to make a sacrifice for the public service, this time as mayor of San Francisco, and again Mr. Lane was chosen as standard-bearer. Arrayed against him was the most powerful labor political machine ever created. It proved to be a Juggernaut, and again he lost by a small majority.

He took his defeat gracefully, realizing that if he had achieved nothing else, he had forced public attention to the principles of good city government, which must eventually triumph. He had made five strenuous campaigns in six years, and he believed that he needed a rest.

But Mr. Lane is the type of man too big for a single State; his is the national caliber. Just about the time that he was recovering from his last campaign, Mr. Roosevelt was looking about for a man to fill a vacancy on the Inter-State Commerce Commission. He marked the brilliant and aggressive young Californian as a man after his own heart.

"A man who can fight like Lane, and be as consistent in his public ideals, ought to be serving the whole country," he said, and he named him for the post.

Because the appointment gave the Democrats a majority on the Commission—it was before its powers and its size had been enlarged—the nomination was held up for a while; and in the mean time came a striking proof of the substance and stamina in the appointee.

On that fateful April day in 1906, when the furies of fire and earthquake beset San Francisco, Mr. Lane was among the first to raise a constructive hand. He was one of the original Committee of Fifty which brought order out of that inferno of disaster. An incident of those days of travail will illustrate his resource.

With five other lawyers, he was making a tour of the fire-beleaguered city. At one point he found that no effort was being made to stem the flood of flame from sweeping over Van Ness Avenue to the whole western district. The water-mains were broken, and the dynamiters, discouraged at the prospect, had stopped some distance away.

Mr. Lane met an old mining contractor who knew how to explode charges. Stopping the man, he said:

"My friend, if we had some dynamite, I believe we could stop that fire from spreading to the west."

"But where is the dynamite?" asked the other.

From a soldier who was passing, Mr. Lane learned that there was some of the explosive on a launch down at the bay. Impressing an automobile, he rushed to the spot, wrote out an order appropriating the dynamite, carried it in his own hands as the motor-car jolted back over stones and holes, and reached the border of the advancing fire.

"But where shall we get a wire and a battery to explode the stuff?" asked the old miner.

"There's the wire," said Mr. Lane, pointing to a telegraph-pole; "and here is the battery"—lifting the hood from the engine of the automobile.

These articles were impressed, a dozen houses were blown down, and when the greedy flames crept up they were checked and a whole district of the city was saved.

Such was the man whom the Senate soon after ratified for the Inter-State Commerce Commission. He might have stuck to the law, in which he had a big and profitable practise, but he saw in the work of the commission a large public task, and he turned to it.

When Mr. Lane became commissioner, Mr. Harriman had spun the greater part of his marvelous web, and slowly and surely he was making his way to the overlordship of the American railroad. There had been none to dispute his sway or question his increasing power. Mr. Lane helped to institute the inquiry into the merger of the Harriman Pacifics—the Union and the Southern—and presided over it. Then it was that the spectacled little wizard of traffic was brought to the witness-stand for the first time, and he felt the Lane probe.

But before he got at the cross-examination of the magnate, Mr. Lane himself traced before the witness the whole growth of the Harriman empire, its corporate highways and speculative byways. His knowledge astounded Mr. Harriman. It was simply characteristic of Mr. Lane's method of operation. Then he demanded:

"When will it stop, Mr. Harriman?"

"When I am dead," was the irritated answer.

But before the examination was over, Mr. Harriman realized, if he had never realized

before, that there existed a right to question his corner on transportation; and it was Mr. Lane who made the fact felt.

You have only to look at this sturdy, keen-eyed, deep-chested, and aggressive figure of a man to realize that strength, force, character, and resolution dwell within him. They are the qualities necessary to the best public service.

THE YANKEE DELIBERATOR

Take his neighbor on the bench, Charles A. Prouty, and you get an absolutely different type and temperament. Here is the typical "down-easter," born on a Vermont farm, trained in the traditions of thrift, and raised amid conservative thought and action.

Mr. Prouty went to a district school while the Civil War was raging, and the only hint he had of the great conflict was when his father's one hired man came home in uniform. The boy had started out on a skating trip when the news of Lincoln's assassination reached the community. Although he was very young, the tragedy made such an impression on him that he slung his skates over his shoulder and went back home. From that day Lincoln became a guide to him.

In time he entered Dartmouth, where he became so much interested in mathematics that one day a professor said to him:

"Prouty, why don't you take up astronomy?"

The idea appealed to the young student, and on his graduation he went to the Allegheny Observatory. There he became associated with the late Professor S. P. Langley, who was the real forerunner of all the bird men. After a year of star-gazing, however, his health broke down, and he went back home to Vermont. But for this he might to-day have been conducting an observatory.

It was during the centennial year that he walked into the office of a lawyer friend at Newport, which was the county seat of his home county.

"What are you going to do now?" asked the friend.

"Might as well study law," answered the boy.

"All right," rejoined the lawyer. "I'll lend you the books."

He started with "Parsons on Contracts," and he literally slept with it. He devoured books. Between October 1 and February 1

he qualified for admission to the bar. Then he hung out his shingle at Newport, and nearly starved to death.

Later, he was for a time professor of history in the Boston Latin School; but teaching did not mean a career. Up in that bleak Vermont country he had felt the call of the West, and he went to Grand Forks, North Dakota, hoping to grow up with the country. Here his outlook was obscured by so much rain, and his feet impeded by so much mud, that one morning, when the landscape was blurred by an unusually heavy downpour, he packed up his law-books and went back East to stay. Once more his shingle dangled in a Newport street.

The Proutys had always been more or less mixed up in politics. One of the commissioner's brothers has been Governor of the State. When a deadlock came in the nomination for district attorney at Newport, Charles was put up as a compromise candidate, and won out.

He stepped right into a sensational case. A local editor had made a serious charge against a prominent preacher, and had been indicted for criminal libel. The whole community was aroused. The minister's friends included many lawyers who wanted to prosecute the case.

"I will conduct it," said the young official, and he did so with such force and effectiveness that the offending editor was sent to jail.

After his retirement from office, Mr. Prouty became active as a railroad counsel. Among other things, he was general solicitor for the Rutland Railroad, and attorney for the Vermont Central. His experience was further widened by service in the State Legislature and as reporter of decisions for the Vermont Supreme Court. Vermont had contributed a member to the Inter-State Commerce Commission, so when there was a vacancy in 1896 Mr. Prouty got the post by succession, as it were.

At that time the commission was vested with slight authority. It could investigate, but was practically unable to regulate. Mr. Prouty early realized that to be effective, and to perform its task, it must have more power. He saw that the key to all railroad regulation was in the censorship of rates.

"The rate," he declared, "is not only the key to the traffic problem, but likewise to the distribution of business and wealth."

Since Congress at first refused to empower the commission adequately, Mr. Prouty turned to the people. He began to make speeches and to write articles for magazines. In all that he said and wrote he pointed out the fact that everywhere in the land the small shipper was handicapped by the favoritism shown by the railroads to the big shippers. That rank weed, the rebate, was flourishing on all sides, and there was no hand to exterminate it.

When Mr. Roosevelt came into office, Mr. Prouty went to him and said:

"Mr. President, we must have power to fix railway rates. Without it, the commission is well-nigh helpless."

Mr. Roosevelt needed no urging. What followed is too well known to be rehearsed here, for there ensued that bristling war with the railroads which ended with the enactment of the Hepburn Bill. This measure conferred drastic powers on the commission—none more important than the jurisdiction over rates. Armed with authority, Mr. Prouty lost no time in exercising it, and his opinion in the Spokane case, establishing a precedent for inter-mountain rates, was a notable one.

He is a bundle of work and energy. No cross-examiner of the commission is keener or more searching. It was he who drew a celebrated admission from Mr. Milton H. Smith, president of the Louisville and Nashville. Fully to appreciate it, you must first know something about Mr. Smith. For years he has enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only railroad president in the United States who has never been interviewed. Even in his silent days Mr. Hariman would sometimes bark at reporters, but there was never an audible chirp from Mr. Smith.

It is a tradition in Louisville journalism that whenever a city editor wants to take the edge off a bumptious young reporter, he assigns him to get an interview from Mr. Smith. The young man starts out with high hopes, but always comes back in a properly humble frame of mind.

Naturally, Mr. Smith is a difficult witness. On one occasion Mr. Prouty haled him up on a rate question, and he proved quite unyielding. The railroad, he declared, had a supreme right to fix the rate in question, and that ended it.

"But what remedy has a man who cannot afford to pay that rate?" asked Mr. Prouty.

"He can hire a team," answered Mr. Smith.

"Suppose he cannot hire a team," continued Mr. Prouty.

"Then he can walk!" snapped Mr. Smith.

This answer started the "let the public walk" phrase, which took rank with William H. Vanderbilt's celebrated remark, "The public be damned!"

On another occasion, Mr. Prouty was questioning the traffic manager of a Western road about rate-making.

"How do you make rates?" he asked.

"By instinct," replied the official, thinking that he had made a very clever remark.

"Just as a honey-bee makes cells, I suppose?" naively commented the commissioner.

"Exactly," assented the railroad man, thinking it was all over.

"You say that you make rates very much as a honey-bee makes cells," responded Mr. Prouty. "Then it seems to me that the salvation of this whole problem lies in the breeding of a race of rate experts. We had better turn this matter over to the Department of Agriculture."

In a dozen other ways I could show the commissioner's sense of humor, but behind it there is always a Lincoln-like common sense. This tall, lank, almost gaunt Vermonter, who looks more like a country lawyer than the searching quizzier of railroad magnates, fills every inch of his job. When you try to sum him up, you will find that he presents the somewhat curious contradiction of being a hard-headed New Englander with a strong Western radical streak.

COCKRELL, A LINK WITH HISTORY

As you proceed with the roster of the commission, the contrast in its personnel becomes all the more amazing. It is a far cry from Prouty, the stern Yankee, to former Senator Francis M. Cockrell, once a dashing officer of the Confederacy, and thirty years Senator of the United States—a man whose career, harking back to the days of Benton, is linked up with epoch-making events. Now, having turned seventy-five, he is still in the nation's harness. Though wrinkled and somewhat bowed, he retains his resemblance to the traditional "Uncle Sam"—the name by which he went when he was a Senator of the seventies.

In this chameleon-like political age it is interesting to contemplate Mr. Cockrell's

achievement. Some men feed at the public trough all their lives, and leave no impress of service; the venerable ex-Senator has made history. He belongs to another age of statesmanship. That he was born on a pioneer farm in western Missouri may have something to do with it. He was a full-fledged lawyer when the Civil War broke out, and he enlisted as a private in the Confederate army.

A few war-time episodes will show the type of the man, and explain some of the reasons why he has loomed large in affairs.

While his comrades were fussing about rank and grade, he was in his tent studying Hardee's "Tactics." When the time for real action came, he was up and doing. This is why he rose to be a colonel in a year. Ask any of his old warriors what his creed in battle was, and they will tell you:

"He never said 'Go on'; it was always 'Come on!'"

In action he had the gallantry of Lee and the abandon of Stewart. At the battle of Champion Hill, for instance, he rode up and down the Confederate lines with a sword in one hand and a magnolia in the other. During Hood's ill-advised assault on the Union lines at Franklin, Tennessee, he was wounded three times. In this fight, by the way, he lost seventy-five per cent of his men.

His presence of mind has been evidenced in many incidents. When you shake his hand, you observe that one of the fingers of his right hand is bent and stiff. The reason forms an interesting and characteristic story. In a slight engagement he was shot in the hand, and the bone of a finger was shattered. The surgeon told him that the finger would be stiff for the rest of his life, and started to put it in a splint.

"Stop a minute!" said Cockrell. "If that finger is going to be stiff, let it be stiff in a practical way. I am a lawyer, and if I ever get out of this war alive I am going back to practise. I'll have to do a lot of writing. Stiffen this finger so that it will fold under my hand and permit me to use a pen easily."

Without a whimper he held out his hand while the doctor bent the finger, and although the agony was excruciating he never turned a hair.

He was a brigadier-general when he retired at the end of the war and resumed the practise of law in his native State, with Thomas T. Crittenden, who later became

Governor. Being a Missourian and a Democrat, Cockrell naturally got into politics. In 1874 he missed the nomination for Governor by what is probably the smallest margin on record—one-sixth of a vote. A certain county with one vote sent six delegates to the nominating convention. Each man, therefore, had one-sixth of a vote, and it was one of these men who cast the decisive ballot.

At this convention occurred the episode that really started Mr. Cockrell on his long career in the Senate. When the nomination was in doubt, he had declared that, if he were defeated, no one would shout louder or throw his hat higher for the ticket than he. When the vote went against him, he gave a "rebel yell" and lost his hat in the flies over the stage. The next year the Legislature elected him Senator, to succeed Carl Schurz. Mr. Cockrell then began his service of thirty years, for he was reelected four times—a consecutive record surpassed only by Senators Morrill and Allison.

He was for years the colleague of the scintillating Vest, yet no two men could have been more different. Where Vest was short and squat in build, merciless in his satire, and flashing in his wit, Mr. Cockrell was tall, stolid, cautious, and conservative, the best type of the statesman who really serves his people.

Perhaps no other Senator had a more intimate relation with his constituents. He knew the people of whole counties by their first names. He answered thousands of letters by hand, and therein lay one of the secrets of his power. Once there was formidable opposition to his reelection. His integrity worried the politicians. An organized campaign to defeat him was launched with a great flourish. One of the ring-leaders of the opposition started out to organize a county in the western part of the State. He ran into two farmers, who at once declared themselves for Cockrell.

"But why are you for a mossback country lawyer?" he asked. "Get a live, progressive man in the Senate!"

"I guess you don't know Frank Cockrell," said one of the men.

"What do you mean?" queried the politician.

"This," answered the farmer. "Bill here and me got into a dispute as to the best time to wean mule colts. We decided to leave it to Frank Cockrell, and wrote him about it. Along came a four-page letter, written in his

own hand, telling us all about mule colts, and settling the question. No, sir! We're for him for United States Senator as long as he knows how to write and talk!"

Cockrell's friendship with Roscoe Conkling was typical of his relations with political opposition. As most people know, the gifted Senator from New York had a profound contempt for Democrats. One day he entered the chamber just as the clerk called his name on a vote. He had been absent during the discussion of the bill, and did not know what it was about. Turning to a colleague, he asked:

"How did Cockrell vote?"

"He voted 'no,'" was the reply.

"Then I'll vote 'no,'" said Conkling, and his vote was so recorded.

Cockrell's life in the Senate was a record of continuous labor. It was said of him that he knew more about the status of Congressional business than any other man. He kept a complete file of all bills of any importance, and of the action taken on them. When he came to vote, he knew just what he was doing.

He would still be in the Senate, if his native State had not experienced a somewhat belated "off year" in 1904 and gone Republican, which put him out of his seat. He accepted the fortunes of political war just as he had faced the overthrow of the Confederacy. Happily, there was no partizanship in the appreciation of his services, for President Roosevelt at once gave him the choice of a seat on the Isthmian Canal Commission or on the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and he chose the latter. Thus it came about that the venerable statesman became a member of the transportation tribunal to which he brought the traditions of ripened experience with large affairs and a mellow wisdom.

Perhaps you get the best parting impression of him when you know his answer to the question that I put to him as to the creed that he had always followed in his public life. He said:

"Do all that is required of you, and a little more."

FROM BRAKEMAN TO JUDGE

In a group of men as typically American as these commissioners, you would expect to find at least one whose rise from humble station was particularly dramatic; and you will not be disappointed. The case of Edgar E. Clark is an inspiring example of what a man

can do in a democracy of opportunity such as ours. He has coupled cars, flagged trains, and ridden the tops of freights through sleet and storm, and now he passes judgment on the roads that once employed him.

Unlike his colleagues, he did not happen to be born on a farm. His father was a small merchant in Lima, New York, who died when the boy was very young. With many sacrifices his mother sent him for a time to the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, which was in the home town. But the struggle became too hard, and the family moved to a small farm out in Mower County, Minnesota.

There were many mouths to feed and little money coming in. The boy wanted to be a lawyer, but he had to take to the work nearest to him. That was a job on the railroad that skirted the little farm; so he became a brakeman on the old Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

After two years, however, he decided that there was no future for him where he was, and he started for the Pacific Coast. He was then twenty years old.

When you circulate among railroad men, you find the unwritten law of their lot is that he who has once been one of them will always be one of them. Like the actor's grease-paint, it gets under the skin and won't come out. So with young Clark. He got as far as Ogden, Utah, and took a place as brakeman on the old Central Pacific.

But he was not the kind to stay at the bottom. In less than two years he was a conductor. He began to read books on transportation, and he kept a Blackstone in his room. He went to the Rio Grande Western, rising always in rank.

Meanwhile he had joined the Order of Railway Conductors, and at one of the national conventions he talked with such hard sense, and so much knowledge of railroad-ing, that he was elected vice-president—a position which had a salary, and which took him off the road. In 1890 he became grand senior conductor, which was the head of the order.

When he took hold there were only fourteen thousand members, no funds, and a big obligation of unpaid claims. Gradually he reorganized the order, introducing business methods, and bringing the members together in an economic, progressive, and protective way. In ten years the membership had grown to forty thousand, and there was a big fund in the treasury. He established

frank, open relations with the railroads, instituted arbitration instead of strikes, and brought the body to the place where to-day, with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, it ranks as one of the two model union organizations of the world.

In his life, as in so many others, an apparently trivial event shaped and changed his whole future. At Chattanooga, in 1902, President Roosevelt was made an honorary member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at their national convention. As head of an affiliated body, Mr. Clark was present, and was called upon for a speech. He made one of his swift, sane, temperate speeches, urging his hearers to be square and frank, and to earn their promotions by duty rather than by agitation. When he concluded, Mr. Roosevelt, who was on the platform, congratulated him warmly.

That was the year of the great anthracite coal strike. All summer the conflict had dragged along with no apparent hope of settlement. Down in the hard coal region, nearly fifty thousand people were idle; in the Eastern seaboard towns, the coal-bins were almost empty, and there was serious apprehension for the future. Suddenly the operators assented to arbitration, and Mr. Roosevelt named his famous commission, which was charged with the task of making an impartial investigation and suggesting some settlement as a basis for future operations. Both of the warring sides agreed to abide by the decision.

For one member the President wanted a man of the people, who knew what it was to work with his hands, who had been through the grilling self-made process, who had emerged with no feeling of bitterness, and who was big enough to see every side of the controversy. Looking over the field, he thought him of the square-jawed conductor who had made the constructive speech at Chattanooga. This is why it happened that Mr. Clark sat in the Anthracite Commission alongside of Judge George Gray, General John M. Wilson, Carroll D. Wright, and Bishop Spaulding.

One of the first motions before the commission was made by Mr. Clark, and it was typical of his judgment and point of view. It was to the effect that the strikers should go to work at once, at the old scale, pending the investigation. This prevented a winter of hardship and suffering for the miners, and insured a coal supply for the East. Through all the deliberations of the commis-

sion Mr. Clark impressed his foresight, the value of his long experience with unionism, and his sense of fairness.

That Mr. Roosevelt still had his eye on him was evidenced in 1906, when the President named him for the Inter-State Commerce Commission. He is the only member who is not a lawyer, and yet he brings to his work something that all the legal experience of his colleagues cannot supply—an intimate knowledge of the mechanism of the railroads, gathered from the inside of the machine. It has been of the utmost value.

Mr. Clark still has what the men of the line call the "railroad face"—the keen, intent, alert visage of the trained and practical railroader. In his case it is set on a firm, well-knit frame that indicates hardihood and strength.

ANOTHER SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH

For the next commissioner you must once more turn to the South. In Judson C. Clements there is another link with the Confederacy. He was born on a Georgia farm, in a house where he could sit on the front porch and see the mist swirling around Lookout Mountain, forerunner of the grim smoke of battle that was to cloud it later.

He was one of ten children, seven of them boys. He was fifteen when Sumter was fired on, and in three months he was the only son at home. All the rest had gone to the Confederate army. He chafed under the handicap of having to tend the place—his father was a country doctor, and away most of the time—so when the first of the brothers came home wounded, in the third year of the war, he ran away to the front, to get his fling at action.

Joining the army at Cartersville, Georgia, he helped to plant one of Johnston's guns on Kenesaw Mountain, and was wounded at Atlanta. He went with Hood to Tennessee, and then back to South Carolina, forming part of the thin gray line that vainly opposed Sherman's northward march. Boylike, he would not believe that Lee had really surrendered when the news came that the Stars and Bars had been furled forever at Appomattox.

Meanwhile his family had "refugeed," as they say down South, to Pike County, Georgia, but with the end of the war the survivors went back to the old home within sight of Lookout Mountain. They found the place desolate and the country laid waste. The war had ravaged everything. With the

rest of the stricken South, young Clements began the task of reconstruction. After the homestead had been mended and the crops planted, he went back to school, despite the fact that he was past twenty.

He became part of a tragic chapter of Southern history. The school was an old barn; the schoolmaster had left an arm at Gettysburg and a foot at Antietam. Around him gathered students young in years, but old in the scars of war, for some were armless and others were on crutches. Most of them had gone from school to their home regiment, and now they were taking up the tasks of peace again.

A few years later, young Clements started a school of his own, and saved enough money to pay for part of a law course at Cumberland University. He patched out the rest of his studies in a law-office at Dalton, Georgia, and toward the close of the sixties he was admitted to the bar and began to practise at Lafayette. He got into politics, cutting his teeth, so to speak, as a county school commissioner. Then he served in the State Legislature.

Next came the event which gave him his first prominence. For years his district had been represented in Congress by a certain rich man whom it had been impossible to dislodge. Even a one-armed Confederate—usually a very effective instrument in such emergencies—had failed to defeat the incumbent. When every other eligible person had refused the nomination, young Clements took it.

Everybody felt sorry for him, for he was a likely lad. His friends said that it was a pity for him to spoil a promising career just at the start. But they did not reckon with the tall, raw-boned boy who had helped to repulse the Federal charge on Kenesaw Mountain. He challenged his opponent to joint debate, and, when he refused, drew him cleverly into an argument at a barbecue, and riddled him. Clements was elected by a small majority the first time, but on his reelection he had a big vote to spare.

In Congress, he was so active in his support of the Civil Service Bill that he drew a letter of approbation from Theodore Roosevelt, then civil service commissioner. Curiously enough, he voted for the act creating the Inter-State Commerce Commission, little dreaming that some day he would be a member. He was appointed by President Harrison.

Personally, Mr. Clements typifies the tra-

ditional Southerner of an earlier day, for he is big and broad, with commanding presence, and yet gentle and courteous of manner.

THE SON OF JUSTICE HARLAN

It remains only to speak of one more commissioner, the youngest in point of service, and the second youngest in years—James S. Harlan, of Iowa. He comes by his judicial right naturally, for he is a son of the stalwart Justice John Marshall Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court. Like his father, he is big of bone, with the typical Harlan face and presence.

Practically all of the Harlans are Kentucky-bred, but the commissioner happened to come into the world just across the Ohio, in Evansville, Indiana, where his mother fled just before the bombardment of Frankfort, Kentucky. Mr. Harlan was first sent to school in Louisville, and later went to Princeton, where he was a star all-round athlete. He was on the 'varsity football teams of 1880, 1881, and 1882, and was captain of the baseball team in his senior year.

He then entered the law-office of the late Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, in Chicago. After his chief went on the Federal bench, in 1888, Mr. Harlan formed a partnership, and seemed destined to a quiet professional life, when President McKinley appointed him attorney-general of Porto Rico. It was immediately after the close of the war with Spain, and the task of upbuilding appealed to him.

Mr. Harlan gave the island a whole new legal structure, one feature of which was the introduction of the jury system. At first this unfamiliar institution was regarded with great suspicion by the natives, especially after a verdict of "guilty" was rendered. But as soon as there were several acquittals, the process became suddenly popular. Mr. Harlan likewise established a sanitary board and organized the island police. Upon his retirement from insular service, he went back to law in Chicago, when Mr. Roosevelt appointed him to the commission.

This completes the series of personal sketches of the members of the seven-headed tribunal that rules our railroads. Whatever other comment may be made upon them, it would certainly be difficult to match this interesting group of men in real Americanism, or in the variety of their types and temperaments.

OUR NINE-BILLION-DOLLAR CROPS

WHAT THE ABUNDANT HARVESTS OF 1910 MEAN TO AMERICAN
INDUSTRY, COMMERCE, AND FINANCE

BY E. J. EDWARDS

IT is only by comparison, or by some sort of picturesque description, that one can get an idea of what the crops harvested in 1910 by the American farmers are with respect to magnitude and money value, and of what the reflex influence of these crops is certain to be upon industry, trade, finance, and commerce, not only domestic, but international.

One way of putting the matter, so that it might be the better understood, would be by making some brief reference to the phenomenal crops of history.

Such was the magnitude of the crop of corn raised by Joseph in Egypt, in the time of Pharaoh, that it was thought worthy of record in the Bible. We cannot tell accurately, as by measurement reduced to American bushels, what this harvest of Egyptian grain was. All that we know is that it was of such amplitude as to amaze the rulers of Egypt, and make the country the commercial master of the ancient world.

Yet it was undoubtedly much smaller than the harvest of Indian corn, or maize, which the American farmers secured in the early autumn of 1910. That is estimated, in round numbers, at 3,121,000,000 bushels. Curiously enough, the number of bushels of Indian corn harvested by the farmers of America is approximately equivalent to the number of dollars in actual circulation throughout the United States. That is to say, if it were necessary to buy outright the corn crop of last autumn, and to pay for it in cash at the rate of one dollar a bushel, then, in order to do this, there would be needed every dollar of money now in circulation.

To put it in another way, 114,000,000 acres of land were sown to Indian corn to

yield this colossal harvest. Magnificent as is this acreage, it is only a small portion of the land in the United States devoted to agriculture—land which, according to the most recent of government statistics, has produced in 1910 what on the whole are the largest crops ever raised in this or any other country.

The savings-banks in the United States hold deposits aggregating about \$4,000,000,000. This represents the total savings of the wage-earners of the country, with the exception of what has been invested in homes or in other property. But there would be needed more than twice the total savings of the American people, deposited in savings-banks, to pay for the American crops of the year 1910.

A rapid glance at the record, which tells of the prevailing or average price received by the factors for American corn, gives a figure approximately averaging sixty-five cents a bushel. At one time, the market price was as high as seventy-eight cents a bushel; at others, it was as low as sixty-two or sixty-three cents. But if, by reason of the magnitude of the harvest, the price of corn finally proves to average no more than sixty cents a bushel, then it is fair to assume that this one crop, when converted into money, will realize between \$1,800,000,000 and \$1,900,000,000.

That is an amount greater than the money value of the entire merchandise exports of the United States for the year 1910, assuming that these exports will aggregate about \$1,700,000,000. The exact amount cannot be stated at this writing, since the figures for the last two months of the calendar year are not yet reported. But it is practically certain that the money value of our exports will

be somewhere between \$1,600,000,000 and \$1,700,000,000.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF BETTER FARMING

Stupendous as is this harvest of corn, nevertheless it should be greater by several billion bushels. James J. Hill, creator of the Great Northern Railroad—which has made possible the cultivation of vast areas of land for American grains—has long held the theory that if the soil were cultivated with the same economy which characterizes the management of our great industrial corporations, if science were applied in a much greater degree to American farming, then the crops raised by the farmers of the United States would be of the money value of about \$15,000,000,000 yearly.

This view is confirmed by William C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad, although Mr. Brown does not make an estimate of the money which American farmers ought to receive for their crops as specific as Mr. Hill's. He does assert, however, that with highly specialized farming, and with the adequate cultivation of vast areas east of the Alleghany Mountains, which have been comparatively neglected, we should be able to raise crops large enough to provide the American people with all the grain and meat foods they need, and to leave over an enormous amount of agricultural products for export.

By a curious coincidence, just as the government bureau at Washington issued its bulletin on the bumper crops of the year 1910, there also came the official report of a demonstration which showed how, under kindly and scientific treatment, the soil may be made to yield vastly more than the average production of our American farms.

In a remote little town of Massachusetts, one not especially noted for fertility of soil, on an average New England farm, an experiment was made by the owner with a view to testing the capacity of the soil, so far as the production of Indian corn was concerned. A single acre was taken. The soil was cultivated on what is called the intensive method—that is to say, every factor which men of science regard as necessary to the production of a large crop was adopted by this farmer. The cost of cultivation and harvesting was recorded by systematic book-keeping. The growing corn was nursed as sedulously as the lover of roses cultivates his bushes. Proper fertilization was given to the soil; and, when the crop was harvested,

and careful measurement made, it was found that one hundred and three bushels of corn had been grown upon a single acre.

Now, if a like result had been secured by all the American farmers who cultivated maize in the year which has just ended, we should have had, instead of somewhat more than 3,000,000,000 bushels of corn, a total harvest of nearly 12,000,000,000 bushels; and, if we estimate at sixty cents the market price of this corn, it would have yielded \$7,200,000,000. Of course, so enormous a harvest would have tended to reduce the price. But one of the valued features of scientific farming, and of intensive farming, is the fact that better methods make possible a relatively greater profit, although the market price may be below the figure prevailing when the crops are smaller.

GLOOMY PREDICTIONS FALSIFIED

One interesting feature of the agricultural year was the fluctuation of the various estimates of the aggregate amount of the crops as these were made from time to time, beginning in the early spring, and ending with the authoritative statement issued by the Department of Agriculture.

In the early spring, the report prevailed that there would be a heavy falling off in the production of wheat. Some of the experts predicted that climatic and other demoralizing factors would cause a decline of at least twenty-five or even thirty per cent. But there were men in Chicago, New York, and Boston in close touch with the more important financial interests of the remoter West, who pursued independent investigations. These men were persuaded, as early as May, that the wheat crop would be better than some of the experts predicted. So they said to their friends in New York, especially to those whose business depended upon a large crop of wheat:

"Don't pay too great heed to these professional reports. We are satisfied that, if the climatic conditions are good during the summer, we shall get, possibly not a bumper crop of wheat, but certainly a fairly good harvest."

Then, again, there came in August depressing reports as to the condition of the corn crop, and also that of cotton. But again these investigators said to their friends:

"Do not be disturbed about the corn harvest. Barring early frost, or other climatic disturbance, we are convinced that the farm-

ers will harvest at least 3,000,000,000 bushels of corn."

This statement was made at a time when even the government experts were estimating a crop of something like 200,000,000 bushels less.

Then, again, the professional estimators made discouraging reports as to the condition of the cotton crop; but these men, having had their own observant and qualified agents carefully inspecting the cotton-fields, did not find that pessimistic reports were justified. And so, late in August, one of the great men of finance said to a friend:

"Do not be disturbed about the cotton crop. Every indication points to a harvest of at least 11,000,000 bales, and possibly as much as 11,500,000 bales. And this means for the American people at least \$400,000,000, represented by actual cash or credits in Europe."

This prediction has been well vindicated. As I write, the current estimate is that, instead of \$400,000,000, we may find that our cotton crop of the year 1910 has created for us, in London, credit—which is the equivalent of cash—aggregating between \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000.

So it is now perceived that the more hopeful forecasts of the American harvests were constantly justified, although these forecasts were made by men whose information was privately gathered, and were more or less at variance with the statistics received by the Department of Agriculture from its own agents all over the country.

The final statement of the bureau at Washington, however, made amends for earlier depressing predictions. The government itself has officially declared that, taking the American harvests as a whole, they made, for the year 1910, bumper crops.

Let us now take a few of the statistics. Our corn harvest, as has been said, amounted to 3,121,000,000 bushels. Potatoes were reported as 329,000,000 bushels—a considerable falling off as compared with last year. The tobacco crop is estimated at 968,000,000 pounds, a gain of 19,000,000 pounds over last year; the wheat harvest at 700,000,000 bushels; the hay crop at about 60,000,000 tons, worth something like \$700,000,000. Here, again, is illustrated the remarkable equality which has long been maintained between the money value of the hay crop of the United States and the money value of the cotton crop.

There began, some years ago, an interest-

ing, although friendly, contest between two groups of expert estimators. One of these groups insisted that the money value of the hay crop in the United States would be equal to that of the cotton crop, excluding the by-products secured from cotton-seed. There are no by-products of hay. The other group maintained with vigor that the humble hay crop was worth considerably more than the cotton crop. The probable conclusion is that the two crops are, on an average, practically equal in value.

The latest statistics received from the Department of Agriculture tell of the production of wheat, both winter and spring, oats, rye, and barley, these being the chief grain crops of the United States. They show that in the aggregate, including corn, American farmers grew and harvested, in the year 1910, a little more than 5,000,000,000 bushels of grain, more than half of which was Indian corn. There is nothing like this in the history of the world, so far as history records agricultural production. Such a crop explains, at least in part, the restored confidence of American business men and bankers, with respect to industry, commerce, and finance in the coming year.

TURNING CROPS INTO CASH OR CREDIT

By calculating the number of railway cars necessary to remove at one time, or within one week, these vast crops from the fields to the markets, it might be possible to convey some idea of the enormous scale of our agriculture. But, after all, it is much more significant and important to show how the crops are moved to the markets, how they affect financial conditions, how they stimulate the money market, how they are converted into cash or credit, and how, by this conversion, they are at last identified with individual and national prosperity.

In the autumn of 1907, the officers of one of the larger trunk lines of the United States were greatly concerned because there appeared to be danger of traffic congestion at the points where the crops were to be shipped. That year our farmers produced grains amounting to 4,166,000,000 bushels. The harvest was not a great one, nor, with any of the crops, a record-breaker; yet it was a fairly good harvest.

Financial conditions in the fall of that year, as early as September, were portentous. The great bankers were apprehensive that there would come serious disturbance in the money markets, which, if un-

checked, might lead to a currency panic—as, in fact, proved to be the case.

The railway managers, therefore, made haste to move the crops from the farms and the elevators to the great markets, and particularly to Europe. If our surplus harvests could be exported, and could command the high prices then prevailing for American grain and cotton, a sufficient supply of money or credit could be found in the London market, with which to tide over the expected embarrassments of the fall.

But the railway managers, to their consternation, discovered that they had not the equipment necessary to move the crops to the seaports. Steamships in plenty were ready to transport American grain to Europe. The great factors of Liverpool and of London were prepared to receive and to pay for our exports, but it was apparent that we could not ship a sufficient quantity to provide the money necessary to meet the expected demands of the late fall.

Had it not been for this congestion—partly due to the fact that the railroads were unable to borrow the money they needed for additional equipment—in all probability we should have marketed in Europe so large a part of our grain harvest as might have prevented the currency panic which occurred in late October of 1907.

Now, an illustration of the manner in which these harvests are converted into money, and of the benign influence of this newly created wealth, expressed in dollars or in credit, is furnished by several recent experiences. If we tell in narrative form what these experiences were, we shall be better able to understand what the stupendous crops of 1910 will mean for American business activity of all kinds in the year 1911.

HOW THE FARMERS STOPPED A PANIC

On the day of the failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York—a failure which in an instant withered credit and caused a practical suspension of cash payments by the banks—John E. Gardin, of the National City Bank of New York, after a brief consultation with Mr. Stillman, president of the bank, prepared to buy or to discount in any amount drafts drawn by cotton planters, many of which were held by the cotton brokers. Mr. Gardin had gained international reputation as one of the great American authorities upon foreign exchange. Like all the captains of finance,

he was anxious to do what he could to arrest the panic, and to restore such confidence as would make it possible for the banks to resume payments, and for business men to obtain the funds needed to protect their credit. He realized that the speediest way of effecting this was to secure as large an amount of foreign exchange as could be obtained, and to convert it instantly into gold.

Next, it was very desirable that transactions of this kind should be supplemented by such assistance as the Federal Treasury was able to give. Mr. Cortelyou, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gardin, and other great banking authorities, began to act in cooperation on the very day of the panic. Secretary Cortelyou offered to deposit, in such national banks as could furnish the security demanded by the Federal statutes, large amounts of government cash. The demand for securities of this kind being very great, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Frick, and Mr. Harriman, offered to lend them to national banks seeking government deposits, without exacting any interest or commission. In this way, within a few days, many millions of government cash were transferred from the Treasury vaults to those of the national banks.

But what was especially needed was the kind of money which could be utilized for building up bank reserves. It is necessary for every bank to keep on hand a reserve equal to twenty-five per cent of its deposits; and this money must be in gold or in legal tenders. If a supply of such money could be had, say to the amount of \$100,000,000, it would be possible for the banks to increase their loans by \$400,000,000.

But, how was this money to be obtained? How was gold to be secured, when a currency panic was prevailing? Bank-notes and Treasury notes would avail, to an important degree, in increasing cash supplies; but they did not serve to build up a reserve.

It was in great measure upon the American farmers that reliance was placed for the funds with which bank reserves could be replenished. It was through the medium of those bankers who had special facilities for the swift transaction of international business that the crops of 1907 were to be converted into cash, or into the kind of credit in the London market which is the equivalent of cash, so that the needed gold could be obtained.

When it was known that Mr. Gardin, representing the largest of American national banks, would instantly negotiate cotton bills—cotton being the crop most available for immediate export—they were offered to him in large amounts. In that first day of the panic, he bought and discounted bills for \$8,000,000. On each succeeding day large amounts of bills were bought or discounted, until the aggregate, according to the common understanding of that time, was considerably in excess of \$30,000,000.

Having these bills in his possession, all that he had to do was to use the cable. No longer time than it took to write the cable-message and deliver it in London was required for converting the cotton bills into gold. It was, of course, to the advantage of financial interests in England to assist the United States in such a great emergency. Therefore, no effort was made to prevent the shipment of actual gold. In a few days, the yellow metal was on its way from London to New York. Within an amazingly short time we had procured in the London market the record-breaking sum of more than \$100,000,000 in gold, and had received it in the United States.

This gold was immediately shipped to banks in the West and South, none of it being held in New York. Almost every dollar of it represented the American harvests of the summer and early fall of 1907. In association with the deposit of government moneys, it built a perfect defense against the panic, and confidence was so speedily restored that, by midwinter of 1908, what had been a currency famine became a currency plethora.

It is literally true to say that the American farmers, who harvested a grain crop of 4,000,000,000 bushels in the summer and autumn of 1907, furnished the means by which the currency panic of that year was checked.

TWO GREAT FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS

Another example illustrates the manner in which American farmers made it possible to finance two very great and unprecedented transactions. These transactions were begun and completed without causing even a ripple in the money market.

In the early part of the twentieth century, a combination of various ocean steamship lines was perfected under the legal title of the International Mercantile Marine Com-

pany. As a part of the negotiations which brought the several lines under the control of a new company, there was a pledge of the payment in the London market, at the beginning of the new year, of twenty-five million dollars in gold.

How was this gold to be procured? Of course, American bankers could borrow it, discounting their own credit; but it was thought the better way to rely upon the farmers. Therefore, the bankers who were to make the payment in the London market began to secure drafts drawn by the cotton-planters, by the brokers who dealt in cotton, and by the commission merchants who handled wheat or other grain products. A quantity of such bills was obtained from the exporters of meat, the meat representing American corn and hay which had been converted into live stock.

In all, bills to the amount of twenty-five million dollars were secured and were negotiated in the London market; so that upon the day nominated in the bond the payment was duly made in gold. And the American farmers made this possible.

When the United States government was completing the purchase of the Panama Canal, it was necessary to make payment, in France, of forty million dollars in gold. To draw this amount from the Federal Treasury would not only have involved the depletion of our gold supply, but would have entailed a very considerable cost in the way of freight, insurance, and packing charges. The government thereupon entered into negotiations with American bankers, asking them to direct the transaction so that it would be possible to place the gold in France without transporting the metal from the United States.

Again recourse was had to the American farmers; and the whole transaction was handled with such skill that the payment was made, although not a dollar of gold left the United States; nor was there anything in the course of the money market to indicate that a transaction of such unprecedented magnitude was in progress.

And the American farmers made that colossal payment possible, through the conversion of their crops into bills of exchange, which passed for gold in the London market.

WHAT THE FARMER WILL RECEIVE

At the time of writing this article, it is not possible to report in accurate figures the prices that will be received, either by

the farmers or by those who market their crops, for the harvest of 1910. The best that can be done is to make an estimate, based upon the figures reported up to the middle of October.

I have already estimated the value of the corn crop as being between \$1,800,000,000 and \$1,900,000,000.

The average price of wheat, from January 1 until mid-October, as reported by the government authorities, was ninety-five cents a bushel. Should our entire crop of wheat be marketed at that figure, the money received for it will be approximately \$635,000,000. The estimate, it must be acknowledged, is a somewhat rough one; but it will probably be found not far out of the way.

The average price of oats per bushel, as reported by the government authorities, has been forty-two cents. If this price is maintained, then there should be received from the oat crop of the United States for the year 1910 about \$425,000,000.

With respect to cotton, it is still more difficult to give anything like precise figures. It is not yet accurately known how many bales of cotton will be harvested, or what the prevailing market price will be. But the impression of men who should know is that our cotton crop will yield something like \$700,000,000; and that same figure will also serve as a rough estimate of the money value of the hay crop.

Of all these crops, cotton is the most readily and directly converted into money. Our export of wheat has been declining; and the greater part of the corn crop must be converted into meat, or into various other by-products, before it can materialize in the form of cash.

Incidentally, attention may be called to the fact that almost simultaneous with the announcement of a three-billion-bushel corn crop, there came the very gratifying news of a reduction in the cost of meat. This is in part explained by the expectation that a larger amount of meat will be produced, or that meat can be produced at less cost, owing to the abundance of corn.

If we take, however, an estimate of \$9,000,000,000 as the money value of all our agricultural products for the year 1910—an estimate which will, in all probability, be found fairly accurate, or at least sufficiently so for the purposes of this article—then we at once see that the American people draw, each year, a vast amount of

wealth from the soil of our farms. Indeed, our material prosperity is founded upon agriculture. With the possible exception of gold-mining and silver-mining, practically every industry of the United States reflects in its activity the harvests of the summer and fall.

In the latter part of the past century, our most experienced bankers detected, as they thought, a new feature of our financial condition. After the agricultural West was opened up by means of the railways, and harvests were reaped upon a colossal scale, there began the annual monetary movement known as "financing the crops." The leading bankers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia began in the spring to prepare for this financing. They knew that, late in the summer, the West would approach the money markets of the East for the purpose of securing funds to enable the farmers to move their crops to the great distributing points.

To meet the farmers' demands, the banks, aided by the government, secured large amounts of currency in small denominations. This money was needed to pay the harvest hands, after the crops had been garnered. The farmers were also anxious to borrow for other immediate needs, relying upon the marketing of their crops for money with which to pay their loans. And so this annual movement of money in great currents from the East to the West began in the latter part of July, and was continued until late in the fall.

THE GROWING WEALTH OF THE WEST

In the year 1899, the late Frederick D. Tappen, president of an important national bank in New York, and a man of long experience in handling the annual crop financing, detected, as he thought, in the reports received at the Clearing-House from various banks, a reduction of the Western demand for crop money. He made a careful investigation, which justified him in saying that at last the farmers of the West were beginning to create money capital, representing the surplus of their gain, after having paid their indebtedness.

Mr. Tappen predicted, therefore, that in the course of ten or fifteen years, with increasing crops, with good prices, and with a continuation of the European demand for American agricultural products, the Western farmers would create capital in such vast amounts as would make it practically un-

necessary to borrow money in the Eastern markets to move the crops.

This theory was criticized by other authorities, but experience has shown that Mr. Tappen was not far out of the way. By means of the crops, the American people were able to repurchase from Europe, between 1897 and 1900, securities of the estimated money value of \$2,000,000,000. Nearly all of this colossal sum represented the marketing of American crops. We were creating visible international trade balances, which varied each year from \$400,000,000 to nearly \$600,000,000. It was the creation of these favorable balances, and the great addition to American money capital, that made it possible to finance the great industrial combinations which were conspicuous features of the first years of the twentieth century.

It was observed, too, that the farmers of the West were rapidly paying off their mortgages. Moreover, they were buying increased acreage, and paying for their purchases. The deposits in the Western banks began to swell. A recent statement made from the office of the comptroller of the currency, in Washington, showed that in October, 1910, the Chicago banks were carrying \$800,000,000 of deposits—an increase of more than one hundred per cent in ten years.

Increases relatively as great were reported from other large cities of the West. The transactions of the Clearing-House Association of Kansas City, in one week, were about \$60,000,000. Minneapolis cleared in one week \$24,000,000. The accumulated deposits of the Western banks were relatively greater than those of the banks east of the Alleghanies.

No small part—probably much the greater part—of these increases in deposits represented money received for the crops. The comptroller of the currency has spoken, in admiration mingled with some wonder, of the reports received from some of the smaller banks of the West, especially in the exclusively agricultural regions. The deposits in these banks have increased amazingly. Almost every dollar of them represents, directly or indirectly, the money received by the farmers for their crops, and the returns from their investment of capital in elevators, or in the accessories by which the crops are moved from the fields to the great markets.

This is one of the most marvelous changes in the history of any commercial nation. Up

to the year 1896, the average Western farmer lived uncomplainingly a life of hardship, self-sacrifice, and struggle. He was conquering the soil. He was compelled to borrow money in the East, and the East was, in like manner, compelled to borrow money from Europe, to enable him to cultivate his homestead and finance his crops.

In ten years' time this wondrous change has taken place, lifting the farmer from the condition of a borrower to that of a man of capital. For every farmer who has no debts, and who possesses a surplus upon deposit in the bank, or invested in good securities, is in his way as much a capitalist as is the man who controls great amounts of money.

THE RESULTS OF A BOUNTEOUS HARVEST

The nine-billion-dollar crop of 1910, after it has been marketed, will produce two important results.

Presuming that the farmers will receive as good prices as they have averaged for the past ten years, they should, in the aggregate, have many millions—possibly hundreds of millions—left over as surplus; and these millions must be invested, either directly or indirectly. Direct investment takes the form of the purchase of securities, or of additional acreage. Indirect investment is represented by deposits in the banks, these deposits being utilized by the banks in the form of loans, which, in great measure, will be the basis of railway expansion and general industrial activity.

In the next place, the surplus crops which we are to export to other parts of the world will be of such magnitude that we are sure to maintain our credit balance in Europe; although, by reason of our great purchases of foreign products, this visible trade balance may not be as large as was the case from 1898 until 1907.

These credit balances in Europe will make it possible to furnish capital needed for railway improvement and expansion, for new industries, and possibly for participation in some of the great foreign loans. The fifty-million-dollar loan which, at the time of writing, is contemplated by New York City, will no doubt be in large part financed, directly or indirectly, with money representing the products of American farms. And if the much-talked-of loan to China is finally made, it will in great part be paid over through bills of exchange behind which stand American cotton, American corn, and American wheat.

BULLY DESPARD

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE TRAP," "THE HAND IN THE DARK," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD V. BROWN

JOHN MARSHFELL DESPARD was a thick person. His wits, voice, fingers, and shoulders were all thick—and so were the stories which he told at the Planters' Club, where proprietors from all parts of the island came to refresh themselves every Saturday, after the weekly tussle with the manager of the British West Indian Bank. Mr. Despard had been nicknamed "Bully" when a boy at school; and because not only the name, but also the characteristics which had inspired it, still clung to him, the other planters continued to listen to stories of which they had been thoroughly weary for years.

Bully Despard was quick to take offense from unoffending people who did not know him intimately, but slow to realize the quiet scorn and dislike of old acquaintances. This peculiarity was due to his general thickness and his vanity. He looked for disrespect from strangers, and could not imagine it from people who knew him.

In spite of a notable ancestry, a classical education, and the finest sugar-estate on the island, he was a primitive man of the most objectionable type. Unlike most bullies, he had more than his share of animal courage. He was a bachelor—which was fortunate for whatever woman might otherwise have been his wife.

One morning Bully Despard and his overseer caught a recently discharged field-hand pilfering a few canes. The laborer was big, young, ragged, and black as a boiler. The two white men, who had dismounted from their horses, held him fast between them. Mr. Despard looked quite pleasant, and as if he were uncertain what to do with the thief.

"He deserves what the law prescribes, which is three months in the pen," he said,

reflectively; but he did not sound as if he meant it.

The pilferer looked sullen but unconcerned. The overseer permitted himself to smile at the planter's delicate humor.

"Yes, sir. He deserves hangin'. I'll give him a few cuts with my whip an' let him go, sir," he said.

The pleasant expression left Bully Despard's face. A dull red surged up into the heavy cheeks and brow. With a blistering oath he requested his overseer to go to a warmer place than Bados. The overseer realized that he had made a mistake; and Sammy Newboy was taken before the nearest magistrate, protesting sullenly, and was dealt with according to the law of Bados—a law which protects the crops of the planters with a jealousy that is often tragic but seldom of lasting efficiency.

This was hard on Sammy, for he had recently been offered the chance of his life to go to a neighboring island and work in a shipyard. Instead, he went to the penitentiary and worked at making brushes and mats for no wages and on a diet that looked more satisfying in the governor's report than in Sammy's tin dish. Day by day the pilferer's reddish brown eyes became more and more red. One day he hit a warder over the head with a half-finished brush; and during the following forty-eight hours, which were spent in the "dark cell," his red eyes saw against the blackness and terrible silence a hundred visions of the face of Bully Despard.

II

SEVERAL months passed. Crops ripened; ships came and went, and the long wind blew unfaltering; their excellencies gave a dance; men grumbled, laughed, traded horses, and

played poker—and other men worked out the crawling days behind the high, white walls of the penitentiary. Life in Bados wore on about as usual. Two noteworthy occurrences were a rise in sugar and the invention of a new swizzle which was to be served in full-sized beer-glasses.

Bully Despard arrived in town bright and early one Saturday morning. He left his pony and trap at the hotel, in charge of his groom, and walked around to the club. The club is in Victory Square. Its front windows overlook a cast-iron representation of the late Admiral Lord Nelson with a telescope under his arm and half a dozen round-shot piled handily at his knee. Its back windows command the busy Careenage and the shipping in the bay. Despard, shouldering his way along the narrow pavement, was within five yards of the door of the club when his insolent eyes suddenly beheld something which halted him. This something was Sammy Newboy.

"When did they let you out?" inquired the planter, harshly.

The negro stood silent in the gutter, staring fixedly. His reddish brown eyes looked as if they had been carved from rosewood.

"If I catch you anywhere on my land, I'll put you in again!" threatened the planter. "Do you hear me?" he cried.

Newboy laughed wildly, then turned and strode away.

This encounter put Bully Despard in a bad humor. He was breathing heavily through his nose when he entered the main room of the club. The hour was so early that the place was nearly empty. Jack Henty stood at the small window which communicates with the butler and the bottles. One billiard-table was shrouded, but at the other Ash, of Mount Gay, and a stranger played an uninspired game.

At the far end of the room, in a region of long chairs, low tables, ash-trays, and the latest illustrated weeklies from London and New York, four men talked lazily together. One of these also was a stranger. Despard passed the billiard-players with a nod to Ash, and joined the group of four. Benham introduced him to the stranger, and the two shook hands. The stranger's name was Henry B. Smythe; and it took Despard less than a minute to learn that he was making a tour of the islands, and that his home was in Portland, Maine.

Despard did not like tourists, despised all persons who twisted the name of Smith into

Smythe, and entertained a very low opinion of the State of Maine. He seated himself in front of Mr. Smythe, and stared at that gentleman's purple silk socks.

"Just taking a look around the islands, Mr. Smith?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," replied Smythe.

He was a thin, nervous young man, with a colorless complexion but a quick blush.

"If you're thinking of buying Bados—I hear a great deal about American capital keeping these islands alive—I have a few acres to sell," said Despard.

Smythe laughed in a nervous, puzzled way, and shook his head. Then the planter leaned back, lit his pipe, and began on his thickest story. Three of the group gently closed their eyes; but the young man from Maine sat up straight in his chair, prepared to listen politely and perhaps even eagerly. He liked a good story as well as any man from Maine.

Presently Mr. Smythe began to move uneasily in his chair. He plucked nervously at the knees of his trousers with his long fingers. His cheeks and forehead flushed and paled. He looked inquiringly at the others, but finding them apparently asleep he fixed his gaze upon the face of the storyteller.

At last, in a pause for breath, Bully Despard sat up and met Smythe's regard. He glared.

"What's the matter with you?" he cried.

The three who had feigned slumber opened their eyes; the men at the billiard-table paused in their game; Jack Henty turned his back upon the butler's window and set down an empty glass. Smythe jumped to his feet.

"Beastly!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "If any man told a story like that in a Portland club, he'd be kicked out!"

Bully Despard continued to glare, stricken speechless with amazement and fury. The other planters gaped; but the second tourist chalked his cue and drawled:

"There's Hen Smythe gone and excited himself again."

This remark, or the manner of its delivery, acted like a charm. Jack Henty demanded another swizzle, smiles illuminated several faces, Smythe laughed nervously, and Despard found his tongue. Yes, he found his tongue, but it was stiff and heavy with rage.

"Beastly!" he cried. "You say so? You! Portland clubs? Kick me out!" Then he



NEWBOY LAUGHED WILDLY, THEN TURNED
AND STRODE AWAY

coughed up unprintable oaths and demanded an apology.

Mr. Smythe grinned nervously—so nervously that a great deal of pity was felt for him. His thin cheeks were very red and his eyes very bright. He cut rather a pathetic and amusing figure in his yellow shoes, purple socks, and all-too-roomy linen suit.

"Apologize?" he said. "Not on your life! I meant what I said—and a good deal

more, too. You may go chase yourself for an apology!"

Despard curbed his rage with an effort that shook him from head to foot.

"I suppose you are afraid to fight, so I shall have to get my groom to horsewhip you," he said huskily.

The man from Maine laughed weakly.

"Afraid?" he replied. "Not at all! Glad to fight you with anything—anything except my bare hands. I'm particular about my hands."

"Oh, see here, you chaps, this has gone far enough!" protested Ash.

"You sound like a couple of dogs," said Benham.

"Try one of my new swizzles, each of you," suggested Henty. "That'll make you feel better."

"You've gone and excited Hen, and it will take me a week to quiet him down again," complained Mr. Nixon in a drawling voice.

"Will you really fight?" demanded Bully Despard.

"Sure thing!" returned Henry B. Smythe.

"You fellows are several centuries behind the times," said Benham. "Men don't fight over little disagreements of this kind now."

"I do," said Despard.

"Same here," said Smythe.

They stuck to it, in spite of the arguments and entreaties of the planters and the gibes of Mr. Nixon. Despard was sullenly stubborn and Smythe nervously insistent. At last the six grew fretful.

"Have it your own idiotic and criminal way, then!" exclaimed Ash.

"Do you want to fight with your teeth, or like gentlemen?" asked Benham.

"Pistols," said Despard.

"Yes, pistols," said Smythe.

"Hen, you know that the noise of a pistol-shot will put your nerves all in a twitter," protested Nixon.

"There are six sane men here," said Jack Henty; "three to look after the interests of each of you. We'll go down-stairs and arrange the duel. You had better go home, Despard, or the look of you will arouse the suspicions of the public. Some one will let you know the plans for the meeting to-night. Smythe, you had better stay here and try to calm yourself."

"I won't stand any fooling," cautioned Despard. "No hinting to the police, mind you! I mean to teach a lesson to this—this young person from Portland, and whoever tries to stop me will get into trouble!"

III

WITH that, Bully Despard took his departure. The six retired to a small back

room on the ground floor, leaving Henry B. Smythe to fidget with the knees of his trousers and the tops of his purple socks.

They sat down at a small table near an open window. They kept silence until six long glasses had been placed before them and the waiter had retired. Outside, a big negro with reddish brown eyes leaned against the wall within six inches of the edge of the window. At the sound of voices, he moved a little closer.

"How long will it take Smythe to get scared?" asked Henty.

"He won't scare until he cools down, and he won't cool down inside the week," replied Nixon.

"And Despard will be madder by then than he is now," said Benham.

"You are right. He is an unnatural sort of devil," said one of the others.

"Is Despard a crack shot?" inquired Nixon.

"I don't believe he has ever fired a revolver in his life. But what about Smythe?" returned Henty.

"Hen? Oh, Hen could hit a barn, all right, all right—if he was inside it," drawled the American.

"Inside what?" queried a simple soul in a plump body named Todd.

Nixon was quite willing to explain; but Henty requested Todd to keep quiet and not flaunt his ignorance in the face of a stranger.

"We'll have to give them a fight," said Benham. "One shot each—and the man who wants to shoot again to be handed over to the police."

"Hold your horses! I have a ripping idea!" exclaimed Jack Henty. He turned to Nixon. "I am quite a swell at ideas, you know. This new swizzle is an invention of mine," he added.

Nixon nodded.

"I do not find it hard to take," he said, lifting his glass to his lips.

"Does he mean that he likes the swizzle?" whispered Todd; but nobody paid any attention to him.

"My idea is this," said Henty. "As we're not going to let them do much shooting, we must make what little they are to do look as big as possible. We must fool them into thinking they are getting their trouble's worth of trouble. We want to get some fun out of it, too. Now I have a nice five-acre patch of canes just about ready to cut. It stands high and open, where the wind keeps it thrashing all day. Suppose

we take these bloody-minded, pig-headed, out-of-date gentlemen up to that patch of canes, to-morrow afternoon, and turn them into it, one from the north and one from the south, each with a single cartridge in his revolver. The wind will keep the canes shaking so that they can move about a bit without spotting each other too quickly. They will get rattled, of course, being new to that sort of thing, and it won't be long before one or t'other takes a chance shot at nothing at all. Then the six of us will run in from where we've been hanging around on the outside, and tell them they've had satisfaction. If they don't agree with us, we'll hand them over to the police—and the story to the editor of the *Bados Advocate*. What do you chaps think of the idea?"

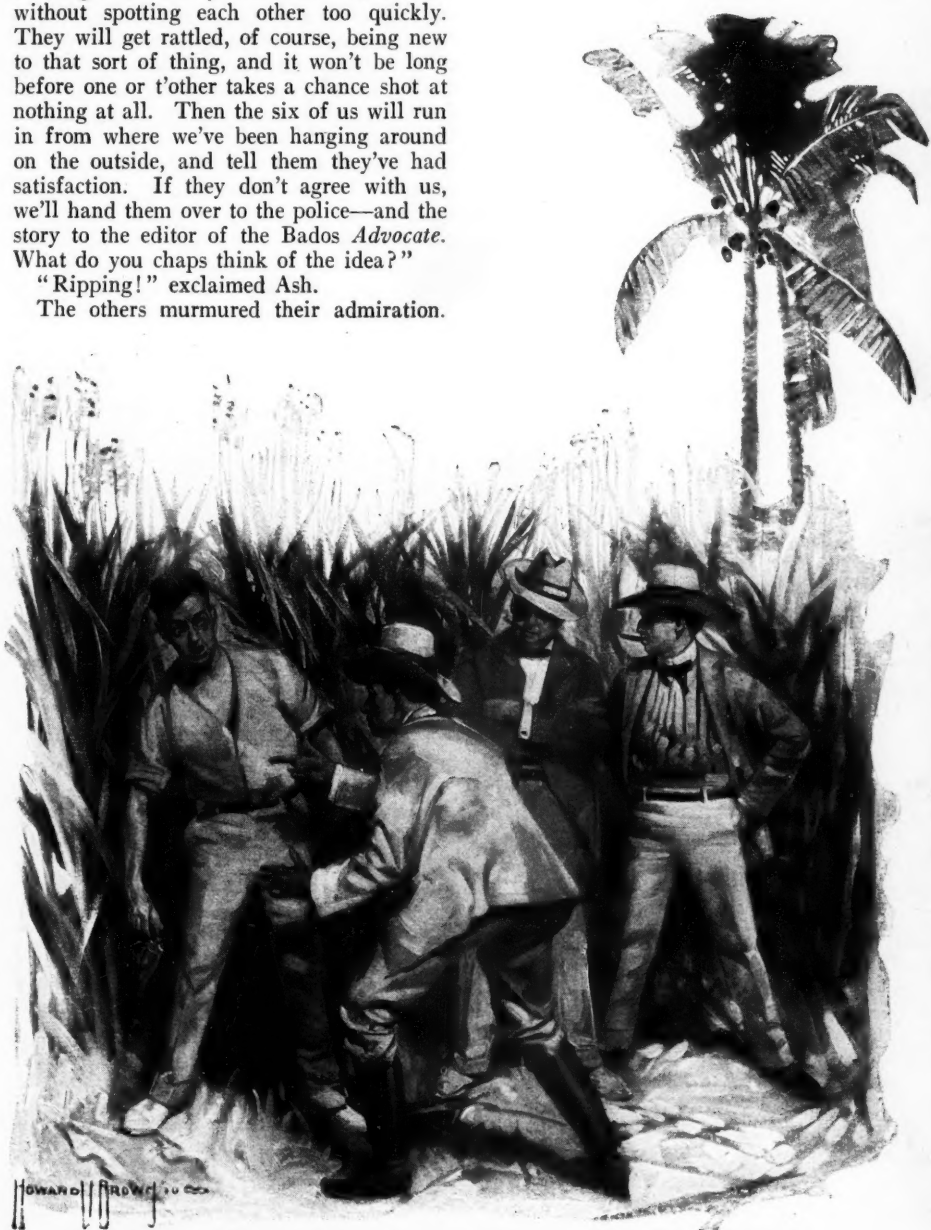
"Ripping!" exclaimed Ash.

The others murmured their admiration.

Nixon turned and solemnly grasped the hand of the man of ideas.

IV

It was three o'clock of a Sunday afternoon of piping wind and blazing light when



"MAN ALIVE, HEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? GET BACK IN AGAIN, QUICK!"

the duelists and their six supporters arrived at the five-acre field of ripe canes. This field was out of sight of the plantation-house and the huts of the laborers, set on the flat top of a hill whose sides were screened by thickets of whitewood and tangles of manchinelle.

Smythe moved to the southern edge of the canes, accompanied by Nixon, Ash, and the simple Todd. Bully Despard took up his position at the northern edge, with Henty, Benham, and a banana specialist named Raymond.

"Hen, you want to be as tricky and mean as you know how," cautioned Nixon. "Keep your little tummy close to the ground and your eyes skinned. Don't shoot at the wind—and, whatever else you do, don't kill Despard. Drill him through the leg, if you get the chance."

Smythe fingered his revolver nervously.

"Do you suppose there are any snakes in there?" he asked.

"There is not a snake in the island," Ash assured him.

Nixon glanced at his watch, then held out his hand.

"Good luck, Hen," he said. "I hope you tickle him!"

Smythe shook hands in an agitated way with each in turn.

"Flank him, if you can," said Ash, who had once held a commission in the Bados Volunteers.

"*Bon voyage*, old chap," murmured the artless Todd.

Nixon set a dog-whistle to his lips and blew a shrill blast, at which Despard jumped into the clashing canes from the north and Smythe crawled into them from the south. The men outside extended their formation, and lit pipes and cigarettes. The wind bowed up from the blue sea and rattled the long, dry banners of the canes.

Henry B. Smythe was naturally as brave as a lion, but he was cursed with over-acute nerves and too vivid an imagination. The thought of Bully Despard and his revolver caused him little anxiety. He was resolved to play the game cautiously, simply for the satisfaction of obtaining the first shot and a chance to put a hole through some fleshy part of his enemy's thick body. Suspicions of other hidden menaces of the cane-brake set his nerves hopping, however.

He had forgotten to ask about centipedes and scorpions—yes, and tarantulas. He was sure that all three were native to Bados;

and if so, where were they more likely to be found than in this place of warm moisture, green lights and shadows, multitudinous rustlings, and heavy, unpleasant odors?

He advanced slowly, on all fours, between the stalwart stalks of the canes. With his face close to the black earth, he investigated inch after inch of his cautious way, his mind set wholly on centipedes and such.

Something moved in front of him, low down between the obscure furrows. He lay motionless for a palpitating minute before he discovered that the alarming sound was made by a rat-hunting mongoos.

This incident diverted his mind, for the time, from the anticipation of centipedes, and turned it to a consideration of the revolting, musty smell that filled the air. He had heard, or read, that the germs of certain tropical fevers can be detected by the sense of smell; so he decided that the stench which now filled his nose and brought moisture to his eyes could be nothing else than the malignant breath of fever.

It is a pity that he did not know that Henty had done his duty by this patch of canes with an unusually liberal dressing of one of the most potent brands of fertilizers. But he did not know; and it was only by a heroic effort of will that he forced his body to continue its groveling advance. He feared fever more than a dozen Despards.

Five minutes later, a green lizard darted across the back of Smythe's left hand. He snatched both hands from the ground, dropped his revolver, and came within an ace of screaming. Fortunately, he caught a second and clearer sight of the lizard before it vanished among the lumps of black earth. Then he recovered his revolver, and once more continued his nerve-twisting advance.

V

SMYTHE lay tense and motionless, scarcely breathing, prone between the canes, with chest and chin pressed hard against the warm soil. His staring eyes were bright as glass, his thin cheeks red as fire. His left hand was fisted; his right gripped the revolver with fingers like iron.

Overhead, the wind flung and rattled the long, narrow streamers. All around, the green lights and shadows wavered and crawled over the lumpy black earth and against the clumps and ranks of unbending stems. Straight in front, and only three furrows away—beyond only three ranks of canes—lay a human figure.

At first Smythe had mistaken it for his antagonist, and had cocked his revolver; but a glimpse of a naked brown foot had stricken every muscle to immobility. Who was it? What was he doing there?

The answer that suggested itself almost turned the man from Portland sick with anger and scorn. Despard was playing the part of coward and murderer! Who could doubt it? For here lay an accomplice—one of his own field-hands, probably—among the canes.

Yes, Smythe could see a ragged shirt-sleeve now, with a black paw and a blue pistol-barrel at the end of it. Now he saw the fellow's head. Though still as a head carved from black stone, its poise suggested intense alertness. But he saw only the back of it. The face was turned to the north.

Anger gave way to caution in Smythe's breast. A mist cleared away from his brain. He saw that this affair was likely to prove as empty of satisfaction to him as it was devoid of honor to the unspeakable Despard. He was not afraid to take the chances of a duel—even one of such grotesque conception as this; but he had no intention of allowing himself to be murdered. The affair was no longer a duel, but a dishonorable ambush; and he had only one cartridge in his revolver. Decidedly, the game was not good enough for a man from Maine!

Cautious as Smythe's advance had been, his retreat was even more circumspect. At first he did not turn, but wriggled backward between the canes. The black man continued to lie motionless, unaware of him. Only the long wind seemed to be alive in that place of hidden menaces. He turned

and crawled quickly away, and at last slipped into the open. He stood up and faced the astonished Ash.

"Hullo! What's this? Have you had enough of it already?" cried Ash.

Nixon ran up to them.

"Man alive, Hen, what are you doing here?" he gasped. "Get back in again, quick!"

"There are two of them!" exclaimed Smythe excitedly. "I saw the other fellow—a black man—with a revolver. Despard's a skunk!"

"A black man in there? You are dreaming!" returned Ash.

"Would Despard do a thing like that?" cried Nixon, white with anger.

"I saw him—with a revolver in his hand," insisted Smythe.

Just then a shot rang out. A wisp of gray smoke floated up to the tops of the canes and vanished in the wind. The six dashed into the brake, leaving Smythe to listen and stare in nervous amazement. Which had fired—Despard or his accomplice? And what had he fired at?

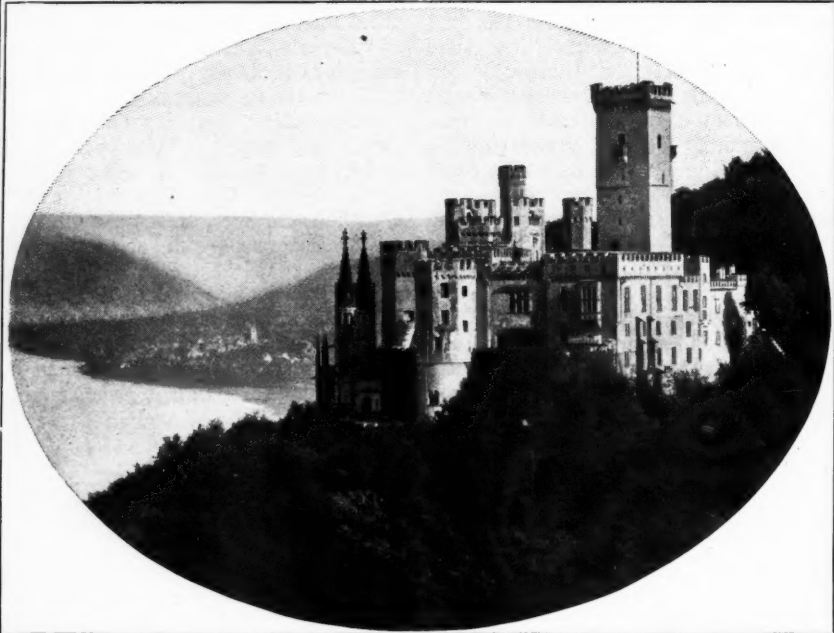
The seconds found nobody but Bully Despard. He was lying on his back, his face colorless, and the shoulder of his white tunic sodden with blood.

"Smith got me. I didn't see a hair of the little beast," he murmured. Then he fainted.

To this day the mystery remains unsolved; and, at Henty's suggestion, Despard remains in bitter ignorance of the existence of any mystery. He believes that he was beaten by "Smith"—and the humiliation clings to him like the slackness of a fever.

Newboy lives in one of the other islands.





STOLZENFELS, ONE OF THE KAISER'S CASTLES, SITUATED ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE,
A FEW MILES ABOVE COBLENZ

THE SIXTY PALACES OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN

AUTHOR OF "DOM MANUEL OF PORTUGAL," "BACHELOR GIRLS
OF ROYALTY," ETC.

THE Emperor William has so many residences that last summer, when he inaugurated with considerable pomp and ceremony another stately palace at Posen, built at a cost of more than three million dollars, people both in his own dominions and abroad were disposed to tax him with extravagance. It was hinted that he had become afflicted with the building mania which has preyed upon so many monarchs.

The great palace of Posen, however, was erected, not by the Kaiser, but by the Prus-

sian government, and not for the sovereign's personal convenience, but for purely political purposes. For Posen is the capital of that portion of Poland which fell to the share of Frederick the Great when the unlucky kingdom was partitioned among Prussia, Russia, and Austria; and there, as in Russian and Austrian Poland, the people still dream of the restoration of their independence, and yearn for liberation from what they regard as a foreign yoke. The province of Posen is on Prussia's eastern border-line, which would be the scene of the most important

military operations in the event of war between Germany and Russia—a war which many regard as bound to come sooner or later. It is therefore imperative that Posen should cease to be a center of political disaffection and of hostility toward everything German, and that the permanency of the Prussian sovereignty should be emphasized.

It is for this reason that a magnificent palace has been built at Posen, on a site dominating the city, and that one of the married princes of the reigning house is to maintain there a full-fledged court. Such means have been effective in popularizing the monarchy in other cities and provinces. The presence of a royal court promotes local prosperity by attracting other princes and princesses of the blood, nobles, rich families who are ambitious to join the aristocracy, and foreign visitors. On more than one occasion a petty German sovereign has brought the population of his capital to terms by threatening to remove his court elsewhere.

The number of the Kaiser's palaces is largely due to the fact that the Prussian monarchy has absorbed many minor German

states, including the Kingdom of Hanover, the Duchy of Nassau, and the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel. All the palaces and castles of the rulers of these states thus passed into the possession of the reigning house of Prussia, as it was considered injudicious either to destroy or to sell them, for fear of impairing the popularity of Hohenzollern rule. Thus it is that the emperor is burdened with the possession of more than three-score residences, some of which he has never even seen, and many of which are totally unsuited for royal habitation. Although their maintenance entails a heavy drain upon his exchequer, they cannot, for political reasons, be either sold or leased.

THE ROYAL SCHLOSS IN BERLIN

Very imposing by reason of its colossal grandeur is the Kaiser's Berlin residence, known as the Schloss, though it lacks the setting of a garden or of a park, its windows opening directly upon the street. This fact renders it difficult to protect with any degree of efficiency in these days of nitro-glycerin bombs and dynamite outrages. In the event



THE STADTSCHLOSS, OR TOWN PALACE, AT POTSDAM, A BUILDING CHIEFLY NOTABLE FOR ITS MEMORIALS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT—THE PRESENT CROWN PRINCE LIVED HERE FOR SEVERAL YEARS BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE



THE PALACE OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I, ON THE UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN—THE FIRST EMPEROR OF MODERN GERMANY PREFERRED THIS MODEST BUILDING TO THE SPACIOUS ROYAL SCHLOSS

of the mob again getting out of hand, the defense of the Schloss would require a very large body of troops—which goes far to explain the exceptional size of the Berlin garrison.

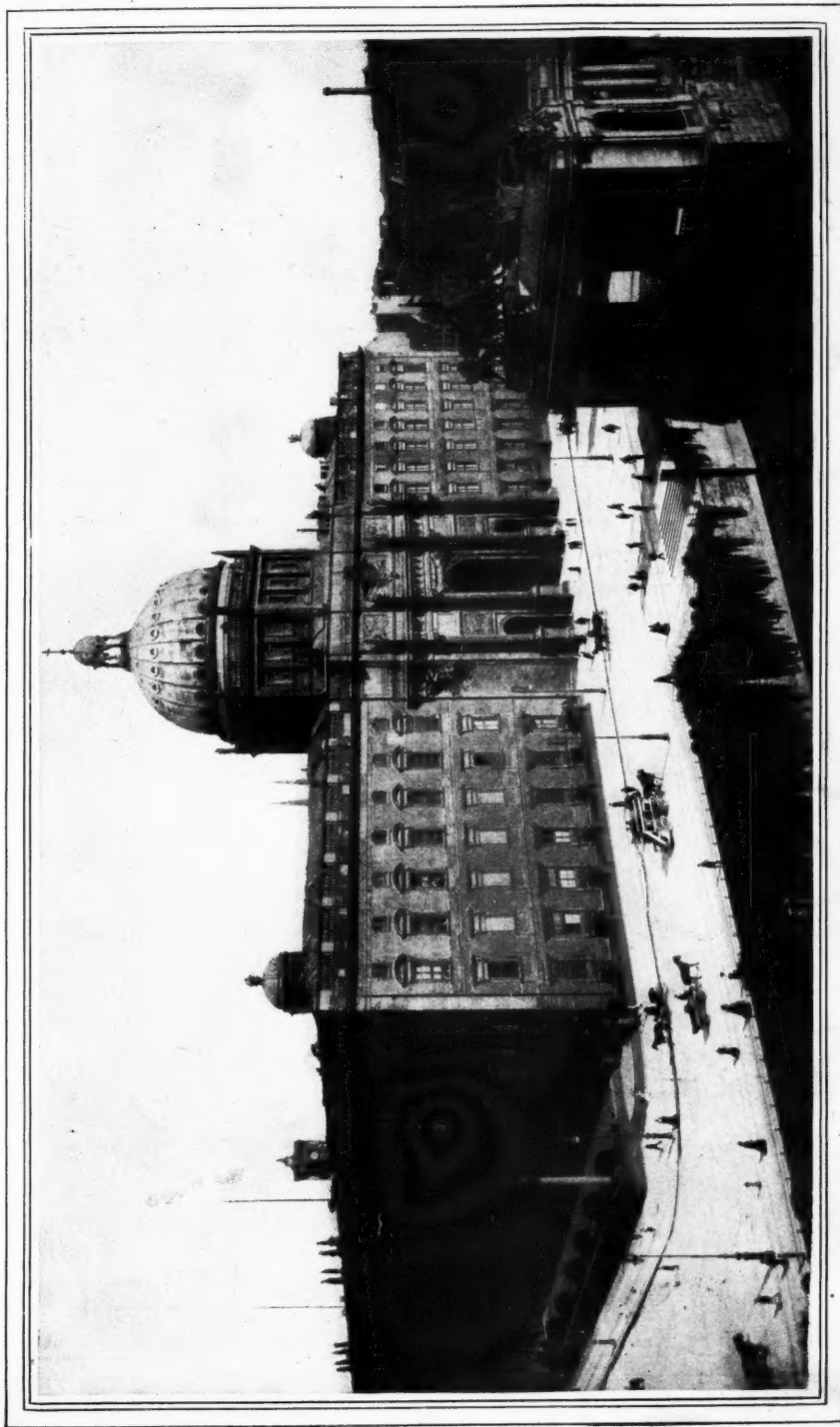
It is a remarkable fact that, strong as German patriotism undoubtedly is, the people of the Prussian metropolis have never been very friendly to the house of Hohenzollern, and have repeatedly attacked the Schloss. Noted from time immemorial for their democracy, they opposed its erection from the very outset, as calculated to endanger their liberties. Many were the attempts to arrest its construction by the Elector Frederick of Brandenburg in the fifteenth century, and to impede the additions made by his successors. Indeed, there is probably no royal abode in all Europe that has cost so many lives, lost in sanguinary conflicts between the soldiers assigned to its protection and the populace.

On several occasions the mob of the capital went so far as to cut the dams and destroy the flood-gates, deluging the foundations with the waters of the River Spree, and drowning hundreds of workmen employed in the building operations. That this hostile sentiment still persists is shown by the fact that the municipality of Berlin is just as radical in politics to-day as in former times, and declines to sanction the expropriations necessary to enable the sovereign to surround his palace with a garden, which

would not only enhance its appearance, but also endow it with some degree of privacy and protection.

Down to the end of the seventeenth century, each Elector of Brandenburg made more or less extensive additions to the palace, and in 1698 Frederick I, the first King of Prussia, determined to replace the irregular pile that he had inherited with a structure of massive and majestic proportions. The work was begun by the architect Schlüter, but the gigantic scheme has never been carried out in its entirety, and the part of the building facing the river still retains its original form. Frederick the Great died in one of its six hundred rooms, expiring, according to tradition, immediately after seeing the legendary White Lady, by whom this palace of a thousand windows is said to be haunted. The specter is identified as that of the Countess Agnes Orlamunde, who murdered her husband and her two children in order to wed one of the early Electors of Brandenburg; and the story is that it always appears on the eve of the death of a member of the house of Hohenzollern.

Frederick William III declined to inhabit the palace. His son, Frederick William IV, was compelled by the Berlin mob to stand bare-headed on one of its balconies to salute the corpses of the insurgents shot down by his troops in the rising of 1848. His brother, the first Emperor William, preferred to live in the small palace on Unter



THE ROYAL SCHLOSS, BERLIN—THIS IMPOSING STRUCTURE, MEASURING SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY BY NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED FEET, IS THE BERLIN RESIDENCE OF THE PRESENT KAISER—ON THE RIGHT IS THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO HIS GRANDFATHER, THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I



THE ROYAL PALACE IN CHARLOTTENBURG, A SUBURB OF BERLIN—HERE THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK SPENT MOST OF HIS BRIEF REIGN OF ONE HUNDRED DAYS IN 1888

den Linden, facing the statue of Frederick the Great, which he had built for him at the time of his marriage, in 1829, by the architect Langhans. Nor did the Emperor

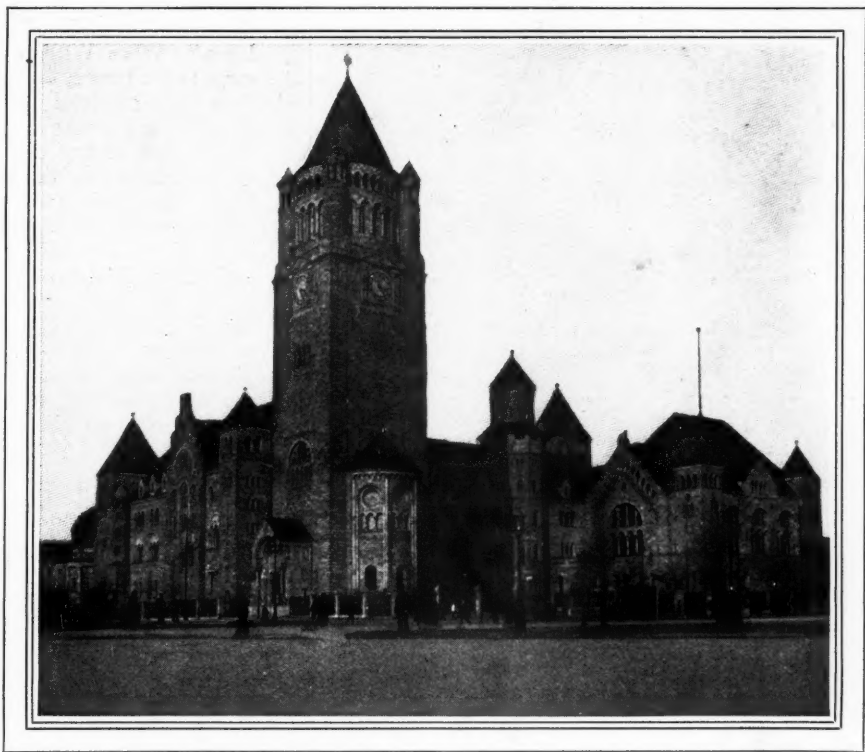
Frederick ever occupy the Schloss; but his son, the present Kaiser, has restored it to its old place as the sovereign's Berlin residence.



THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN STRASSBURG, THE CAPITAL OF ALSACE-LORRAINE—THIS IS A MODERN STRUCTURE, BUILT SINCE THE PROVINCE, ONCE PART OF FRANCE, WAS ANNEXED TO GERMANY IN 1871

Its chief architectural feature is the spacious chapel in the west wing, with a great dome two hundred and thirty feet high, built by Frederick William IV. Paved and walled with costly marbles, adorned with frescoes, its beautiful alabaster altar standing beneath a four-columned canopy of yellow Egyptian marble presented by Mehemet Ali of Egypt, the chapel is a blaze of

is the Rittersaal, or Hall of Knights, the finest example in existence of rococo decoration. The immense rock-crystal chandelier by which it is lighted formerly illuminated the assembly hall of the Imperial Diet at Worms, and Martin Luther stood beneath it when he appeared before the Diet in 1521. Above the side doors are allegorical groups, representing the four quarters of the globe,



THE ROYAL SCHLOSS IN POSEN, THE CAPITAL OF PRUSSIAN POLAND—IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT PRINCE EITEL FRITZ, THE KAISER'S SECOND SON, IS TO RESIDE IN THIS NEWLY COMPLETED STRUCTURE

gorgeous yet harmonious color, and furnishes an unrivaled setting for the splendid uniforms and court dresses on the occasion of royal weddings and christenings.

The Weisse Saal, or White Hall, is perhaps the finest apartment of the entire palace, its length being more than a hundred feet, its height sixty feet, and its width fifty. It is there that the Kaiser delivers the addresses from the throne inaugurating the sessions of the German Reichstag and of the Prussian Landtag. It is there, too, that the dancing takes place, on the occasion of the state balls.

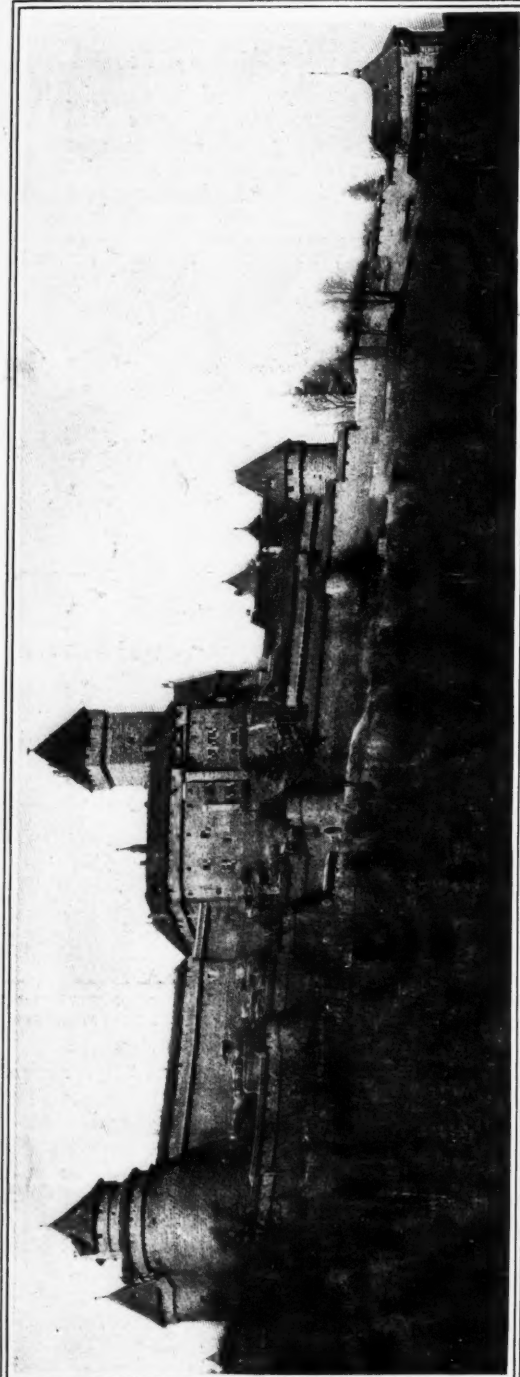
But the most interesting, and to my mind the most beautiful of all the state apartments

by Schlüter, and dating from the reign of the first King of Prussia.

The picture-gallery, which is used as a banqueting-hall, accommodates four hundred guests, and is nearly two hundred feet in length. It boasts of many fine paintings, consisting of scenes from Prussian history, and of portraits, notably one of the Kaiser's ancestor, the ill-fated King Charles I of England.

BELLEVUE AND ITS GARDENS

Another of the royal palaces of Berlin is that of Bellevue, which is surrounded by some very beautiful gardens, where, after the



HÖHENBURG, NEAR SCHLETTSTADT, IN ALSACE, A MEDIEVAL FORTRESS WHICH HAS BEEN RESTORED AT GREAT EXPENSE BY THE PRESENT KAISER

Japanese fashion, charming landscape effects are reproduced in miniature. This, in the days when the gardens were still open to the public, led the wags of Berlin to set up signs, requesting visitors "not to trample down the mountains or steal the rocks," and above all not to bring in dogs, lest they might "drink up the lakes." When William II came to the throne, the gardens were restricted to the use of his children, owing to the absence of any garden space around the Schloss. Since the marriage of his second son, Prince Eitel Fritz, the palace has been assigned to him as a residence, and the grounds have been the scene of many a brilliant garden-party given by his beautiful wife, the only daughter of the reigning Grand Duke of Oldenburg.

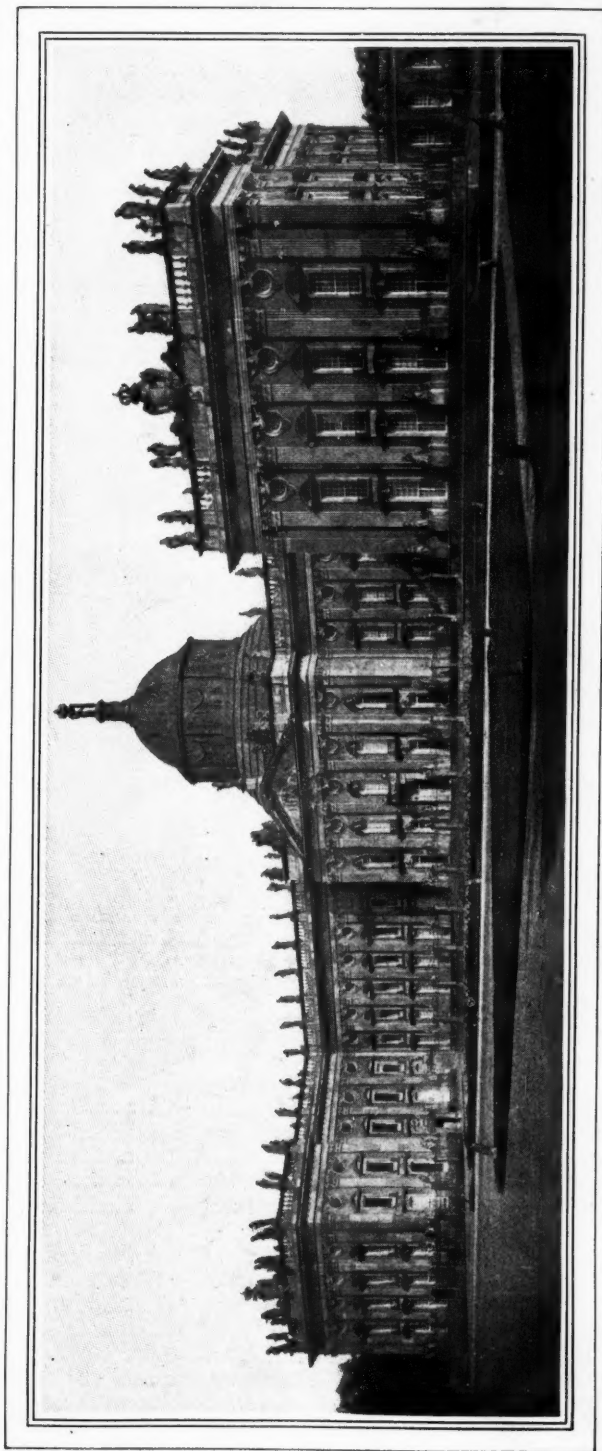
Bellevue was built by Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, younger brother of Frederick the Great, who survived the latter long enough to receive there a courteous visit from Napoleon, when that great soldier entered Berlin as a conqueror in 1806. This Prince Ferdinand, who was married to one of his nieces, bequeathed the palace of Bellevue to his son, Prince Augustus, who left no legitimate descendants. The only woman he ever sought to wed was the celebrated Mme. de Récamier, to whom he was passionately devoted, and it was probably owing to his inability to make her his wife that he never married the mothers of his two families of illegitimate children. One of these ladies was Frederica Wichmann, who was ennobled as the Baroness Waldenburg. The

other was Marie Arndt, for whom he secured the title of Baroness von Prillwitz. From this union are descended the numerous tribe of Prillwitzes who during the past fifty years have played so conspicuous a rôle in Berlin society.

THE PALACE OF THE CROWN PRINCE

The Palace of the Crown Prince looks out upon the great avenue known as Unter den Linden, a thoroughfare which in olden times was lined on either side, from the Brandenburg Gate to the Schloss, with palaces of the members of the reigning house and of the great Prussian nobles. To-day, however, most of these have made way for trade, much in the same way that the residential section of Fifth Avenue, in New York, is each year being driven further up-town by the encroachments of business.

This palace is a very old one. It was occupied by Frederick the Great while crown prince, after his liberation from captivity in the fortress of Kustrin and his reconciliation with his father. On his accession to the throne, he assigned it to his brother, Prince Augustus William. On the death of the latter's widow, it passed into the possession of Frederick William III, and of his consort, Queen Louise, the national heroine of Prussia. Frederick William III occupied



THE NEUES PALAIS, OR NEW PALACE, NEAR POTSDAM, BUILT BY FREDERICK THE GREAT IN 1763-1769, AND NOW THE CHIEF SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II

it throughout his long and stormy reign. In 1858 it became the residence of the late Emperor Frederick, on the occasion of his marriage to the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria.

For the following thirty years the Palace of the Crown Prince was the center of artistic and intellectual life in the capital, which has sometimes been termed the "Athens on the Spree." Crown Prince Frederick and his

almost entirely in France by her Russian mother, and in point of feminine elegance and grace, in wit, in love of gaiety, and, above all, in *chic*, she is a typical Parisienne.

One of the peculiar features of the palace is a big horseshoe, which is cemented into the wall between two of the dining-room windows. One day, some time before the present Kaiser's accession to the throne, and before his father was seized by the terrible



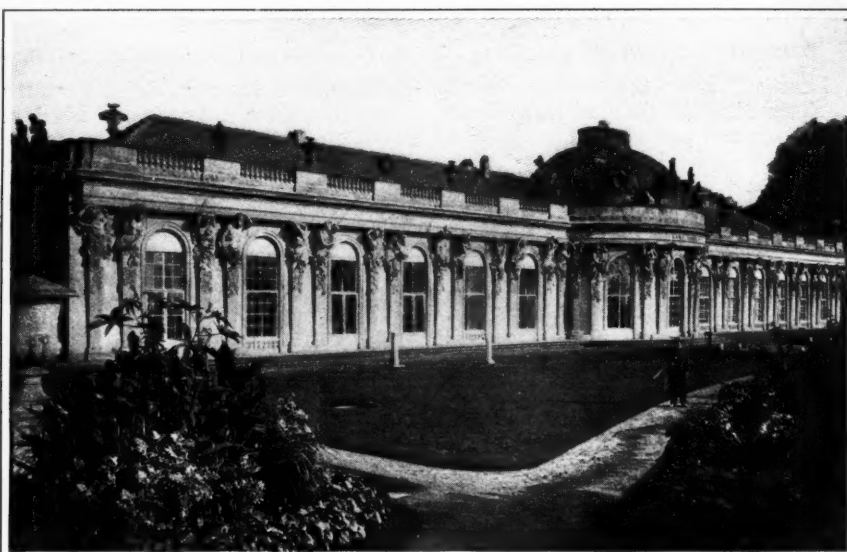
THE ROYAL PALACE AT COBLENZ—BUILT BY THE ELECTOR OF TREVES IN 1786, THIS PASSED TO THE PRUSSIAN CROWN WHEN COBLENZ WAS CEDED TO PRUSSIA IN 1815

English consort welcomed to their salons and to their table the leading savants, authors, and artists of the day. Liberalism in religion and politics was likewise in favor there, to such an extent that Prince Bismarck was wont to denounce the palace as the headquarters of the opposition to his autocratic principles of government. The present emperor and all of his brothers and sisters were brought up there; and on the marriage of the present crown prince it was assigned to him as a residence.

To-day, the palace is no longer the center of the German capital's intellectual life, but of Berlin society and fashion. The present crown princess, a sister of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was brought up

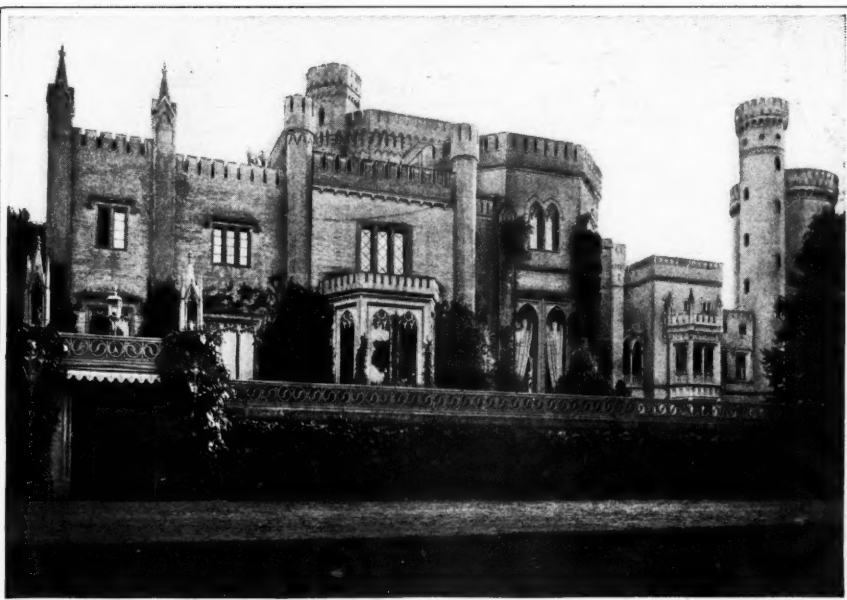
malady to which he eventually succumbed, he was invited to dine with his parents. Finding that he was very late, and knowing their strictness on the score of punctuality, he ordered his coachman to drive fast, and the carriage positively raced up the incline to the porte-cochère. Suddenly one of the big Mecklenburg horses lost his shoe, which flew up into the air, crashed through a window, and fell upon the dinner-table, in front of Frederick and the crown princess, who, declining to wait any longer, had just sat down at the table.

This curious incident, and the fact that no one was hurt by the heavy iron horseshoe, seemed to the crown prince, and to his wife and children, to be a sign of good luck,



SANS SOUCI, A SMALL PALACE NEAR POTSDAM, BUILT BY FREDERICK THE GREAT IN 1745-1747 AND ALWAYS HIS FAVORITE RESIDENCE

At the suggestion of the present emperor, the shoe was fastened to the wall outside—upside down, so as to prevent the luck dropping out—where it serves as an abiding demonstra-



SCHLOSS BABELSBERG, NEAR POTSDAM, WHICH DATES FROM 1835, AND WHICH THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I USED AS HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE

tion of the superstition to which so many of the Anointed of the Lord are prone.

THE CHARLOTTENBURG PALACE

Charlottenburg will be recalled as the suburban palace in which the Emperor Frederick spent the greater part of his brief reign of one hundred days. It was built by the wife of Frederick I, and was a favorite summer

II will be laid to rest, when he in turn shall be gathered to his fathers.

THE VERSAILLES OF PRUSSIA

The palace which the Kaiser considers as being his home, more than any other, is undoubtedly the Neues Palais, or New Palace, at Potsdam, which was the summer residence of his parents throughout their



THE PALACE OF WILHELMSHÖHE, FORMERLY THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE ELECTORS OF HESSE, AND NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE PRUSSIAN CROWN

residence of Queen Louise, whose apartments were preserved as she left them, until the memorable visit of Queen Victoria, in 1888, to her dying son-in-law. At that time the Empress Frederick, greatly to the anger of the Prussian public, had them entirely refurnished and redecored for her mother's occupancy.

Owing probably to its melancholy associations, the palace has been abandoned by the present Kaiser and by his children. Their only visits to Charlottenburg are their yearly pilgrimages to the tombs of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, of old Emperor William, of the Empress Augusta, of Queen Louise, and of her consort, Frederick William III, in the beautiful Doric mausoleum situated in the gardens of the palace. It is there that the body of William

married life, and in which he spent nearly all of his youth. "New Palace" is as misleading a title as that of New College at Oxford, for the building dates from the close of the Seven Years' War, in 1763.

Frederick the Great planned its construction in a spirit of bravado, just to show his enemies that they had been as little able to exhaust his coffers as his courage. And when the royal philosopher had finished the New Palace—that is, new by comparison with Sans Souci, which was built before the war—he caused a crown of glory to be made, and fixed above its dome. The crown is supported by three completely undraped figures representing the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, and Mme. de Pompadour, who virtually ruled France—the three women whom the

Prussian king regarded as his chief enemies. Adding injury to insult, he caused them to be perched up there aloft, upholding the crown of Prussia, with their backs turned to their respective countries.

The Neues Palais may be described as the Prussian counterpart of Windsor Castle in England, of Versailles in France, of Schönbrunn in Austria, and of the Peterhof in Russia. It is a vast and imposing structure, surrounded by elaborate pleasure-grounds. Inside, its chief show place is the Muschel-saal, or Shell Hall, reminding one of that Hall of Shells that was sung by Ossian. It is a huge apartment, whose walls and ceiling are covered with shells of all imaginable hues and shapes, fantastically arranged.

The Kaiser's own *arbeitszimmer*, or study, looks out upon the terrace, and commands a view of one of the most charming garden landscapes in all Germany. It is not a large room, but one is particularly struck by its air of perfect simplicity and comfort. A large writing-table in the center is covered with official works of reference, military histories, and the like, while another, at the side, is devoted to maps of places of current interest. There are but few ornaments about, and of these the most conspicuous and characteristic are models of a Krupp gun and of a modern battle-ship.

When the emperor—the creator of the German navy—is talking to a visitor, he will sometimes let his pen run over his blotting-pad, tracing the hideously inartistic outlines of the battle-ship of the future. His picture of a fight between torpedo-boats and iron-clads, which hangs on the wall, is distinguished as much by scientific accuracy of detail as by its dramatic force and vraisemblance. There are also some water-color souvenirs of Norway, and quite a number of battle pieces illustrative of Prussia's wars.

Occasionally, if the weather is fine, the Kaiser will take his work to a pretty little garden-house in the grounds, surrounded by a hedge, and paneled inside and out with majolica tiles. Over the entrance is nailed a horseshoe, and beneath it is inscribed this English quatrain, composed by the Empress Frederick:

This plot of ground I call my own,
Sweet with the breath of flowers,
With memories of pure delight,
And toil of summer hours.

The south side of the palace is left very much as it was in the time of Frederick the Great, its chief feature being a theater with

seating capacity for an audience of six hundred people. In one of the near-by apartments, which Frederick used as his sitting-room, there is a peculiar decoration. Across the ceiling, and over part of the walls, there extends a huge spider's web, painted in gold, in which are two flies and a big spider. The explanation of this decoration is as follows:

Every morning Frederick the Great was accustomed to drink a cup of chocolate. One day he was engaged longer than usual at his writing-table, the chocolate meanwhile remaining untouched. Later, when he wished to drink it, he found that a large spider had let itself down from the ceiling into the cup. Not wishing to share his meal with the spider, the king poured the chocolate into the saucer, for his two greyhounds. These eagerly drank it, and were soon afterward seized with convulsions and died, displaying all the symptoms of poison.

The French cook was thereupon ordered under arrest, but he had heard of the death of the greyhounds and had cut his throat. It was discovered that the man had been bribed by an Austrian emissary to poison the Prussian king's chocolate. Frederick consequently looked upon the spider as having saved his life, and it was in memory of his narrow escape that he had the room decorated as it still is.

Formerly the Neues Palais was very damp, having been built on a site that was nothing else than a bog. Forgetting this, the late Emperor Frederick thought that the dampness of the palace, and the malarial symptoms from which he suffered, were due to the wide and deep moats by which the building was surrounded; and he had them filled in. He failed to realize that they served to drain the ground about the palace, and were absolutely necessary to its proper sanitation. The result was that water got into the basement, and the Neues Palais became so unhealthy that it has always been a question in my mind whether this condition of affairs was not largely responsible for the malady to which Frederick eventually succumbed.

Ultimately, after the present Kaiser had almost lost two of his boys by diphtheria in the Neues Palais, he caused it to be subjected to a most searching investigation by sanitary engineers. On the strength of their reports, he improved it, at an enormous cost, with an entirely new foundation and basement of cement, while the moats

were reopened, and a new drainage system was installed.

OTHER PALACES AT POTSDAM

The neighboring palace of Sans Souci has practically been without a royal occupant since Frederick the Great, who made it his principal home. He died there, the clock which he used to wind up with his own hand having stopped just at the moment when he passed away—at twenty minutes past two o'clock in the morning of August 17, 1786—and never having ticked since. Close to his apartment is that of his friend Voltaire, which is also shown to visitors, with its walls covered with caricatures illustrating the brilliant Frenchman's habits and character. In the grounds of Sans Souci are the graves of Frederick's favorite horses and dogs, as well as the villa of Charlottenhof, built by Frederick William IV in imitation of a Pompeian dwelling, with a bath, fountain, statues, and bronzes, all taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

Another palace in the park of Sans Souci is the Orangery, nearly a thousand feet long, constructed in the Florentine style of architecture, the niches outside being adorned with some fine marble statues. The principal feature of the building is a long salon on the ground floor, containing a collection of paintings; while adjoining is the Malachite Room, the walls, mantelpieces, and columns of which are entirely composed of Russian malachite.

The crown prince and crown princess have as their residence at Potsdam the Marmorpalais, or Marble Palace, which, commenced by Frederick William II, the nephew and successor of Frederick the Great, was finished by Frederick William IV. It is beautifully situated on a small lake, called the Heiliger See, and was occupied before the war of 1870 by the Princess Liegnitz, born Countess Harrach. This lady was themorganatic widow of Frederick William III, and the stepmother of the old Emperor William, who used to treat her with the most touching deference.

Until his marriage, the young crown prince used to make his home in the so-called Stadtschloss, or Town Palace, at Potsdam. This was erected at the close of the seventeenth century, and contains, among other objects of interest, the furniture used by Frederick the Great, with coverings torn to shreds by the claws of his dogs; his writing-table, covered with ink;

his library, filled with French books, and music composed by himself. Most of the halls and rooms are kept almost as they were when the greatest of Prussia's monarchs used them. Adjoining his bedroom there is a small cabinet, where he used to dine alone, or with Voltaire, without attendants, everything coming up through the floor on a dumb-waiter, he himself placing the dishes on the table.

It is in this palace—haunted, one might almost say, at every point by the spirit of the famous general, administrator, and philosopher—that Germany's future emperor spent what were perhaps the most impressionable years of his life. Several of his younger brothers have also been quartered there during their bachelor days.

THE BEAUTIES OF WILHELMSHÖHE

Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, in Hesse-Nassau, is a favorite residence both of the emperor and of the empress, and they usually manage to spend about two months of the summer there. It is best known to people on this side of the Atlantic as the gilded prison where Napoleon III was interned from the time of his surrender at Sedan, in 1870, until the end of the war.

It was there, too, that Jerome Bonaparte held his opera-bouffe court, after Napoleon created him King of Westphalia. So insane were Jerome's extravagances at Wilhelmshöhe, which he rechristened "Napoleons-höhe," so unconventional his mode of life, that even Napoleon was shocked, and was compelled several times to threaten his brother with deposition and disgrace unless he mended his ways. It was in the hope of keeping him in order that the French emperor sent his stern old mother, Letitia Bonaparte, to stay at Wilhelmshöhe in 1811. But after a few weeks she found things too utterly contrary to her sense of propriety and of economy, and took to flight.

The palace, which occupies the fairest site and boasts the most picturesque surroundings of any royal abode in Europe, was built in 1606, on the foundations of the ancient monastery of Weissenstein, which had been razed to the ground by Landgrave Maurice of Hesse, in order to make way for his château. It was to a great extent reconstructed by his great-grandson, Charles of Hesse, the most jovial of his line, under the direction of the famous Italian architect, Francesco Guernieri, in 1717. It is he who was responsible for those huge foun-

tains and lakes in which King Jerome used to play the rôle of Neptune, in the midst of a festive court of mermaids and mermen.

After the fall of Napoleon, and the expulsion of Jerome from Germany, the Electors of Hesse once more held court at Wilhelmshöhe, and their mode of life was such as to render their petty capital virtually closed to the other reigning houses of Europe. The last elector was arrested by the Prussian plenipotentiary, my grand-uncle, General von Roeder, who told the prince that he had forfeited his throne by his failure to observe his treaty obligations to Prussia, and by taking up arms against the latter in behalf of Austria.

Since then the palace of Wilhelmshöhe has been the property of the Prussian crown; but it was not used by any of the Hohenzollerns until the present Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry, went to live there while attending the *gymnasium*, or public school, at Cassel. It was the memory of those days that caused the emperor, after his accession to the throne, to make a practise of spending part of every summer there with the empress and his children.

THE KAISER'S OWN COUNTRY-SEAT

Cadinen is, however, the favorite residence of the empress. It has been described as being the Kaiser's counterpart of the late King Edward's country-seat at Sandringham. All his other palaces, châteaux, and shooting-lodges belong either to the Prussian crown, or else to the entailed estates of the house of Hohenzollern; but Cadinen is his private property. The popular idea is that he received it as a gift or bequest. This is a mistake, for the Kaiser purchased it from Herr Birkner, one of the local magnates of the neighboring town of Elbing. The price paid was about a hundred thousand dollars, with the somewhat unusual provision of an annuity of four thousand

dollars to the vendor for the remainder of his life.

Cadinen, which is in East Prussia, near the shores of the Baltic, is not in any sense of the word a royal or imperial palace, but the typical country-seat of a member of the petty territorial nobility. When they reside there, the Kaiser and his family lay aside all state, dispense with ceremonial, and live a life wholly free from the tyranny of court etiquette. The château—or manor-house, as it should be called—is very simply and yet comfortably furnished, according to English rather than German style; and its master and mistress are on just as friendly terms with their tenants and employees, and just as much interested in their welfare, as was King Edward with his humble neighbors at Sandringham.

The Cadinen property comprises some fourteen thousand acres, part of which is thickly wooded, the country being very picturesque. Not long after buying the place, some twelve years ago, the Kaiser discovered, on a portion of the estate, clay peculiarly adaptable to the manufacture of tiles and pottery. He lost no time in turning these clay-beds to account. Cadinen pottery, sold at a shop in Berlin maintained for the purpose by the emperor, more than pays the expenses of the property.

The emperor is never so happy, and, I may add, never appears to so much advantage, as when tramping about the estate, with his bailiff or *econom*, stopping every few steps to chat with one of his workmen or tenants. He takes the keenest interest in the local affairs of Cadinen, and there is scarcely a cottage on the place which cannot boast of having received visits from the empress and her only daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise. The latter has always been particularly fond of Cadinen, and it is understood that she is destined to inherit the property.

TO ONE THAT MOURNS

WHY spend thyself in vain regret?

Why pass the days in bitter thought,
The nights in tears availing naught?
Resign thyself. Forget! Forget!

For knowest thou not that there is yet

A world of sun, and flowers, and wine—
A world of joy that may be thine?
Resign thyself. Forget! Forget!

Christian Linton

A HEART

BY GEORGE VAN SCHAICK

AUTHOR OF "A HEART OF THE NORTH," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY MARTIN JUSTICE

BEING unmarried, Professor Dr. Privy Counselor Taubenfeder, of the University of Hochwald, was compelled to make his way alone to the *gasthaus* of the Golden Eagle, where he invariably limited himself to one half-liter of the creamy amber beer which, next to the university, was the greatest institution of the town. Once there, however, he did not lack for company, being surrounded not only by other citizens listening to soothing music, but also by a host of the students, who, having been attracted to Hochwald chiefly by the professor's fame, deemed themselves honored by his permission to sit near and harken respectfully to the words of his wisdom.

It is well known that, in all that concerns maladies of the heart, no one in the world has worthily gained so great a reputation as Professor Dr. Taubenfeder. The list of his works would fill pages and pages, and the charm of his teaching attracts other men as flies are drawn to sweetness. From the mayor of the sleepy town, and the commander of its garrison, down to the sweepers of the streets, all doff their hats at the professor's approach. Yet he has no sense of undue pride or self-importance, having a smile and a word for all, unless his great mind chances to be so wholly occupied with mighty problems that for a time the external world vanishes before him.

He went home, one evening, at the usual hour, and was received at the door by Mina, his old housekeeper, who took his overcoat and hat, and bade him good night. Then he made his way to his room, which opened upon his laboratory and his wonderful private collection. Sitting in his

favorite armchair, near a table covered with glass jars containing specimens, he thought himself that sauerkraut was possibly becoming slightly difficult of digestion for his elderly stomach.

Picking up a pamphlet noteworthy by virtue of some rather startling and novel theories, he became much interested, and his keen and critical intellect at once suggested certain controverting facts. The booklet fell upon his lap, the while he meditated with closed eyes.

Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by a light touch on the arm. Looking up in some bewilderment, he found that a young lady had slipped into the room—surely an unheard-of intrusion!—and was standing beside his chair. He gazed at her in no little astonishment. It seemed to his rather inexperienced eyes that her dainty raiment was not of modern fashion, and that the dressing of her hair was of the style of years and years ago.

"My dear Fritzel," she began brightly, "I hope that you are very well!"

Again he stared at her in amazement, for no one, since more long years than he could remember, had called him otherwise than "*herr professor*." Indeed, it was rather impertinent; yet the young lady was very pretty, and her features brought back to him memories that for twoscore years had lain dormant. He could only stammer in assent.

"I am very glad," she pursued. "I knew you would be pleased to see your little second cousin. I see that you are still occupied with your old pursuits. Dear me! How wise and learned you ever were, dear Fritzel! How wonderful that one man should be able to accumulate so much knowl-

edge! It makes me dreadfully insignificant."

Courteously he raised one hand in mute protest, but she continued:

"You know all that can be learned about hearts, with, perhaps, a tiny exception."

"An exception?" he repeated, becoming interested.

"Just a little one. You know how they beat and send the stream of life upon its wonderful journeys, and how they behave in health and happiness. You have followed their struggles against disease and sadness, until their pulsations become faster and faster, fainter and fainter, and finally cease utterly and forever. How marvelous it all is!"

"Some things are yet hidden to us," he answered modestly; "but every day sees progress."

"Yes," she assented. "Some day well-nigh everything will be revealed. Men such as you will have discovered all that is yet hidden—the things that puzzle great intellects nearly as much as they puzzle shallow little minds like mine. You know every little fiber that makes up a heart, and why it contracts and expands again, through all the long years that men and women can live; but of course there must be in every heart some little hidden sanctum—that you have never penetrated."

"Such a theory," replied the professor indulgently, "is one which, in the light of modern achievement, can hardly—"

"I know," she interrupted smilingly. "You cannot expect a foolish little thing like me to state things scientifically; but really you cannot tell exactly, for instance, why love causes faster throbs, which become still faster when it is answered, and which grow slow and painful, until one's whole being is chilled, when there is no response."

"The wonderful ramifications of the sympathetic system," began the professor, "extending through the various plexuses—"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the young woman. "You don't really believe that such big words explain everything? Don't they serve just a little bit to conceal ignorance? Forgive me, Fritz, for using such a term in connection with a man like you, who knows more than all others; yet no human being is wholly exempt from error, and even you made a little mistake once, it seems to me."

"A mistake?" cried the professor.

"Just a little one, dear Fritz. I may be able to show you."

II

SHE passed into the laboratory, in which were many big shelves covered with glass jars. The light hardly penetrated the room, yet she went unerringly to a corner, and put her hand up quite high, rising on her toes. Then she returned with a wide-necked recipient in which hung a specimen.

"There it is!" she cried. "I knew where it was!"

The professor took the jar from her.

"No. 371," he said. "It is the heart of Lotta, my little cousin."

"Yes," she assented. "It is my heart, and must have been quite interesting. It must have passed under the eyes of many eager students, and perhaps it has taught them just a little."

"But there was no mistake here," stated the professor. "The case is a very plain one—a fine example of a rather common condition. It is only one of a series."

"Oh, dear!" cried Lotta. "Merely one of a series! It makes one feel very modest and unimportant; yet I really am quite sure that there was a little error in diagnosis."

"Impossible!" cried the professor. "In such a case everything is quite clear, and the treatment most plainly indicated. Very often we succeed in overcoming, at least to some extent, the mischief that has been done, while at other times our science is helpless."

"Just to think that Lotta's poor little heart could overcome your science! It seems to me that hearts are perhaps the only things that ever prove greater than science. Now, in regard to your little error—"

"My error?" the professor exclaimed, rather peevishly.

"We will call it your inability to see everything," said the young woman, soothingly. "There always must be some little thing that escapes us, in this world, or we should no longer be mere men and women. I was a little younger than you, though we often played together, and I was very unhappy when you went away to study and become a great man. When you returned, during the holidays that always seemed so dreadfully short, the child admired you, and you were always very kind to her. At the expectation of your home-coming, her heart would beat a great deal faster. As the seasons passed into years, that admira-

tion and those heart-beats changed into something that was a longing, a wonderful desire; yet you began to come more seldom, and the time you could spare to me grew less. Your thoughts traveled beyond me, from the world at your feet to greater worlds you meant to conquer. You seemed to me to be growing greater and greater, and always going further away; yet as the distance between us increased, the longing became keener, until it became a pain that clutched that little heart, and hurt it so deeply that at night I had to weep with the pangs it brought me. I was a big girl then; indeed, I had become a woman."

"Poor little Lottchen!" said the old professor, taking one of her soft hands within his wrinkled ones.

"Then my mother called in the old family doctor, and he listened long, and shook his head.

"Dr. Taubenfeder, the young lady's cousin," he said, "is the man who should be consulted about her case. He is now probably the greatest expert in the country for troubles of the heart, and is the one best able to cure her."

"Therefore we came to see you, and you also listened long to that heart, and asked many questions, and wrote learned things on bits of paper; but when I sought to read them I could not understand. You did not write the few words that might have healed my heart, and you surely never thought to say them, hence I knew, when we were coming home, that I should not be cured."

The professor, by this time, had bent down until his sharp elbows rested upon his knees, and his face was in the hollow of his hands.

"How could you know, Fritzel dear," she continued, "the real cause of the gnawing that was in my heart, and why it beat so wildly? The lover of science has a mistress that claims his every thought and binds him down until he is shackled so firmly that he may no longer escape her thralldom. I never blamed you, for indeed I loved you more and more every day, and even became thankful for the pain, because it brought you often to see me. Then, when I could no longer leave my bed, you came in every day and sat down by me, and I could see that in your face there was sorrow, at times; and it made me happy, for I thought you were beginning to care. But now I think that the sorrow in your face was merely due

to your realizing the limits of your science, the boundaries at which your art had to stop.

"Once I heard you saying to my mother that I did not respond to treatment. That was the little mistake, Fritzel dear, for indeed I would have responded to a kiss from your dear lips. How wonderfully the pressure of your arms might have stilled the unruly throbbing of that heart! Sometimes, in the morning, you were surprised to find me looking ever so much better. Do you know the reason, Fritzel? It was because, during the long, long nights, I dreamed that you had come to me, and whispered low, sweet things more potent than drugs, more healing than the science of the whole world; and I would think that perhaps, some day—"

"Poor little Lotta! Poor little girl!" cried the professor.

"Truly, dearest, I loved you until the end, and always understood. Mine was only one among the myriad hearts that were throbbing, all the world over, for things that could not be. Yours was that of a great man, upon whose lips the world hung in order to listen to marvelous wisdom, and from whose pen flowed a stream that meant hope, and joy, and life renewed for suffering mankind. I was like a humble worshiper of a great sun, which burned and seared me ere I could reach it. Your strength was too great for the child at your feet, your thoughts too lofty, and it was this that left a loophole for the little mistake. You could not see that the unruly heart throbbed on your account, that every fiber of it was entwined about you. How could you have known that its life depended upon waters of love that never reached it, so that at last it withered and faded away?"

III

THE professor could not answer. He was listening, haggardly, to things into which his philosophy had never delved. Within his breast were waking regrets and longings from which he had always thought himself immune.

"Fritzel dear," she continued—and from her lips his boyhood's name sounded wondrously sweet—"you must not grieve over that little mistake, for I have very long been reconciled to it. Sometimes I was pleased to think that you were not able to see. You were always so good and kind to me that perhaps, if your vision had been

clearer, you might have been drawn away from your great work. Your affection for the child companion of your boyhood days might have changed into a great compassion, and that might have led you to offer me the great and only remedy—a place within your heart. And then I should have clung to you, as the ivy around the oak, and perhaps I should have hindered your full development. Since my head is only as high as your breast, you would have been compelled to look at lower levels, and to give to love some of the passion you have bestowed upon research. The quiet of your work-room might even have been disturbed by the music of baby notes, by the cries of a little thing that would have been flesh of your flesh, and would also have claimed its share of your love and minutes out of your busy hours. Doubtless everything happened for the best, since my heart was only one of a series, as you said, while your personality was that of one too great to notice such little things.”

“It was that of a blind man!” cried the old professor, with one hand hard pressed upon his breast. “It was that of one who could not see that a love like yours is the very best and greatest reward a man can strive for.”

“Oh, Fritz! dearest!” she exclaimed, like a mother seeking to console a hurt child. “I fear now that your goodness is leading you away, and bringing to you emotions

that do not befit a learned professor. Just see how much I have disturbed you in these few moments. I should indeed have been a great hindrance to you. I am glad that you never saw, that you were never compelled to be the slave of two loves, between which you might have fallen to the level of other men. I will go now, dear Fritz, and I implore you to have no regrets. You have been seeing me with the eyes of forty years ago, and looking at my heavy tresses and big young eyes; but in truth you ought to see me as the old woman I should now be, with the tresses fallen, the eyes no longer deep and longing, and nothing left of youth but my love for you. Good-by, Fritz, and bear always with you the memory of my gratitude for your kindness and gentleness to me in the old days!”

“Must you, must you leave?” he cried despairingly.

“Yes, dear love, like the dreams of youth, and the odor of flowers that have faded, and the music of songs that have passed away. But I leave you my heart, the heart you have kept so many years.”

“Dear heart!” cried the old man, sobbing.

The long-remembered form melted away, and Professor Dr. Privy Counselor Taubenfeder awoke with streaming eyes. He was grasping No. 371, a specimen from the finest collection in Europe, in hands that trembled with the palsy of great emotions.

WHO CAN FORGET?

Who can forget the vernal reeds
By lips of unseen Ariels blown,
And all the fragrance of the meads
By nodding clover-blossoms sown?

Who can forget the gauzy wings
Of butterflies that woo the rose,
And that rapt song the wood-thrush flings
Across the twilight's purple close?

Who can forget the aster's smiles,
The goldenrod beside the rills,
And how the maples' crimson files
March proudly up the autumn hills?

Who can forget the vasts of white
When dawn descends her crystal stair,
And how across the fields of night
The flames of the aurora flare?

The light in love's appealing eyes,
The poignant passion of regret—
Aye, even 'neath celestial skies
Who deems that we can quite forget?

Clinton Scollard

THE EX-PRESIDENT IN POLITICS

THE CLOSING CHAPTER IN THE CAREERS OF THE TWENTY
AMERICAN CHIEF MAGISTRATES WHO HAVE SURVIVED
THEIR SERVICE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

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THE spectacle of a former occupant of the Presidential chair neck-deep in politics recently excited the interest of the entire nation—and, in some quarters, no small amount of criticism.

Such a spectacle, it must be admitted, is for the present generation a novelty. From the collapse of the Grant third-term boom thirty years ago, to Mr. Roosevelt's reentrance into the political arena during the past autumn, no ex-President has been known to identify himself in any active manner with the political contests of State or nation. Of the six Presidents between Grant and Roosevelt, two—Garfield and McKinley—died in office; the retirement of two others—Arthur and Hayes—at the expiration of their terms was absolute; and although both Harrison and Cleveland, after quitting the White House, participated occasionally in public affairs, and retained a keen interest in the political doings of their times, each manifestly regarded himself as irrevocably withdrawn from the theater of active party combat.

Fifty or seventy-five years ago, however, the situation was far otherwise. Of the twenty men in all who, from Washington to Roosevelt, have survived their tenure of the chief magistracy, not fewer than half continued to exercise, out of office, some measure of the public influence which they exercised in it. In at least six or seven instances, this influence was profoundly felt within the domain of party politics. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that, prior to the Civil War, the ex-President who, upon retirement from office, withdrew absolutely

from political activities was distinctly the exception.

Some of the ex-Presidencies of political consequence were, moreover, prolonged through a considerable period of time, notably those of Thomas Jefferson and John Tyler, covering seventeen years each; those of James Madison and John Quincy Adams, covering nineteen; and those of Martin Van Buren and Millard Fillmore, covering twenty-one.

Mr. Roosevelt's age, physique, and well-known disposition incline one to the prediction, not merely that he will shatter all the ex-Presidential traditions of our generation, but that his career as an ex-President may be extended through a period exceeding that of any of his predecessors.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AS AN EX-PRESIDENT

There is a certain irony about the fact that the line of politically active ex-Presidents begins with Washington himself, least partizan of men though he was. Desirous above all things of an opportunity to spend his declining days in the quiet of Mount Vernon, the first chief magistrate had scarcely thrown off the burdens of state before he found himself dragged by an unfortunate circumstance into the most acrimonious conflict of an era notable for its political acerbity. The circumstance was the threatened war with France during the administration of John Adams.

In 1798, when war seemed inevitable, Adams, in conformity with the manifest desire of the country, besought Washington to assume direction of the raising of troops,

and, eventually, to take command of the forces in the field. We have the reply which Washington addressed to the President, on July 4, 1798:

In case of actual invasion by a formidable force, I certainly should not entrench myself under the cover of age or retirement, if my services should be required by my country to assist in repelling it.

On condition that he should not be called into active service save in the event of actual hostilities, and that he should be permitted to appoint the general's staff, the task was accepted.

In accordance with what he believed to be both the demand of the country and the interests of efficiency, the first thing that he did was to designate as major-generals Alexander Hamilton, Charles C. Pinckney, and Henry Knox, to rank in the order named. In doing so he quite unintentionally fanned to a blaze the long-smoldering fires of discord within the Federalist party, and precipitated a conflagration which made an end only by sweeping the party out of existence.

President Adams allowed his hearty dislike of Hamilton to get the better of his judgment, and, after submitting to Congress the names of the three major-generals, sent in a supplementary order in which the sequence of the three was reversed. It was understood that actual command in the field was to devolve upon the officer whose name should head the list. Washington intended to have Hamilton in the place; Adams proposed to have Knox. Naturally, the friends of Hamilton protested against the President's arbitrary act, and, when appeals proved vain, they called upon Washington to intervene.

Courteously, but with unmistakable firmness, the ex-President did so, not hesitating to administer to the President a clear-cut rebuke. To Adams he wrote at length, stating that the stipulations which had been agreed upon had not been complied with, and that the reversing of the nominees in the instructions transmitted to Congress was an injudicious, unwarranted proceeding. Adams promptly gave way, but the episode considerably lessened the never over-ardent sympathy between the first two Presidents. It also alienated General Knox and his friends from both Washington and Hamilton, and contributed immeasurably to the already widening breach within the party, and, accordingly, to the Jeffersonian triumph in 1800.

As Washington had all the while believed would be the case, there came no war; but the damage, which no one regretted more than Washington himself, had been done. During his remaining months the ex-President extended to the administration his formal support, going so far as to defend in his correspondence the obnoxious Alien and Sedition Laws; but his sympathies were largely with the anti-Adams forces, both within and without the Federalist party, and people did not quickly forget the reprimand he had been obliged to administer to his successor.

Again and again solicitous Federalists appealed to him to reverse his decision relative to a third term, but his mind on that point was made up irrevocably. On December 14, 1799—more than a year before the end of the Adams administration—he passed away, leaving the country without an ex-President for the only time from that day to the death of Grover Cleveland on June 24, 1908.

THE LONG CAREER OF JOHN ADAMS

The ex-Presidency of John Adams was the most prolonged in our history. It began March 4, 1801, and extended to the 4th of July, 1826, on which day, by a singular coincidence, both Adams and Jefferson passed away. These twenty-five years were spent in uneventful residence at Quincy, Massachusetts.

Personal fondness for the responsibilities of public life rapidly gave place with Adams to growing pride in the honors which fell to his brilliant son, John Quincy. It is a fact not sufficiently understood that, in 1807, when the son, no longer able to acquiesce in the complacency with which the New England Federalists regarded the maritime aggressiveness of Great Britain, broke irreparably with his party, he had the full, though regretful, approval of his father. The elder Adams even took it upon himself to reply publicly to a pamphlet in which the rabid Federalist ex-Secretary of State, Timothy Pickering, had unjustly arraigned the Jefferson administration.

Indeed, the principal political service which Adams may be said to have rendered as ex-President arose from the unostentatious influence which he exerted to break the force of those antiadministration, separatist tendencies which darken the pages of New England history in the period of our second war of independence.

In 1820, at the age of eighty-five, Adams was elected a delegate from Braintree to the Massachusetts constitutional convention of that year. By this body he was honored by being chosen to preside over its deliberations. He felt obliged, however, by reason of physical infirmities, to refuse the post.

JEFFERSON A MENTOR TO HIS SUCCESSORS

Three decades of the study and practise of politics, capped by two terms in the Presidency, left Thomas Jefferson with an interest in public affairs which amounted almost to a passion. After his retirement in 1809 he maintained an unflagging correspondence with his successor, until unpleasant insinuations arose to the effect that Madison was but the puppet of the ex-President. This rendered it expedient, in justice to the administration, to remove the grounds of offense by a curtailment of communications from Monticello.

The main interest of Jefferson's later years was his work for the promotion of education in his native State. He labored successfully to found the University of Virginia, and no less strenuously for the establishment of a system of common schools—a project which he did not live to see realized. At the same time, his influence in politics always remained powerful and active. Indeed, for many years, he wielded an authority over the Republican party even more far-reaching than that which had been exercised by Hamilton, in private life, over the Federalists.

From various quarters he was importuned to become once more a candidate for the Presidency in 1812. It does not appear that he ever thought seriously of doing so, but there is testimony to the effect not only that Madison once tendered him the position of Secretary of State, but that he would not have been unwilling, had circumstances demanded, to accept it. He wrote to the editor of the *Aurora*, on October 1, 1812:

I profess so much of the Roman principle as to deem it honorable for the general of yesterday to act as a corporal to-day, if his services can be useful to his country; holding that to be false pride which postpones the public good to any private or personal considerations.

Jefferson never again assumed public office, but until his death, in 1826, he never abandoned the rôle of mentor to the successive Republican administrations of the

period. Now we find him advising the President respecting appointments to the Supreme Court, and warning that "it will be difficult to find a character of firmness enough to preserve his independence on the same bench with Marshall." Now he appears as a participant in the organization of the American Colonization Society, and as a solemn prophet of disasters to spring from the slavery questions involved in the Missouri Compromise.

In 1815 he threw his influence definitely into the scale in favor of a tariff for the encouragement of American manufactures. In 1823, appealed to, along with ex-President Madison, by President Monroe for advice on the foreign situation, he counseled the administration to accept the British proposal of a joint declaration of policy by Great Britain and the United States respecting the threatened machinations of the Holy Alliance in the western hemisphere. It was chiefly through the influence of John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, that for the course which Jefferson and Madison recommended there was substituted the independent announcement of American policy through the memorable Monroe message of December 2, 1823.

In 1824 Jefferson supported the Presidential candidacy of William H. Crawford, the last of the caucus nominees, because he believed that the issue lay fundamentally between the North and South, and because he understood that Crawford represented the undefiled Jeffersonian Republicanism of the "revolution of 1800."

Jefferson's last days were embittered by the popular craze for internal improvements, and by the somewhat extravagant policies of the Adams administration with reference to this subject. In 1825 he urged the Legislature of Virginia to pass a set of resolutions pronouncing Federal appropriations for internal improvements null and void. He advised, however, that at the same time the issue should be averted by a statute validating the acts in question, pending action on a proposal to amend the Constitution. This rather sensational project was eventually withdrawn by its author before action had been taken upon it.

RECORDS OF MADISON AND MONROE

Neither Madison nor Monroe occupied as ex-President the influential position which had been Jefferson's, yet neither dropped by any means into oblivion. During the last

twenty years of his life, spent at Montpelier, Virginia, Madison wrote much on public issues, particularly on the subject of slavery. He never succeeded in working out a solution of the slavery problem which satisfied himself, but he recognized the dangers inherent in it, and repeatedly sought to arouse the nation to the peril which lay in disunionist agitation. A "Legacy to My Country," which he left to be read after his death, and "to be considered as issuing from the tomb," ran as follows:

"The advice nearest to my heart and deepest in my convictions is, that the Union of the States be cherished and perpetuated. Let the open enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora with her box opened, and the disguised one as the serpent creeping with his deadly wiles into Paradise.

With almost passionate stress Monroe similarly appealed, during his later days, for the perpetuity of the Union. In 1830 he wrote to John C. Calhoun:

Nothing can be more distressing to me than the approach or possibility of a crisis, which may, in its consequences, endanger our Union. . . . Satisfied I am that nothing can be so calamitous to every section as a dismemberment. With such an event, our republican system would go to wreck.

Thus, in the days when the breach between North and South was beginning perceptibly to widen, did men who from the highest vantage-point had served the common country, mellowed by experience and sharpened in vision, plead pathetically for the very life of the growing nation.

In 1828 Monroe was invited to serve as a Jackson candidate for elector in Virginia. It is interesting to note that, on the ground that an ex-President should refrain from participation in political contests, he refused. He did consent, however, to act as a local magistrate and to sit as a member of the Virginia constitutional convention of 1830.

AN EX-PRESIDENT IN CONGRESS

Among the widely varied careers of our ex-Presidents, that of John Quincy Adams was absolutely unique. Except for Andrew Johnson, he alone, after retirement from the chief magistracy, reappeared in Federal office. He alone acquired, during his post-Presidential career, a measure of distinction and of permanent influence far exceeding that enjoyed in the highest office in the land. As one of his biographers remarks, it is a striking circumstance that the fulness of greatness for one who had been Senator,

minister to England, Secretary of State, and President, remained to be won in the comparatively humble position of a Representative in Congress.

Like Jefferson, Adams was able to conceive of no sort of reason why the "general of yesterday might not serve as a corporal to-day." An ex-President of the United States, he once declared, would not be degraded by acting as a selectman of his town, if elected thereto by the people.

More than once solicited to become a candidate for Governor of his State, he at length allowed his name to be used by the Anti-Masons in 1834. The popular vote proved indecisive, and before the Legislature began balloting, as the Massachusetts constitution prescribed in such a situation, Adams insisted upon withdrawing from the race. His indifference to the Governorship arose, however, not from aversion to office, but from a preference to remain in the House of Representatives.

Beginning in 1831, Adams represented the Plymouth district in Congress continuously until his death in 1848, a period of more than seventeen years. Elected by the National Republican (later Whig) party, he began by announcing that he would be bound by no partizan connection, but would choose his course independently. Such a policy he regarded as a plain duty imposed upon him by his peculiar position, in that he had "spent the greatest portion of his life in the service of the whole nation, and had been honored with their highest trust." So far as mere partizanship was concerned, it must be said that he held himself firmly to the course upon which he had determined, though the temptation to do otherwise was all but overwhelming.

No one need be told that the period 1831-1848 was the most tempestuous politically that Congress, and for that matter the country at large, had ever known. Adams was all of the time in the thick of the fight. He found himself obliged to oppose most of the measures of the Jackson administration, but it was as a participant in the struggle over the right of petition that he attained his principal distinction. Never an Abolitionist, nor even an ardent antislavery man, he was none the less so moved by the efforts of the slavery interests to suppress antislavery memorials in the two Houses of Congress that, in defense of the fundamental rights guaranteed all citizens by the Constitution, he waged relentless war upon the forces

which seemed to him opposed to the unrestricted enjoyment of any such right. It will generally be conceded that the services rendered by the younger Adams in the busy era of his ex-Presidency have not been equaled by those of any other ex-President in our history.

JACKSON AND VAN BUREN

No one who knew Andrew Jackson could have expected him, seventy years of age though he was at his retirement, to hold himself thenceforward entirely aloof from the strife of parties. Jackson's entry upon a political career had been belated. It is hardly too much to say that he had been pushed half-reluctantly into public life by his friends. Once having tasted power, however, he was loath to give it up, and it certainly never occurred to him that the mere fact that he was an ex-President obligated him so to do. In 1840 he ardently advocated the reelection of Van Buren, though in the general disaster that befell the Democrats in that year he was unable to save even his own State of Tennessee.

During nearly the whole of the next four years it looked as if Van Buren, backed by the potent influence of "Old Hickory," would again be the candidate of the party. In 1844, however, at the last moment, the "Little Magician's" political bark foundered on the rock of Texas. Curiously enough, the catastrophe was in part at least the work of Jackson, whose declarations for the immediate annexation of Texas were employed to the manifest injury of his protégé. Van Buren persisted in his unequivocal opposition to annexation, and the upshot was that when the Democratic convention met at Baltimore, on May 27, 1844, despite the fact that a majority of the delegates were instructed for Van Buren, the two-thirds rule was utilized to compass his defeat and to procure the nomination, on the ninth ballot, of the first "dark horse" in our Presidential history—James K. Polk.

During the ensuing campaign letters favorable to Polk, signed by Jackson, received broadcast circulation. Polk was elected, but again Tennessee was lost, even though by a very narrow margin. This incontrovertible evidence of the relaxation of his grip on the politics of his own State brought Jackson no small degree of chagrin during the few months that remained of his life.

Meanwhile, Van Buren continued an active, even if somewhat bedimmed, political

figure. Becoming the recognized leader of the Barnburner branch of the New York Democracy, in 1848 he was put in nomination by that element for the Presidency, and also, later in the campaign, by the Free Soilers in convention at Buffalo. There was no possible chance of his election, however, and the effect of the Van Buren candidacy was but to widen the breach which slavery had wrought within the Democratic party, and thereby to enable the Whigs to carry both New York and the country at large. The Free Soilers, however, acquired a balance of power in Congress, which they used upon occasion with telling effect.

TYLER AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE

There is a distinct fitness in the fact that John Tyler, whose Presidency was one of the stormiest in our history, was permitted to make his final appearance on the stage of American public affairs in the rôle of peace-maker. Largely at his instigation, the Legislature of Virginia, on January 19, 1861, extended an invitation to all States willing to unite in an earnest effort "to adjust the present unhappy controversies" to send delegates to a "peace convention," to be held during the ensuing month in Washington. Pending the outcome of this attempt, Tyler met President Buchanan, on January 24, and got from him a promise to recommend to Congress that for the present the enactment of hostile legislation should be scrupulously avoided.

The peace convention assembled February 4, with one hundred and fifty-three delegates, representing fourteen States. Ex-President Tyler was unanimously elected chairman. During sessions which ran through more than a month, a comprehensive report, including seven proposed amendments to the Constitution, was worked out. But the refusal of some States to participate, the wide variety of views on the part of the delegates, and the fact that every possible compromise had already been suggested and rejected, foredoomed the movement to failure.

Even after the inauguration of Lincoln and the fall of Fort Sumter, a project was set on foot whereby the five ex-Presidents then living—Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan—should come together at Philadelphia in a conference, whose object should be to secure an armistice with a view to composing the differences between North and South. A letter containing this proposition, addressed by Pierce to Van Buren on

April 16, 1861, is preserved among the Van Buren papers in the Library of Congress. So, too, is Van Buren's reply of April 20, expressing his doubt as to the utility of such a step, and suggesting that, in any event, the initiative toward it might most fittingly be taken by the most recent incumbent of the Presidential office—James Buchanan. The proposed conference was never held. Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan survived the war period, but Van Buren and Tyler died in 1862.

EX-PRESIDENTS SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

Probably no one of our ex-Presidents was ever more desirous of reentering public life than was Andrew Johnson. In 1870 he sought a Senatorship from Tennessee, and came within three votes of getting it. Two years later he ran as an independent candidate for Congress, but the Republican nominee defeated him. Finally, in January, 1875, he was elected to the United States Senate, where, however, he served for only one session before his death.

The last ex-President, prior to Mr. Roosevelt, who may be said to have played any appreciable part in politics was General Grant. During the months which preceded the Republican nominating convention of 1880, the Grant third-term boom—carried

over, indeed, from the period covered by the general's second term, but vastly accelerated by the popular effect of his tour around the world—assumed such formidable proportions that when the balloting at Chicago began Grant easily led all his competitors. He failed of the nomination, however, and never sought any further part in public affairs. The brief remaining chapter of his life was a pathetic story of humiliating financial disaster and of brave struggle against mortal disease.

On the whole, it cannot be said that there has been, at any stage of our history, a clearly defined or generally recognized rule restraining a former occupant of the Presidential chair from such participation as he may care for in the political affairs of his day. By reason of age, business interests, preference for retirement, or other purely personal considerations, it has more often happened than not that our ex-Presidents have been disinclined to take any active part in politics. The exceptions, however, have been numerous, and in more than one instance patriotic public interest and service on the part of an ex-President have constituted his final claim to his country's gratitude.

It may yet be so in the case of Mr. Roosevelt.

THE HIGHWAYS

THE highways, the highways! They lead, so proud and free,
Through guarding gate and towered town, along the wharf-set sea;
But oh, the little byways, lass, that call to you and me!
The little, leaf-spread byways, lass, that wander, dim and cool,
Past white-starred dogwood branches, lass, above the forest pool!
Let others seek the highways, lass, that lead so proud and free,
But all the little byways, lass, were meant for you and me.

On the highways, the highways, the stir of silken gowns,
The lilt of mirth and laughter from the closely-clustered towns;
But oh, the little byways, lass, that lead across the downs!
The little, open, grassy trails that lead across the moor—
Your laughing eyes beside me, lass, your love forever sure;
Let others tread the highways, lass—the folk of high degree;
For all the little byways, lass, were set for you and me.

On the highways, the highways, the feet of Wealth and Pride,
With black-browed Care and ready Hate as lackeys by their side;
But oh, the little byways, lass, that wander far and wide!
The little pine-fringed byways, lass, that creep amid the fern,
With Love upon the saddle-bow, and Hope beside the turn!
Let others seek the highways, lass, with purse and pedigree;
We'll walk the little byways, lass, God set for you and me!

Martha Haskell Clark

THE PEARL

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "LET GOOD DIGESTION WAIT," "FOGHORN FERNANDO," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY CHARLES M. RELYEA

AFTER Wulfert's first lame phrase of regret, Hayle ceased to listen. The details of his loss did not interest him, nor, for that matter, did they seem to interest the broker. The speculation, through which Wall Street had just swallowed Ambrose Hayle's account, had been a commonplace one; Wulfert, shrewd as he was, did not guess that his fashionable client was ruined.

Hayle very carefully drew on his gloves, picked up his tall hat from Wulfert's desk, and went out from his broker's up-town office to the corridor of the hotel. The hour was between two and three of a cold, foggy afternoon; and Hayle ordered a brandy-and-soda in the men's café. He smiled at his liberal tip to the waiter. Thus, he remembered, would a hero of stagy melodrama face evil fortune.

Well, there was no melodrama about this, and Hayle took morbid satisfaction in pressing his mind on the raw actuality of it. He had come to the end of the purposeless, delightful life which had been his since he was born, thirty years ago. His existence now was of a different sort.

Of what sort, then? He tried to reason, but his thoughts refused to leave the mere fact of calamity.

They were jogged by a well-dressed man on the sidewalk below, who waved his stick at Hayle's window. His name was Vancouver. Hayle knew him only slightly, but recalled him because Vancouver last night had idly asked Hayle to suggest some young fellows of address who might take real-estate agencies in the West.

The question which now occurred to Hayle was, What would Vancouver and men like him do in Hayle's plight? What

had they done? Hayle searched his memory deliberately. There were Thornhill, and Cliffe, and Billy Remsen, and Patterfield—but he would not think of Patterfield, and he pushed away the decanter with a shudder, for it was Hayle who found Patterfield lying on his smoking pistol at Palm Beach.

Thornhill and the others had bluffed it out, of course. They had borrowed, and watched, and listened, and toadied, perhaps, and bluffed it out. Remsen even did not resign from his clubs, and had been rewarded by overhearing a wise word about Reading, which put him on his feet. Young Cliffe, in debt to half the Scudaway Hunt, married the rich Damerel girl; and Thornhill sold his aristocratic name to a firm of political contractors, and was talked of for Congress. Hayle laughed softly; he was as good a man as Thornhill, or any of them.

He looked at the clock as he slipped his shoulders into his astrakhan coat. It was nearly three, but the trust company where he banked had its marble building on the next corner. He walked there; and an attendant ushered him to his safe-deposit box, and withdrew. The box was empty, excepting for a small jewelry-case of faded green leather, which Hayle took out quickly and shoved into his pocket.

On the step he hesitated, and then turned toward Broadway, instead of up the avenue to his bachelor apartments. Hayle was in a Broadway mood. He felt, with grim content, that he had joined battle with the world in a duel governed by no law. There would be no Marquis of Queensberry rules to this finish fight, no Red Cross Convention in this warfare.

He liked the hard, unscrupulous features of most of the men whom he passed. He

did not object to the scheming faces of many of the women. An eminent gambling-house-keeper gave Hayle a guarded nod, and Hayle nodded gladly in return. As he strolled along, it seemed to him that the spirit of Broadway was bidding him a cynical welcome to its battle-field of merciless craft, and Hayle's own embittered spirit was not averse to the greeting.

He swung briskly into the vestibule of a certain jeweler's establishment, but the revolving doors were blocked for the moment by a group of ladies. One of them, a handsome old matron with deep-blue eyes, silently smiled a pretty apology to Hayle. He bowed and stepped back, fingering the case in his pocket thoughtfully. Finally he turned away, without entering, and walked on, at a slower pace, to his lodgings.

The apartments were luxuriously appointed, but in some disorder, for Hayle had kept no man since discharging old Nolan. He was too much of a gentleman to run in debt to servants—least of all to Nolan, who had been with Hayle's people since boyhood.

He cleared a littered table, opened and laid down the green leather case, and stood staring at the great pearl. It had been left to him by his mother's will. According to the old tradition of her family—she was born Nancy Stillingfleet, of South Carolina—the pearl should have descended to her first daughter; but Ambrose was the only child, and she had left the pearl to him.

It was a beautiful jewel. So delicate was the setting that the effect was that of a flower; and one could almost fancy that it was actually fragrant with the memory of all the fair women upon whose white bosoms it had rested. But when Hayle gazed at the pearl that afternoon he thought only of his mother and her deep-blue eyes.

He moved impatiently to the raised window, and listened to the distant clamor of Broadway. His lips tightened. After all, what was his ancestry now to him, except a salable asset, like the Stillingfleet pearl? He was angry that he had not sold the jewel half an hour ago. The proceeds would hide his penury for some time; he need cause no immediate comment by deserting the clubs, and restaurants, and even Wall Street, if he should be moderately lucky.

There was barely time to reach the jeweler's before the shops closed. But while Hayle was taking his hat from the coat-tree he was interrupted by the muffled

buzz of his door-bell, and he went unwillingly to answer it. On the table in a dark corner the pearl glowed faintly, like a magnolia flower at twilight.

II

"HELLO, Nolan! Come in—I'm right glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Ambrose, thank you most kindly, sir. A small matter of business, if not too much trouble to you, Mr. Ambrose."

The old servant, smoothing his gray hair, sidled diffidently across Hayle's threshold. Another man and a slender girl followed behind him.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Nolan, "but maybe you remember my daughter Virginia. And this—this gentleman's name is Blaunders, Mr. Ambrose."

"Pleasure, 'm sure," gurgled Blaunders effusively, extending a flabby hand.

"Oh, yes, I remember Virginia, but when she was very little," said Hayle. "That's right—come in, and sit down, won't you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Hayle," murmured the girl.

Hayle allowed himself a second look of half-amused admiration, after she was seated on the divan; he was inclined to be amused at the idea of Nolan having such a lovely daughter. The girl's pure, religious face made him think vaguely of a young Madonna he had seen in a Florentine gallery. Hayle nodded, with a smile of approval, at Nolan, who remained standing by the window.

"Nice flat you've got here, Mr. Hayle," grunted Blaunders, and plumped down heavily in a reclining chair.

He wore black clothes, and his vulgar-looking chin hung unpleasantly over a clerical collar.

"Well, Nolan?" inquired Hayle.

"Well, Mr. Ambrose, it's just this. Mr. Blaunders, here, has been teaching my Virginia for the stage, sir. He thinks he can make a fine actress out of her."

"Thinks, hey!" ejaculated Blaunders scornfully. "He *has* made an actress out of her, by jiminy! All she needs now is the chance, and don't you forget it."

He fluttered his fingers, which might have been cleaner, and crooked a fat leg over the chair-arm. Hayle shot an incredulous glance at the girl. She sat perfectly still, her childish eyes fixed on the lap of her simple lavender gown.

"So, Mr. Ambrose, you being acquainted better than me with such matters," hinted Nolan, "I just thought we'd ask you."

Blaunders gave a sudden cough and screwed up his coarse mouth.

"Listen, Mr. Hayle," he said impressively. "You don't know me, I expect, but you can toddle up Broadway, and find vaudeville bill-toppers on every block between Herald Square and Hammerstein's who'll tell you about Doc Blaunders. I put on their acts—that's what I do. I can judge the money in 'em, same's you'd judge a cigar."

"Exactly," agreed Hayle, and passed him a glass jar of panatelas.

"Thanks," said Blaunders. "Now, then: A while ago, I'm in a dairy lunch, and I see this little lady, doing the cashier trick. I got to talking with her. Five minutes was enough. I knew she was it—the genu-wine it!"

Hayle laughed doubtfully.

"The genu-wine it," repeated Blaunders with emphasis, "for the particular vaudeville act I had in mind. The innocent game. The lily-of-the-valley thing. The touch-me-not, baby-stare business, looking and cooing like she was in a Bible class, and reeling off gingery, red-hot lines, that'll make the folks in front hold their breath for fear what's coming next."

He paused, for dramatic point, and lit his cigar. Hayle, who was leaning against the mantel, turned curiously again to the impassive girl.

"Oh, she isn't wise to just what I'm talking about," said Blaunders, winking. "That's the beauty of it."

"I see," muttered Hayle. "But I thought Nolan said that you had been—"

"Coaching her?" supplied Blaunders. "So I have. I've learned her to walk, and stand, and get stuff over. It's been a long job—and expensive. These people owe me a couple of hundred, or more."

"What?" Hayle exclaimed. "Is that true, Nolan?"

"I don't work for love—not just yet," chuckled Blaunders.

"We made an arrangement with the gentleman, Mr. Ambrose," said Nolan. "Mr. Blaunders told us he could take his pay, sir, out of Virginia's earnings."

"That's correct," assented Blaunders; "and the earnings are about to begin."

"If you say everything is right, Mr. Ambrose, sir," added Nolan.

"Right?" sniffed Blaunders. "You've got to settle your debts, haven't you?"

"Well, what's the plan?" said Hayle.

"Now you're talking sense," replied Blaunders eagerly; and he bent forward and pulled a roll of manuscript from the skirt of his black coat. "Here's the goods," he announced; "from Paris!"

Hayle took the manuscript and read the first page carelessly. It was written in French.

"Here's a sketch," said the vaudeville man, "that made even those Paris rounders sit up and take notice all last season. Hey? A pal of mine brought it over yesterday in his trunk. Lucky, too—the United States mails might have shied at it."

"I should think likely," said Hayle, smiling and beginning the second page.

The audacious wit of the monologue was wicked, and, to Hayle, irresistible. Blaunders, puffing at his cigar, narrowly scrutinized the reader.

"Hey? How about it?" he questioned.

"Have you struck the place where the lamp goes out? Hey? That's bad, I suppose. Can't you see this little lady in the stunt? A fluffy, white, schoolgirl dress, you know, with her hair down. *Marguerite*, you know, waiting for the angels. Why, they'll laugh themselves sick—the toughest of 'em, and everybody!"

"But—surely," blurted Hayle; "the law—a literal translation of this—"

"I can fix that," broke in Blaunders. "I know a newspaper fellow to fix the translation. It'll be ticklish sailing, but I'll guarantee it gets by."

Hayle grinned reminiscently.

"Well, sir?" said Nolan.

"Well, what does Virginia say?" temporized Hayle.

The girl raised her innocent face.

"I wish to earn what money I can for my father, Mr. Hayle," she answered gently. "He is growing old, and we are poor. And I wish to pay Mr. Blaunders for his kindness."

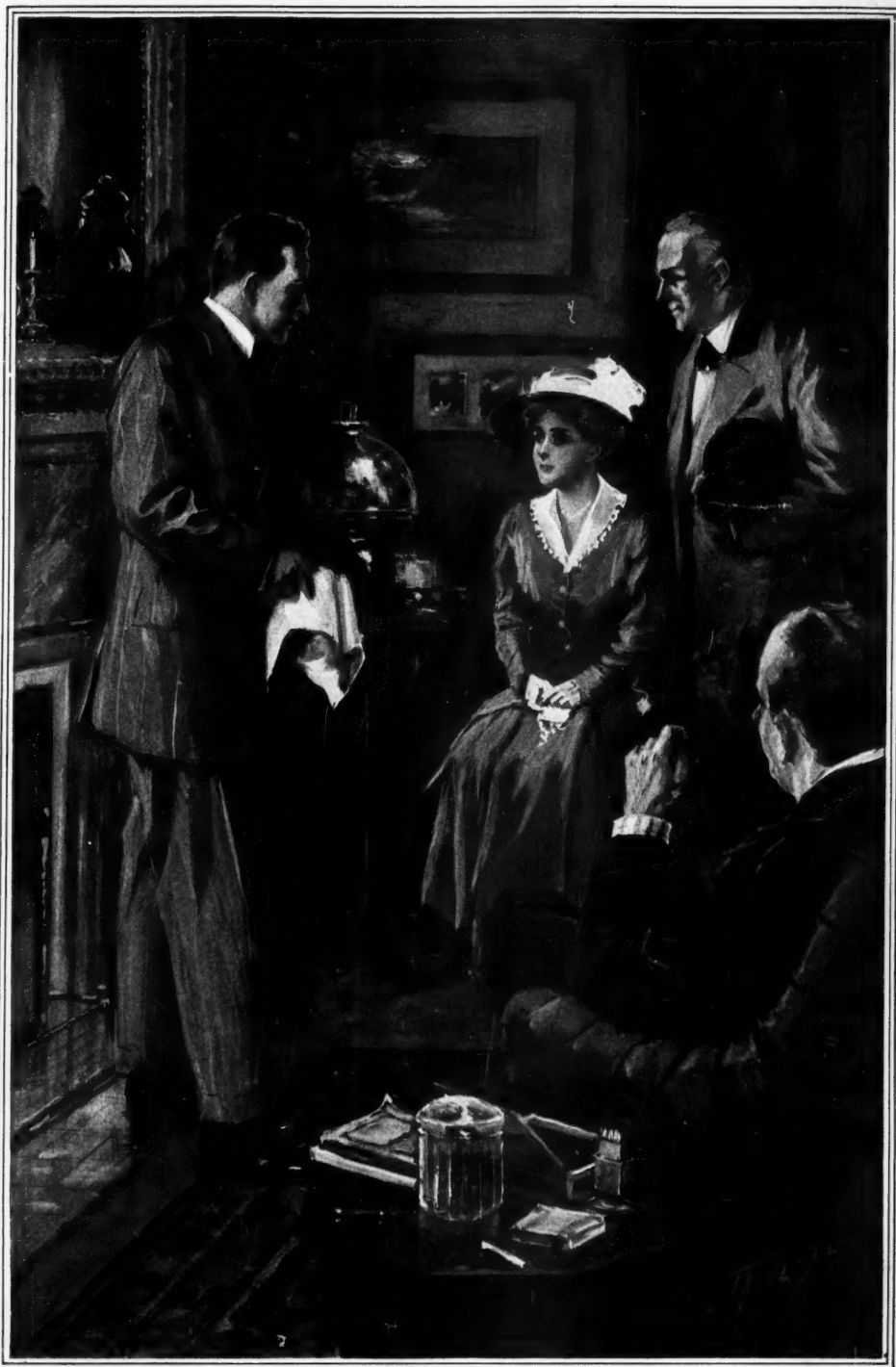
"But with this, Virginia?" said Hayle, tapping the manuscript.

"Oh, I do not understand French!" she explained. "We shall follow your advice, sir."

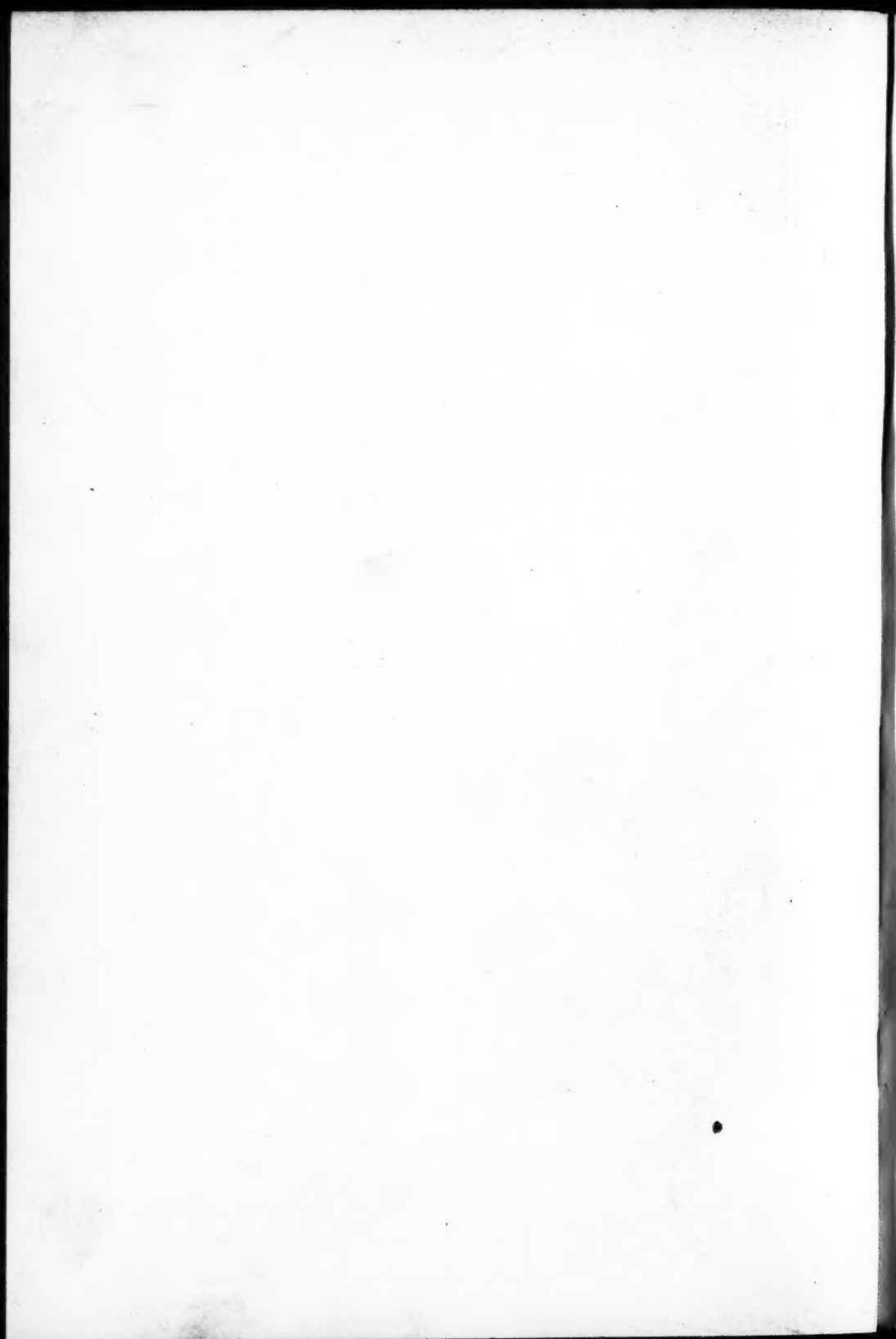
"Yes, we've quite decided to do that, Mr. Ambrose," said Nolan.

Virginia glanced affectionately at her father and dropped her eyes.

"Can you beat it, Mr. Hayle?" demand-



"OH, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND FRENCH! WE SHALL FOLLOW YOUR ADVICE, SIR"



ed Blaunders, under his breath. "The voice and the manner—what? No cut and dried soubrette, but the genu-wine, church-made article." He grabbed the manuscript and slapped it on his knee. "Now, listen," he proclaimed. "I've got a contract right here in my jeans. I can sign little Miss Virginia up, in this Paris thing, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week."

"Why, Nolan," said Hayle slowly, "that will be a lot of money for you, won't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Nolan.

Hayle wearily lifted his shoulders and walked across the sitting-room.

"Then, what's the use?" he asked. "You'd best sign the contract. I'd like to make that much myself so easily." The involuntary confession nettled him, and he faced about. "Well, is that all, Nolan?" said he coldly. "I dine out of town to-night and I must be dressing."

"Good evening, sir," rejoined Nolan, "and thank you, most kindly. Now, Jinny!"

The young girl nodded gracefully and went out; Blaunders tried to be voluble, but Hayle checked him, and closed the door on the trio with positive relief. Ordinarily, he would have enjoyed a visit from loyal old Nolan, and the homely sentiment of it. To-day, such a feeling seemed flat and profitless.

Hayle had no intention of dining out of town. He chose a flashy café on Forty-Second Street, where the men reminded him of Doc Blaunders, and none of the women of Virginia; and where the noisy orchestra played trash, but not so loudly as to smother the gay talk of a market in which all things are bought and sold.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he returned to his apartments. With his hand on the light-switch, Hayle paused, listening. A footstep creaked in his dark bedroom beyond, and he heard a swift, straining breath.

III

HAYLE snapped on the electrics.

"Who's there?" he called.

No response. Hayle strode to the portière and tore it aside.

"Good God—you!" he gasped.

"Me, sir," whispered Nolan.

"Come out here," said Hayle sharply. "What do you mean by this?"

Nolan faltered to the divan, and dropped on it.

"I beg pardon, sir," he moaned. "I can't—can't seem to stand."

"Faking drunk, of course," taunted Hayle; but he did not credit his own words, and he brought the man a glass of carbonic from an iced siphon. "Drink it," he said.

"Yes, sir. Thank you," quavered Nolan obediently.

It was pitiful to see the glass tremble in his fingers, and Hayle looked away.

"How did you get in?"

"I had my old key, Mr. Ambrose. I remembered my old key when it was too late."

"Too late?"

"After Virginia and me had reached home to-night, sir."

"Speak out plain, Nolan."

"Yes, sir. I'll try, sir."

"Let me take the glass," said Hayle, not unkindly. "Give me some excuse for this, Nolan."

The gray-haired servant shook his head.

"I can't, Mr. Ambrose. I have to tell you the truth;" and Nolan took from his pocket the case which held the Stillingfleet pearl.

Hayle drew back, groping for the support of the table.

"Yes, this is what I came to steal," said Nolan hoarsely. "For this I tried to be a thief, sir. It's the only time since I was born."

"I believe that, Nolan. But, of all men—you!"

"I couldn't think of any other way, Mr. Ambrose. When Jinny and I got home, to-night, my brain went queer, and I couldn't think of any other way."

"Any other way to do what?" said Hayle, scowling.

"To keep my Jinny a good girl," breathed Nolan.

"You mean—Blaunders?"

"No, sir. I'd kill Blaunders if I saw that sort of harm coming. No, sir, it wasn't that. It was the thought of my Jinny fouling those pure lips with bad words, unbeknown to her, and of the ladies and gentlemen in the theater laughing at her for it."

"But all you had to do, Nolan, was to refuse to consent. If you had made up your mind that it wasn't—well, advisable—"

"Begging your pardon, sir," ventured Nolan, "I couldn't put my advice to Jinny against yours. Of course, I don't doubt that your advice was best. But my brain—my brain went queer."

"Are you sure?" retorted Hayle, and he

laughed mirthlessly, and screwed his heel into the rug.

"Yes, Mr. Ambrose. My brain figured that if we had money, your advice, wise as it was, wouldn't be necessary. But we have no money, and I can't find work. And then, when it was too late, I remembered my old key, and your dining out of town, sir, and my taking note of this."

Nolan stood up and placed the jewel-case on the table. As he did so, the catch unfastened, and the cover of the case fell open.

"I saw Miss Nancy wear it on her wedding night, Heaven forgive me!" said Nolan, in a breaking voice. "And I meant to steal and sell it!"

"To keep your child from stain," murmured Hayle, staring with odd earnestness, not at Nolan, but at the white, unsullied pearl.

"I'm not begging off, sir," said Nolan humbly. "I'll tell none of this to the police."

Hayle gripped his hands behind his back, and paced up and down the room.

"I want to explain to you, Nolan," he said, "that I didn't know my advice about Virginia this afternoon was against your objections. In fact, I wasn't aware then that you exactly suspected—the character of—"

He hesitated lamely, and Nolan nodded.

"I took the liberty of guessing, sir, from the way you and Mr. Blaunders talked and acted over that French writing. And it hit me queer, sir. You see, Jinny is all I've got—all I've got in the world. Excuse me, Mr. Ambrose, but that may seem strange to you, who's got so many things."

Nolan looked up, with a deprecating glance, but Hayle was smiling inscrutably at the white jewel. The old servant, at a clumsy loss for words, stumbled on:

"All in the world," he repeated wistfully.

"Her mother—you remember Rachel, Miss Nancy's woman, sir? I took little Jinny from her mother's breast, that day my Rachel died, and I swore for to keep her safe and true. I'm nowadays a learned man, being only a servant, but I've held to what I swore. I've done it, Mr. Ambrose. And to do it, I'd go to prison singing, or, begging

your pardon, to hell, sir. Jinny is just as her mother gave her to me. She was a white flower then, and she's a white flower now."

"Like my pearl?" sighed Hayle; but Nolan did not hear him.

"That's how it was, sir," continued Nolan. "My queer brain seemed to tell me that Rachel in heaven would forgive whatever I did, so that I did it to keep our flower a growing white." He made a furtive gesture of appeal. "In a manner of speech, Mr. Ambrose," he added timidly, "it was as you'd feel bound, if Miss Nancy had left you something, same as she did this—"

"Nolan!"

"I hope you'll excuse my saying so, sir," implored the servant. "I meant no disrespect."

Hayle crossed to the window-seat. Beneath him the illumination of Broadway glowed dimly through the fog, like the false light of a vast and pestilential swamp. For a long minute he gazed out silently, and once he shivered a little, as if an exhalation of the marsh had poisoned him.

"Nolan," said Hayle, "I shall not report this to the police. No, please don't thank me. It's the other way around. And I shall provide for you, somehow, so that you can pay Blaunders and so that Virginia needn't sign that contract. I'm pretty sure that I can get you an office job in a Western real-estate agency—under me."

"Under you, Mr. Ambrose?"

"Yes," replied Hayle, turning and squaring his shoulders. "I've got to go to work—honest, hard work, Nolan. Why? Oh, because you—because I have found this night that I, too, have something to keep white—my name and honor." He touched the pearl lovingly. "We'll save this for a token," said he.

"Yes, sir. You're so good. Mr. Ambrose—I can't help it—I—"

Nolan broke down and sobbed quietly. A clock on the mantel chimed the hour.

"I think," said Hayle, "that our future employer will be at home by this time;" and he searched briskly for Vancouver's number in the telephone-book.

THE ROAD TO RUIN

THE road to ruin always is
In good repair;
To keep it thus, each traveler
Must pay his share.

Harold Susman

THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD*

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURER," "THREE SPEEDS FORWARD," ETC.

MATTHEW BROUGHTON lost his father in 1889; and less than two years later, his mother, worn out by privation, poverty, and the bitter struggle to keep a roof over her boy's head and her own, was laid beside her husband in the Manaswan cemetery.

Matt, as he was called, was then fifteen years old, as tall as a man and pale with the all-day confinement in a lawyer's office, where he was employed as a clerk. To his uncle, who had come to his nephew's assistance none too willingly, he appeared an awkward, countrified youth, with neither manners nor looks to recommend him; and Admiral Beatty, whose benevolence was prompted by remorse at having done so little for his sister in her lifetime, was at small pains to hide his disappointment in her son.

This old gentleman had little else than his retired pay to live on, and an expensive family to take care of. To him the red-eyed, shabbily dressed youngster appeared as the emblem of drastic economies to come. As the equivalent of good cigars, cozy club dinners, and a thoroughbred Kentucky mare, he certainly came high; and the admiral's face, usually so genial, grew very overcast at the prospect.

But he took Matt back to Washington with him; tried in his stiff way to be kind; and after some reflection as to what was to be done, secured for the boy an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Matt's education, as far as it had gone, was of, the ordinary, ineffectual character—a smattering of everything under the sun, from physiology to Greek art—an imposing curriculum that none the less left him unable to spell, or even write, two coherent lines of good English. It took eight months' coaching to prepare him for the entrance examinations. He not only passed them successfully,

however, but had the keen delight of seeing his name third on the list.

Annapolis did wonders for Matt. In two years he was one of the smartest, best set-up, manliest-looking fellows in the academy. His half-starved frame filled out; his face grew ruddy with health; erect and graceful, his black head, fine complexion, and dark, flashing eyes attracted admiration everywhere. He led in everything, whether in play or studies; the traditions of the place became his religion; ardent, clever, and high-spirited, his whole nature responded to one of the best-devised systems ever invented for the making of men.

It was about this time that a Baltimore negro named Raphael Stokes was admitted to the Academy, to the unbounded resentment of every one within its walls. He was not the first colored brother to take advantage of his constitutional rights in this respect; but, more stubborn than his predecessors, and, to do him justice, an able and ambitious young man, he defied the enormous pressure brought against him and, what was almost harder to bear, the heartbreaking isolation in which he was doomed to live.

In after years, with broadened humanity and a greater sympathy and understanding, Matt was bitterly ashamed of his own part in the persecution of Raphael Stokes. But at the period it seemed a righteous task; the honor of the navy appeared to be at stake; by hook or by crook, by fair means or foul, the service had to be saved from the disgrace of a negro officer.

Matt was no worse than the rest of the Academy; in fact, in one way he was better, for with characteristic directness he once sought an interview with Stokes, and explained the whole matter with boyish candor.

"We have nothing against you personally," he said. "You're a pretty good sort, Stokes, and it is no pleasure to us to try and

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make you uncomfortable here. But you are an intruder, and we can't let you stay. I'm not saying that such prejudice is right—but we've been brought up to it; it's in our blood. Even if you stick it out and graduate, you will simply pass from one hell to another."

"Thank you, Broughton, but I intend to stay," returned Stokes, setting a jaw he had inherited from a Presbyterian grandfather.

Months later, when the negro broke down in class, hysterical and overwrought by the strain of that unequal conflict, he was ordered to the superintendent's office and a searching inquiry was instituted. Matt was less guilty than twenty others, yet he found himself among the four who were placed under arrest. Justice, in such cases, is always somewhat capricious; too often it is the truthful and straightforward who suffer, while the meaner escape. Summary dismissal followed, and Matt turned his back on the Academy forever.

Admiral Beatty gave Matt a furious reception. He told the boy that he had thrown away all his chances in life, that he was irretrievably disgraced. He read aloud, with fiery emphasis, a scathing editorial on the affair in one of the administration newspapers.

The country was on the eve of a national election, and the black vote had to be placated by an appearance of severity toward the four cadets. But Matt knew nothing of these underlying causes, nor did his uncle. All he could see was his name, in staring letters, held up to public obloquy. His career was gone; his uncle had turned against him; his whole little world had tumbled about his ears.

He managed to blurt out a few words of thanks for the old man's past kindnesses, saluted, and left the house in despair. That night he was in New York, and the next day he shipped as an ordinary seaman on the British steel ship Windsor Castle, bound for Honolulu with coal.

II

In south latitude twenty-one degrees, west longitude one hundred and twenty-three degrees, at a point about six hundred and eighty-four sea miles east-southeast of the Marquesas Islands, and during the course of a heavy, sweltering afternoon, an old hand named Louey began to sniff in an uneasy, dissatisfied sort of way. After a while he slouched aft along the deck of the Windsor

Castle, returning with the second mate, who began to sniff too. The result of their whispered deliberations was to call the first mate, who sniffed, and sent for the captain. By this time every one was sniffing, though the horrifying word for their fears was left unsaid.

The captain ordered off the fore hatch. It had hardly risen an inch before there came a sudden gush of smoke and a penetrating odor of gas and soot. Careful stowing, ventilation, unceasing watchfulness—all had been in vain, for somewhere in the bowels of that three thousand tons of coal, spontaneous combustion—the most dreaded, the most mysterious of all disasters—had fired the whole with a deadly, tiny flash.

For a couple of days the Windsor Castle was held to her course, a stifled volcano, half sinking with the weight of water poured into her. But the fire could not be smothered or drowned; and it was at length decided to lay her for the Marquesas in the hope of sinking her in some shallow bay before the devouring demon could pass the hatches. Great patches of her deck had now reddened ominously; her bows hissed as they dipped into the swell; she had become a floating furnace, the sails parching to tinder on her yards, and the men risking their lives every time they went aloft.

Two of her boats were made ready, provisioned, and equipped, and at the last extremity they were lowered and manned. As they pulled clear of the vessel, flame could be seen leaping and twisting in the smoke that rose mountain high above her decks. The sky, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened as if with an impending tempest. The scene held the men spell-bound at their oars, and when they were roused to make sail the order was obeyed in silence.

Matt was in the first mate's boat, which proved much the faster of the two, and, despite the captain's orders and even entreaties, gave him the slip during the night. The mate was a decent enough man, and well meaning, but he had a wife in Biddeford, and an old mother to support—and self-preservation is the first law.

They made Uapu in eleven days, and, after a brief stay to rest and leave one of their sick, held on to Nuka Hiva, the principal island of the group. Here, at Taiohae, the little capital, they were received with extraordinary consideration by the French officials and residents, who gave them a

house to live in, and vied with one another to raise a substantial purse. The commandant requisitioned all the vessels in port, and sent them to scour every corner of the archipelago for any trace of the missing boat; but it was never seen again, and the fate it met can only be conjectured.

Matt owed his life to the ship's carpenter, Olsen, a big Swede.

"You take the whaler, sonny," he had said confidentially, wagging a red eyebrow with immense significance. "Just you stick to the whaler, no matter what any one says or orders."

It had cost Matt his watch-chain to make the change with an apprentice named Betts, and it gave him a gruesome feeling, afterward, to remember the price Betts had paid for it. Olsen subsequently confided to him, with a mirthless cackle, that the captain's boat was "that rotten you could shove your fist through it, though if I had let on they would have loaded the whaler gunwales under, and nobody would never have gotten nowhere!"

It did not take Matt long to make up his mind to remain in the islands. Exaggerating the disgrace of his expulsion from the Academy, still smarting and humiliated at the thought of his lost career, he was possessed with the idea to hide, to get far away and be forgotten.

Three months in a deep-water ship had disillusioned him of the idea of any future there. He could see nothing but years of ill-paid drudgery, wretchedness, hardship, and the vilest of food, with only the most problematical chance of ever reaching the quarter-deck. Even this had no particular attraction for him—the command of tubs like the Windsor Castle, with the salary of a railroad conductor, and microscopic percentages.

Here, in the Marquesas, he was on the edge of another world, alluring, mysterious, and beautiful. He listened greedily to tales of labyrinthine seas, abounding in pearl and shell; of fortunes won and kingdoms overturned by white adventurers; of lovely islands, with melodious savage names, flying their own flags, and ruled over by half-naked kings and queens. Why should he not become a second John Cæsar Goddefroy, with fleets of ships, or rival Sternberg, who had held Samoa in his hand? Had not Shirley Baker ruled Tonga for twenty years? Was not Young's daughter the Queen of Manu'a? Were not the Jenkinsons of Gente

Hermosa the grandchildren of a hardy old seaman who had founded a mimic empire and handed it down to his descendants? Was not Tahiti in the virtual possession of the Branders and the Salmons, the children of two bygone Englishmen who had waged wars, and risen to Kanaka greatness?

Small wonder that the boy's head was full of dreams; that he beheld before him wonderful and picturesque opportunities; that either by love or force of arms, he, too, was resolved to gain a kingdom.

The wife of one of the merchants was a Tahitian half-white, of extraordinary beauty, who was at home in four languages, and an accomplished musician as well. She helped not a little to stir Matt's imagination, and give form to the shadowy queens and princesses that played so important a part in his fairy tales. The rightful king of the Marquesas also figured conspicuously in these fancies. He was a grave, dignified, rather silent man, who drew a pension from the French government, and worked hard as a surveyor in mapping out the native lands. He had lent Matt a horse to ride, befriended him in many ways, and often dilated on the former glories of his house.

These melancholy confidences from the lips of a real king, however much reduced, flattered Matt, and moved him with an intoxicating sense of romance. Assuredly the Pacific was the place for him, and he thanked his stars afresh at having escaped from the dingy fo'castle of the Windsor Castle.

The governor, a French naval officer, had also taken a great liking to Matt, giving him the hospitality of his bungalow in return for lessons in English. This M. Fouquier was a delightful fellow, who regarded his temporary appointment as a huge joke, and ruled his *canaques* in a most easy-going fashion.

"They are children, *mon cher*," he would say to Matt, "and one must treat them with the same indulgence."

The "hard labor" of the convicts consisted mostly in tidying up the commandant's front garden, or sleeping on his porch.

"Step softly, or we may awake them," Fouquier would remark, tiptoeing through the sleeping figures on his way to play billiards at the club. "Though, stop—thousand thunders, I'm going to lecture yonder *misérable*—he borrowed my music-box, and never took the trouble to return it!"

When the jailer was discharged because

of a shortage in his accounts, the commandant offered the post to Matt, who accepted it with alacrity, for it carried a salary of sixty Chile dollars a month, not to speak of occasional perquisites in the way of sucking-pigs and fish. Thus provided for, he was very willing to stay behind, and let his fellow castaways go on to Tahiti without him. The British and American consuls there had perfunctorily arranged for the survivors of the Windsor Castle to be brought down, and thence sent on to New Zealand by steamer. Matt saw them off with a light heart, for with their departure the last link that bound him to civilization—and to disgrace—seemed to snap.

In the office of Williams & Hadley, ship-brokers, Honolulu, was a little package of letters for Matt, addressed in their care. One was from Raphael Stokes:

DEAR BROUGHTON:

My health and nerves are all gone, and I am out of the Academy for good. I could always feel how it went against your generous and kindly nature to treat me ill, though even at your worst you were never so mean as the others. I suppose it will surprise you to hear that I admired you more than anybody in the world, and that a slight from you was a thousand times more wounding than the abominable personal persecutions of your friends. Now you will learn from this that a poor "nigger" can be grateful for even a little. I have seen the President myself, as per enclosed cutting from the *Star*, and have managed to beg you off. Put that to my credit, and for God's sake, don't think I ever meant intentionally to give you away. Your dismissal cost me the bitterest tears of the many I have shed, for you were the only one who ever treated me with a spark of consideration.

In an official envelope was a curt notification from the Navy Department, to the effect that the President had been pleased to reinstate Mr. Matthew Broughton in the Naval Academy, and that he was to report to the superintendent at once.

For many years these letters lay unopened and unclaimed in a dusty pigeonhole, and were at last destroyed on the occasion of the ship-brokers moving to another office. They went up the chimney in smoke, and with them, in all probability, an honorable and distinguished career.

III

THE moonlight streamed through the palms, outlining on the beach beneath a vivid tracery of fronds and stems. Across the lagoon, softened and mellowed by the stretch

of glassy water, there came the sound of a mouth-organ and the rhythmic beat of a wooden drum, as the crew of the North Star raised the chorus of "Good-by, My Feleni." At intervals there was a deeper note, as some huge comber flung its might against the coral and burst with fury on the seaward reefs.

In all those lonely seas there is no lonelier island than Lotoalofa. On some Pacific charts it is called the Four Crowns of Quiros, with a question-mark after it. On others, when it is noticed at all, it figures variously as "Melampus Reef, p. d.," "Winslow Shoals, p. d.," or merely "Island, e. d."—"p. d." signifying "position doubtful," and "e. d.," "existence doubtful."

In the fifties, its handful of inhabitants were carried away bodily by Peruvian slavers. In later years, it attracted the attention of Bully Hayes, who had had the intention, never carried out, of making it into a sort of pirate stronghold; and to this day his battery of six small, rusty, iron cannon stands there, commanding the anchorage.

Here, leaning against one of these venerable guns, were two men in close and earnest conversation. One of them was about forty-five, tall and thin, with high cheek-bones, and a narrow, ugly, withered face, whose usual expression was one of sardonic melancholy. But it was not a commonplace face, nor a weak one. The pale-blue eyes were masterful, the nose pronounced, and the general air distinguished. Whatever else he had been in the past, John Mort, as he called himself, was ineradicably a cavalry officer, with an underlying military harshness which on occasions could flame up like a volcano.

His companion was Matt Broughton, now a man of thirty-one, sobered, hardened, and somewhat worn by eleven years on the outposts of civilization. If his boyish dreams were still unrealized, it had not been for lack of striving. He had thrown himself whole-heartedly into that life of danger, daring, and romance, and all that he had to show for it was a few scars, a smattering of half a dozen outlandish dialects, and the memory of some desperate chances taken and lost. At thirty-one he had achieved nothing more tangible than a salary of a hundred dollars a month, and the command of John Mort's schooner—and even these he was now abandoning, to begin again with nothing.

"But, my friend, is there anything you complain of?" Mort was asking, his slight

foreign accent more marked than usual, as the result of his concern.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Money? Shall I double your salary—treble it? That is simple."

Matt shook his head.

"It is here," he said, laying his hand to his heart. "I don't know what's the matter with me; but I'm tired of it all, homesick, perhaps, dissatisfied, depressed."

"And you are determined to leave me?"

"Do not reproach me, sir. I told you this before my last trip, not wishing to take you unawares."

"I'm sorry," said John Mort with emotion. "Sorry for myself at losing one I like and admire, who for six years has always been so faithful, so loyal. Sorry, too, for you, my friend, that you should choose to go back among strangers—back to that accursed civilization where none fare so well as the greedy and unprincipled—where, like a lot of worms in a pot, all are struggling to climb upon the bodies of those below. What will they do with you? Put a collar on your neck, harness you to the shafts, and lash you till you drop? So, is it that you prefer? So, is it that for which you will surrender this?" Mort raised his hand to the tropic moon. "What a choice!" he murmured. "What a choice!"

"It is an impulse stronger than I am," returned Matt, after a silence. "After all, I am a white man, and those are my people. Have you never felt that sudden longing to get back—that overpowering, irresistible, unreasoning longing?"

"No!" retorted John Mort savagely. "No, no, no! To me it is a hell that I have left forever."

"I wonder at myself," said Matt. "There is not a soul in the world I respect more, admire more—yes, love more—than I do you. Yet I am going."

John Mort's eyes glistened, and he put out his hand, which the other grasped.

"Well, so be it," he said.

"Then, may I sail to-night with the land-breeze?"

"Yes, you may sail."

"And my accounts, my vouchers, and all that? You ought to pass them, sir, as well as arrange about the North Star's return. Pardon my insistence, but you have put it off and off—"

"What amount have you in the ship's safe?"

"Nearly eight hundred pounds, sir, in

French, English, and American gold, besides the chest of Chile silver."

"My friend, it is yours; and the schooner also, it is yours. It is small enough return for such loyal service—ah, indeed, much too small, and I will increase it with this."

As he spoke, he drew from his finger a superb ruby ring, and forced it on Matt, whose stammering words of thanks were cut brusquely short.

"There's another matter much more pressing," he exclaimed; "a pledge to be given, and by you sacredly kept, and—"

"But, sir, how will you manage without a vessel?" expostulated Matt, altogether bewildered. "You cannot allow yourself to be marooned here—utterly cut off from all—"

"Oh, I fear not that. We are self-sustaining now, and, besides, in a couple of years I look forward confidently for your return. Isolation has no terrors for me—rather a charm, a picturesqueness, and a greater sense of security."

John Mort paused on the last word, peering strangely at his companion.

"Do you realize, Broughton," he continued at last, "that during our six years' close association you have never asked me a question; that you have never betrayed the least inquisitiveness; that you have seen me draw forth whole packets of Bank of England notes, often thousands and thousands of pounds—and never once have you disturbed me by even a look?"

"Your private affairs were none of my business, sir."

"True. But you must have wondered?"

"Oh, yes."

"And speculated, conjectured, racked your head at a life so peculiar and mysterious?"

"It has puzzled me, I admit, but I have always made it a point of honor to keep my curiosity to myself."

"And even now, when you are going away, perhaps forever, with the riddle still unsolved, are you not tempted to ask?"

"Well, I suppose, it's just this, sir—if you wished me to know you would tell me."

John Mort mused as if, indeed, he was very near to making a confidant of his companion. The spell of the moon, the beauty and stillness of the tropic night, the faint, mellow throb of the wooden drum timing a barbaric chant far across the water—all were conducive to an access of friendship, of affection and trust, that might sweep

away the last barriers of reserve. He struck a match on the corsair's cannon, lit a cigarette, and with an appearance of some indecision took a few whiffs before he spoke.

"It is enough for you to know that I am a ghost," he said, smiling oddly. "'Mort' means dead, and the fancy pleased me to take it for my name. Before I died, I was a person of some importance; of sufficient importance, in fact—were my existence here ever to be known—for the news of it to shake the world. Broughton, I ask no promises, no oaths; I simply tell you that my life, my happiness, all that is dearest and most precious to me, hang on your discretion. Vaster issues are at stake than you can dream of, and to-day there are hundreds on my track. A chance remark of yours, an unguarded word, the most innocent of confidences—and these bloodhounds might seize a clue that would destroy me. Broughton, I rely on you to guard my secret."

"I shall guard it, sir."

"And you appreciate, even in this half-told way, its supreme, its vital importance?"

"I do, sir."

"Then let us go back."

In silence they walked up the path to the broad veranda of the house—a low, red-tiled Spanish structure, whose massive walls were timbered with whole trees. In appearance it was half fort and half monastery, with a cloistered court where a fountain played. It had taken three years to build, and a dozen voyages of the North Star to furnish it with a splendor almost incredible, considering how remote the island was, and how recently its only inhabitants had been crabs and sea-mews. Noble pictures, Venetian carvings and old brocades, Flemish tapestry, exquisite furniture still showing the faded gilt of medieval Italy—nothing, so it seemed to Matt, could vie in taste and luxury, in grandeur delicately modernized, softened, and restrained, with this coral palace that sheltered Mort in exile.

But of all the beautiful objects within its walls, none could compare with its mistress, the radiant, girlish Mirovna, who shared John Mort's fortunes and engrossed his entire heart. As fair as he was dark, with crisp golden hair more red than yellow, with captivating blue eyes, and a mouth all wantonness and dainty impudence, she could hardly have been more than twenty when Matt first remembered her in Lotoalofa. Who she was or what she had been—actress, dancer, or exalted lady, Pole, Russian, Alba-

nian, or Magyar—all was a mystery that she shared with her somber husband.

Matt knew nothing save that she was one of the most adorable of women. Her caressing and pretty friendship meant much to him, and he repaid it with the profound regard of a man who had no other woman in his life. Had the need arisen, he could have died in her defense, without thought of heroism or sacrifice, as men still can do on the frontiers of civilization. In point of fact, however, his zeal had been more actively engaged in matching ribbons, buying *lingerie*, choosing Paquin gowns, and using his own judgment in regard to French bonnets in Sydney—not always with the success his anxious efforts deserved.

"Oh, you poor, darling, silly *capitan*!" Mirovna would only too often exclaim in her bubbling broken English. "What you get that for? A monkey? I think you want play organ while I dance up and down with tin cup!"

But all that was over now, to melt forever in the swirl of receding years. He was probably seeing that familiar room for the last time, and those dearer faces of his friends. Matt's heart was very full, and he faltered under Mirovna's questioning gaze.

"I cannot persuade him," said Mort, with affected lightness, stooping to kiss his wife's hand. "The captain abandons us."

There was no reproach in Mirovna's face, rather concern and regret.

"We have been fortunate to keep him so long," she said, enveloping Matt in a look of tender scrutiny. "And oh, for six years, always so loyal, so true-hearted gentleman—never was another like our *capitan*!"

Matt ought to have replied, but he could find no words.

"The world calls him," murmured John Mort. "A desert island and a pair of hermits—after all, who can blame him?"

"No, not the world," protested Mirovna quickly. "It is love—a woman—every man must have that. But he will find her, and win her, and bring her back to us—and oh, so happy we shall be, and I shall be sister to her, and the *capitan* must get her just the same size like me, so that she can wear my stockings, and everything I have. He know all my size, that dear *capitan*, like faithful lover or French maid; so he had better take tape when he go courting, and measure young lady very careful!"

The laugh that greeted this sally was a little constrained, for already the shadow of

parting hung over them all, and each dreaded the farewells that so soon must be said. After more desultory talk, half reminiscent and tremulously gay, Matt rose from his place at Mirovna's feet, and stood there, painfully conscious that the moment had come. Mirovna and John Mort rose also, with sad formality.

"I have one favor to ask before I go," said Matt, somewhat huskily; "just one favor. Ona'e," he went on, addressing Mort by his Kanaka title, "will you not get your violin—that wonderful violin—and you, Masiofu Miriovina, take your seat at the piano, so that my last picture of you both may be as I have always loved you best, with your music following me out into the night?"

Mort glowed at the request, the poetic fancy of it touching him to the quick. He drew the violin from its case, his face transfigured, his eyes scintillating and impassioned, as he gave a few swift strokes of the bow to test the tuning.

"Music is the only language—the divine language," he exclaimed, "and how far surpassing the stupid commonplace of words! Captain, you are a thousand times right; and all our affection for you, all our sorrow, all our unuttered hopes and prayers for you, will find their voice in what I play."

When once the violin had touched his chin, John Mort became a different man. He was strangely ennobled; the glamour of his genius lent dignity and beauty to his gaunt frame; his thin, haggard, deeply lined face took on a new expression, so rapt, so inspired, that he might have been in communion with another world. That night he played as Matt had never heard him play before, with an intensity, a fire, an unendurable pathos that wrung the soul.

He had taken as a motive one of those simple, plaintive German folk-songs, passing from improvisation to improvisation till it seemed the cry of all suffering, doomed humanity. Mirovna, herself a brilliant musician, was quick and apt in following, and, to Matt's untrained ear, marvelously responsive and marvelously perfect. For a while she strove to keep him in her glance, as though loath to miss his going; but as the violin taxed her with increasing severity she had to forego everything in the absorption of keeping pace with it; and thus it was that Matt went unseen, unnoticed, his eyes suffused with tears—to linger for a moment under the moonlight before he could make up his mind to turn his back forever.

An hour later he was aboard the North Star, and the rustling land-breeze was bearing him out of the lagoon on the long slant north. Six years of his life were sinking with the palms behind him.

IV

[*Extract from the San Francisco Chronicle of January 24, 1904*]

RESCUE AT SEA

Among the passengers yesterday on board the incoming Oceanic Steamship Company's Mariposa were Captain Broughton and nine South Sea Islanders of the schooner North Star, capsized in north latitude thirty-four, west longitude one hundred and thirty-two, during a heavy squall. Captain Broughton was below at the time, and hardly managed to scramble out of his cabin before the ship went over. The disaster is ascribed to the carelessness of the Kanaka crew. All hands were asleep at the moment when the squall struck the vessel, which was lying becalmed with her sails up.

The crew, none of whom were drowned, contrived to perch themselves on the ship's bottom, and after four days of intense suffering were picked up by the W. H. Hall of this city, with lumber for Suva, Fiji. The Hall, in her turn, transferred them to the mail steamer, which was fortunately intercepted a week later.

Captain Broughton cannot speak too highly of the extreme kindness of Captain Hayward, Purser Smith, and the officers and passengers of the Mariposa toward himself and his crew. A concert was given in aid of the shipwrecked mariners, and the sum of \$318.75 realized on their behalf.

The North Star was of seventy-four tons register, built at Bath, Maine, in 1884. It was learned from Captain Broughton that she had been employed in the copra trade for many years, and was on her way to this port for dry-docking and repairs. Western-bound shipmasters are warned to look out for the derelict, which was still afloat when last sighted.

V

THE loss of the North Star, together with the coin in the ship's safe, cost Matt between eighteen and twenty thousand dollars. The vessel had not been insured, owing to the troublesome and prying questions which would have been asked, and which he could not have answered untruthfully without invalidating the policy. Had it not been for the ruby ring on his finger, and his portion of the small sum raised by the passengers of the Mariposa, he would have landed in San Francisco utterly penniless.

As it was, his crew and he became dependent on a seamen's charitable institution. While others had talked and tele-

phoned, and promised vague assistance, leaving the poor castaways shivering on the wharf in a circle of newspaper men and photographers, it was the Rev. John Thompson, crisply English and bustlingly practical, who descended on them, checked off their names in a note-book, and led them away like so many sheep.

After a night under this kindly but somewhat austere roof, Matt sneaked away in the morning to pawn his ring. He hated to part with it, yet what else was he to do? He had not even an overcoat, and it was January and piercingly cold; he had nothing—not a tooth-brush, not a spare shirt. His preoccupation, however, was more to avoid being cheated in the disposal of the ring; for though he had little knowledge of jewels, the stone seemed to him of unusual fire and purity, and evidently very valuable.

He determined to pick out the biggest and most fashionable jewelry-store, to explain his position, and to ask the favor of their expert advice. They might be obliging enough to tell him what the gem was worth, and thus help him materially.

Matt knew San Francisco well, and accordingly chose Snood & Hargreaves for his objective. His entrance, which he attempted to make as inconspicuous as possible, caused an undercurrent of commotion in this splendid establishment. As he paused at a case of napkin-rings, nerving himself for a further advance into the glittering stronghold, he was bumped into by a passing gentleman; and as he was receiving the apologies of the passing gentleman, a hand from behind felt for a possible revolver or bomb in his rear pocket.

It was all so quickly and coolly done that Matt hardly had time to realize that he was under suspicion. A large mirror gave him the clue, for there, at full length, he saw what a deeply tanned, wild-haired, ragged desperado he appeared. He also saw, with the tail of his eye, a scurry of pale employees to guard the exits and block his escape.

Flushing to the eyes, more with shame than anger, and still closely followed by the store detective, he made his way to the nearest clerk.

"I am Captain Broughton, of the shipwrecked schooner North Star," he explained. "All I had went down with my ship, except this ring, and I should be glad to get some idea of its value, so that the pawnbrokers sha'n't cheat me."

"It's hardly in our line," snapped the clerk. "Expert valuation is a business in itself, and—"

The conversation was interrupted by a bald, oldish man who, with an air of authority, demanded to know what was the matter. On its being explained, he took up the ring, looked at it with some surprise, and asked Matt if he belonged to the people who had been rescued at sea by the mail steamer.

"Yes," said Matt, smiling; "and though appearances are against me, I am neither one of the James brothers nor a bandit."

The man thawed at this, and requested Matt to step into his private office.

"I am Mr. Snood," he said, "the managing partner of this concern."

As soon as they were inside the office, and seated, Mr. Snood examined the ring carefully.

"Where did you get this?" he asked suddenly, raising his keen eyes to Matt's face.

"It was given to me."

"Permit me to inquire by whom?"

"My employer—the gentleman whose ship I lost."

"Why did he give it to you?"

"I was leaving his service. I had been associated with him for years. He held me in very great esteem, and made me a present of the ring on my departure."

"He's a rich man, this employer?"

"Oh, yes—very rich indeed."

"Then you have no reason to doubt that this ring was—er—legitimately acquired?"

"No one who knew him could ever doubt that. Why, it would be utterly incredible!"

"You must pardon me for asking these questions," went on Mr. Snood, in a kinder tone. "It's a good plan to be careful, you know. After all, it is to your own interest as well as ours, isn't it?"

"Quite so," assented Matt, hoping that Mr. Snood would soon come to the point.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the latter, hesitating, and examining the ring again with evident admiration. "Mind, I'm not saying you mightn't get a better offer elsewhere, but this is the best Snood & Hargreaves can do for you. We'll advance you four thousand dollars on it at seven per cent interest, and we'll engage to buy it outright, now or later, for fifty-five hundred dollars."

This was so much more than Matt had ever dreamed of that he could only gasp.

Fifty-five hundred dollars! He had thought vaguely of a couple of thousand, trembling at his own presumption. Fifty-five hundred dollars! Why, that was a fortune. Not that he wished to sell the ring except in the last extremity; nor, as he bewilderingly considered the proposal, did he care to take so large an advance as four thousand. The interest charges would soon grow beyond his power to meet them, and the ring would be irretrievably lost.

He explained his perplexities to Mr. Snood, and it was finally agreed that he was to be advanced one thousand dollars, with the privilege of selling the ring, at any time he wished, for the larger sum.

A little later he left the store with fifty twenty-dollar gold pieces weighing down his pockets, and the following memorandum pinned carefully inside his waistcoat:

SAN FRANCISCO, January 24, 1904.

Messrs. Snood & Hargreaves hereby acknowledge the receipt of a solitaire ruby ring, of an antique oriental setting, from its owner, Captain Matthew Broughton, who, in consideration of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), advanced to him to-day by Messrs. S. & H. on security of said ring, and receipt by Captain Broughton hereby acknowledged, agrees to pay S. & H. seven per cent interest, semi-annually, on said loan.

GEORGE H. SNOOD,

For Snood & Hargreaves.

MATTHEW BROUGHTON.

Matt returned to the windy street in far better spirits than when he had left it. He had a thousand dollars in his pockets; four thousand five hundred more to draw on if need be; and, best of all, he could now "go home."

It was a strange instinct that called him back to Manaswan, for there was not a single tie that bound him to the place unless it were his mother's grave. But after years of wandering, of contented exile, of acquiescence in the life he had made for himself, something within him had at last revolted. Homesick, heart-sick, weary of palms and reefs and naked savages, Manaswan somehow appeared to him as the solution of this subtle malady of the soul. At Manaswan a miracle would happen, and he would be happy.

The first use he made of his money was to buy his ticket.

He gave the clergyman five hundred dollars to assure the safe return of the natives to their various islands; and that afternoon the honest, devoted fellows, in charge of

nine-year old Master Thompson, accompanied him across the bay, to cheer his departure on the Overland. Standing there in a line of nine, marshaled by the little white boy, they presented a singular spectacle on the platform, what with the earrings in their ears, two with tattooed faces, and all weeping copiously. Nor was the effect diminished by their singing a resounding hymn, and then listening, with bowed heads, to the prayer that Tanielu, the Tongan, offered up amid the jostle of trunks and passengers.

Matt's own eyes were dim as the train moved away, and there was a very real lump in his throat. Why was he going to Manaswan while everything he valued lay behind him? Why was he leaving tried and true friends for strangers, an island fairland for a prim little Connecticut town? Yet his resolution did not waver, and he was inspirited by the thought that in five days he would be "home."

VI

MATT was less disillusioned by his birthplace than might have been expected. The snowy landscape, the sluggish river with its frozen shallows, the icicled and silent pines, the delight of hearing sleigh-bells, and watching the bright animation of scenes so long unfamiliar—all were satisfying to the craving that possessed him.

On the human side, however, Manaswan was disappointing; no one seemed to care particularly whether he had come back or not; the most cordial greeting he received came from an old gentleman who mistook him for some one else. In fact, Matt remembered Manaswan a great deal better than Manaswan remembered him; and when he wrote to Washington and learned that both his uncle and his aunt had long been dead, he felt lonelier than ever.

Matt took up his quarters in Mrs. Sattane's boarding-house on Jefferson Avenue, and fell into an aimless, drifting sort of life, in which the dinner-bell was the most important event of the day. He took long tramps, assiduously read the daily newspaper, interested himself in the other boarders, and vaguely turned over schemes for his future. With forty-five hundred dollars he could surely make some kind of a start somewhere. But what precise form of "start" and what "somewhere"?

Matt put civilization in review, and was both dismayed and attracted. The islands had no very great prizes, nor any great

downfalls, but here was a country with the evidences of both on every hand. He had been so long away from it that it was almost as novel to him as it might be to a Kanaka. It struck him as terribly ruthless, yet very agreeable for those on top. It was his business to crowd in somewhere with his forty-five hundred dollars, and shove his way forward; everybody in civilization was shoving determinedly; Matt watched the battle from the security of Mrs. Sattane's bomb-proof, and tried to nerve himself for his own entrance into the fight.

Meanwhile he smoked his pipe, and made friends with the other boarders. The principal of these was Hunter Hoyt, a genial, fat old scamp of fifty, never altogether sober, though varyingly drunk, who in his palmy days had been a sensational journalist of some celebrity in the newspaper world of New York and San Francisco. Drink had been his ruin, and he had declined to doing reporter work for the local *Manaswan* paper, the *Banner*.

Shabby, jolly, always with a flower in his buttonhole, and a pleasant—if often inarticulate—word for everybody, Hoyt was one of those irresistible nuisances who are popular when better men are not. He never paid Mrs. Sattane more than half his bill; his engagement with the *Banner* was almost in the nature of alms to fallen greatness; the liquor-dealers allowed him to fine them an incalculable number of bottles of whisky; even the flower he was so particular about was never paid for, except by an amiable condescension that Signor Tony Frendo perforce accepted in lieu of cash. There was everywhere a contemptuous affection for the old scalawag, whose courtly ways and husky compliments made him an especial favorite of the women.

Hunter Hoyt took an instant fancy to Matt, and in many ways, some of them pathetic enough, sought to win his regard. It was a proof how lonely Matt was that he received these whiskified advances not without gratitude, and grew to look forward to that nightly talk in the ex-great man's sanctum.

This was a small, threadbare room, walled about with dozens of photographs, most of them signed with illustrious names—actresses, divas, statesmen, men of science, poets, and what not—who bore witness to Hoyt's bygone glory. A ratty old Navajo blanket was supposed to transform the bed into a "divan." Similar artifices concealed,

though meagerly, the domestic nature of the chamber. When it was filled with tobacco-smoke, and the penetrating reek of bad spirits, no spot ever more deserved the appellation of "den"—Hunter Hoyt's invariable term for it, with an accompanying air that implied a whole suite, of which this was the cherished corner.

In spite of his decadence, there were often times when he could be both clever and entertaining; when, with the right level of whisky in his sodden old carcass, he could regain his former powers, and astonish one with his mocking, humorous, brilliant flow of talk. It was then that contempt changed to admiration; and intimacy followed. Except in regard to John Mort, Matt kept nothing back from the old fellow, who was insatiable in his questions, and as fascinated by the younger man's past as any boy.

Matt had no conception what a picturesque figure he was to those watery, bleared old eyes, or how sincerely Hunter Hoyt adored him. As for his own looks, he had long ceased to give them much thought; at thirty-one most men have outgrown that; he was scarcely aware that his fine, sensitive face was recovering the color it had lost in the tropics, or that his vigorous frame, broad shoulders, and wavy, clustering black hair were likely to attract favorable attention.

The key to his whole character, and the underlying cause of his charming manners, could be found in the modest estimate he had of himself. The principal endeavor of the Naval Academy is to teach the midshipman that he is a person of very small importance; that he is to do what he is told, keep his mouth shut, and respect the flag. Matt had not wholly outlived this youthful training, which had been put into his bones to stay.

In contrast to Hunter Hoyt, the rest of Mrs. Sattane's boarders seemed commonplace indeed. Mrs. Sattane herself was a care-worn, middle-aged woman with a quelling smile and a tendency to moan over the horrors in the daily newspaper. She would pass over columns of political and general news to pounce, with tremulous zest, on some obscure paragraph headed: "Laborer Boiled Alive in Soap-Vat," "Girl Candy-Maker Loses Entire Scalp," or "Night-Riders Whip Fainting Woman."

Mr. Price and Mr. Goldstein, two ginning young clerks who shared a room together, nicknamed her "Moaning Mary,"

and found a never-failing entertainment at the breakfast table in inventing lurid items of this character, and reciting imaginary head-lines aloud. They considered themselves amply rewarded afterward, at supper, if Moaning Mary would peevishly remark:

"I couldn't find that piece about the horrible railroad accident."

"Why, that's funny, Mrs. Sattane; it was there, all right."

"Sure it was there," Goldstein would confirm, giggling. "Think of the poor little mice all squashed up like custard!"

"The locomotive plunged through sixty of them, and they had to pick little arms and legs off the cowcatcher," Price might add, making half the company his confederates with a wink. "The headlight was all splashed with blood and curls, wasn't it, Goldy?"

If Mrs. Sattane then emitted that familiar, quavering moan, the two young men were happy for the rest of the evening.

Another inmate was a night train-despatcher named Smith, who slept all day under the attic—a heavy-shouldered, heavy-lidded, stooping man, who seldom spoke to any one, and always had a private stock of bananas. There was a Miss Gibbs, a dry, thin, weather-beaten female in the sour forties, who drove off every morning in a rattle-trap buggy to give music lessons in the farmhouses. A venerable, tottering gray horse named Buggins furnished the motive power for this daily pursuit of Miss Gibbs's bread and butter, and was a great deal more popular with the boarders than Miss Gibbs herself.

Buggins, when not busy, lived in an out-house, though what he lived *on* was a source of constant perplexity. Miss Gibbs said that the farmers fed him as part of her arrangement with their daughters—which, even if true, left Buggins somewhat in the air on Sundays and holidays. The general impression was that he got nothing but potato peelings, and what nourishment could be extracted from licking plates at the kitchen window. Mrs. Crowther, the undertaker's wife, used to give Buggins an occasional lump of sugar, or a bit of bread, earning with this economical outlay the character of a philanthropist and a passionate lover of animals.

The Crowthers did not live in the house, but pedaled there on bicycles for their meals, usually arriving late and quarrelsome. Mr. Crowther was a dull, sickly man, with a

fluffy, capable little blond wife very much his junior, who had a decisive way of contradicting everything he said. Crowther was comparatively well off, with a large and comfortable apartment above his "parlors" on the main street of Manaswan; but on account of his occupation, and the coffins in his window—not to dwell on more horrifying things elsewhere—he was unable to keep a servant, and the pair were thus forced to become "mealers" at the tables of others. It was a matter of constant recrimination between them that Mrs. Crowther would not do her own housework, and the boarders, with the recklessness of fools rushing in where angels should fear to tread, were often induced to take sides in this and other disagreements.

The last of the boarders was too humble a creature to call himself a boarder at all. Matt lived a week at Mrs. Sattane's before he even discovered the man's existence—a grave, elderly mulatto with a kindly, open face and ingratiating manners, who was something in the nature of the boarding-house skeleton. His name was Victor Daggancourt—a possible corruption of De Goncourt.

Although he paid seven dollars a week, while the others paid only five, Daggancourt had what might be called a furtive position in the house. He would wait unobtrusively about the porch until the rest had finished their meal, when a second tinkle of the bell would summon him to the disordered table. Here color prejudice forbade that he should be served by Bridget, who placed the dishes near his place, and left him to shift for himself. The sitting-room, of course, was forbidden to him, though he might linger for a moment in the doorway without impropriety, and listen to the superior race. He was the owner of a small garage and machine-shop—Victor's Garage, it was called—and was a widower without children.

Matt first made the mulatto's acquaintance in Buggins's shed, where he happened to find him feeding the old horse oats out of a newspaper. Victor explained, somewhat apologetically, that he was "tuning up the hay motor," and begged Matt not to mention it to the others.

"It might seem like criticizing Miss Gibbs," he said, patting Buggins's neck. "She has a pretty hard time to get along, having to wear gloves and be a lady on half nothing, and go out in all weathers, rain

or shine—and if Buggins gets kind of lost in the shuffle, she oughtn't to be blamed too much."

In the course of further conversation over a cigar, Matt learned that Daggancourt kept a sack of oats in the garage, and was accustomed to bring Buggins a small nightly allowance.

"Just a little dope to hearten him up and keep him from tumbling to pieces," said the mulatto, with his quiet smile. "This is a hard world for a colored man, sir," he went on seriously, warmed by Matt's commendation, "specially if he's better educated than the most of his race, and is given to thinking a little, like I do. The majority of them are no company for me, with their common ways and cheap ideas; and of course I am a *personum non grata* to white folks. Here I am, stuck middlewise between the two, and when I'm tired of my books and my flute I just come around and talk to Buggins. He don't draw any color line, Buggins don't, and I guess he'd rather see me than the King of England."

Matt saw more of Daggancourt after that, usually under the benignant ægis of Buggins. In time he conceived a sincere regard for the old fellow, whose lowly, self-effacing life was not without a certain tragedy. There was a fine strain in the mulatto. He had an innate dignity and kindness that commanded respect, not to speak of a whimsical humor that gleamed out even in his most earnest moments.

"You're a man," he once said to Matt, "while I have the misfortune to be a problem. That's a bigger difference between us than color itself. The darky can't go anywhere and do anything, but right off he's a problem. When we eat we're a problem; when we go to a hospital, we're a problem; we can't hop on a train, but there again we're a problem; when we die we're a problem, for, Lord save us, black bones mustn't lay next to white; and I guess it goes right up to the pearly gates, with us problems still, and the poor cherubim bothered to know what to do with us!"

Matt snuggled into Mrs. Sattane's boarding-house as if he intended to live there the rest of his days. He did not seem able to see beyond, or make any plans, but drifted along as purposeless as a cork in a stream, not exactly happy nor exactly unhappy, but somehow spent, and with a sense of waiting for his energies to revive. It was so cold outside of Mrs. Sattane's and

so sleepily hot inside, and there appeared to be such a multitude of ways of investing forty-five hundred dollars, and losing his money.

Nothing could be got from the boarders except warnings. Crowther said that undertaking was "fascinating," but there was "no money in it." Hunter Hoyt said that newspapers ate up promising young men and then spat out the bones. Price and Goldstein, vehement socialists, announced that the day of the small man was over, and predicted an immediate era of blood, when the proletariat was going to rise on the *bourgeoisie*. Matt, who did not know what either of the words meant, was depressed by the information.

On appealing to Victor, the latter foretold the swift finish of the garage business.

"Owners are getting to know too much," he said. "You can't sell a ten-dollar pair of gaslights for sixty, like you did once. If I was you, Marse Broughton, I'd try mules. There never has been enough mules, and there never will be!"

Matt accordingly—though rather slackly, it must be confessed—began to look into mules. He accumulated stacks of mule information. He wrote to Washington, and got for nothing the concentrated wisdom of a whole mule sub-bureau. The sub-bureau, like Victor, was enthusiastic for mules, more mules, unlimited mules; and hastened to supply, under a mistaken impression that Matt had already laid his hand to the task, sample blank forms for pedigreeing unborn mules. Then the War Department, getting wind of a mule-raiser, applied for mules, specifying with extraordinary exactness the precise weight, height, and age of the mules required, and submitting blank forms again for sealed bids.

All this was very encouraging, and was made more so by Victor's request to come in as a partner. He thought he could sell out his garage for fourteen or sixteen hundred dollars, and volunteered to be Matt's Man Friday.

"I won't be any trouble to you," he pleaded earnestly. "I know my place, and I'll keep it, no matter how close we have to live; and I'll cook, and wash, and do everything till we're on our feet."

Matt did not commit himself; it was so much easier to dawdle along and coquette with imaginary mules, and work out imaginary mule profits, than to bestir himself with actualities. Mrs. Sattane's was like a

sort of feather-bed to him, and he hated to get up. But the idea of a log cabin, set picturesquely in blue Kentucky hills, was not without a strong attraction. Here, waited on by the faithful Victor, like a person in a play, and surrounded by those valuable animals of which the world could never get enough, he saw a vision of himself, content at last, and with that dull, underlying heartache gone forever.

He had a dream, too, of some decayed, lost Southern mansion, the perishing relic of before-the-war greatness, where, one day, stopping on his horse for a drink of water, the slender, lovely daughter of the house would look up into his eyes, and—oh, yes, mules by all means!

One day, after breakfast, while he was in his room, he was called down to the parlor by the only visitor that had ever sought him. Such an unheard-of event put him in a flutter, and he ran down the stairs two steps at a time, hoping that it was an old South Sea acquaintance; or, better still, one of his boyhood chums at Annapolis. But the grizzled, smiling man who rose to greet him was a stranger, and there was no flare-up of recognition on either side.

"I'm the editor of the Manaswan *Banner*," said the stranger, introducing himself deferentially. "Tom Maynard, my name is, and a very injured man, Mr. Broughton! Yes, sir, a very injured man, for surely the local paper had the first call on a local boy? Oh, Lord!" he ejaculated in the same key of pretended indignation, "to think you were hiding here all this time, and I didn't know it!"

"I don't understand," said Matt, smiling too. "What's this all about, anyway?"

"And so you are a real, live king!" went on Mr. Maynard, ignoring the question,

(To be continued)

and gazing at him in humorous awe. "What a lot of stick-in-the-muds it makes us feel that one of our boys could go out and do that, while we stayed at home with the chores!"

"King?" cried Matt. "I don't know what you're talking about. You're mistaken. Who said I was a king?"

"Now, it's no good putting me off like that," said Mr. Maynard. "If it's in the New York *Clarion* first, it has to be in the Manaswan *Banner* second. It wouldn't be fair if you didn't give us second place, considering you were born and raised here, and owe that much to the town. I've got a crackerjack stenographer waiting in the office, with two typists, and the operator's holding the wire for the Associated Press; so get your hat, and come along quick, like a good chap!"

"I wish you would tell me what you're talking about," exclaimed Matt, growing impatient. "Is your office in a lunatic asylum, or where?"

"Then you haven't seen it?" asked Mr. Maynard, offended and incredulous, searching the younger man's face.

"Seen what?"

"The big front-page Sunday story of the *Clarion*—the New York *Daily Clarion*?"

"Of course I haven't."

The editor, recovering his good nature, drew a newspaper from his overcoat-pocket, and flattened it out with his red, trembling hand.

"There it is!" he said.

The staring scare-heads swam before Matt's eyes. Good Heavens, what was all this? He plumped into a chair, holding the paper as if it were a bomb, and feeling as if he were being pilloried naked before the world.

ISLE O' CHOICE

I CHOOSE that land whose warm skies glow
Above a wind-swept, sun-kissed strand;
Whose shelving beach lies smooth and low—
I choose that land.

Where roars its surf in thunders grand,
All rank and wild its sea-oats grow;
Where twists its creek, great live-oaks stand.

Its shore dunes shift in half a blow,
And all the isle is veiled in sand;
Yet fairer place no man may know;
'Twas there she gave me heart and hand—
I choose that land!

Vivian Moses.

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XXV—THE STORY OF PAULINE BONAPARTE

BY LYNDON ORR

IT was said of Napoleon long ago that he could govern emperors and kings, but that not even he could rule his relatives. He himself once declared:

"My family have done me far more harm than I have been able to do them good."

It would be an interesting historical study to determine just how far the great soldier's family aided in his downfall by their selfishness, their jealousy, their meanness, and their ingratitude.

There is something piquant in thinking of Napoleon as a domestic sort of person. Indeed, it is rather difficult to do so. When we speak his name, we think of the stern warrior, hurling his armies up bloody slopes and on to bloody victory. He is the man whose steely eyes made his haughtiest marshals tremble, or else the wise, far-seeing statesman and lawgiver; but decidedly he is not a household model. We read of his sharp speech to women, of his outrageous manners at the dinner-table, and of the thousand and one details which Mme. de Rémusat has chronicled—and perhaps in part invented, for there has always existed the suspicion that her animus was that of a woman who had herself sought the imperial favor and had failed to win it.

But, in fact, all these stories relate to the Napoleon of courts and palaces, and not to

the Napoleon of home. In his private life, this great man was not merely affectionate and indulgent, but he even showed a certain weakness where his relatives were concerned, so that he let them prey upon him almost without end.

He had a great deal of the Italian largeness and lavishness of character with his family. When a petty officer, he nearly starved himself in order to give his younger brother, Louis, a military education. He was devotedly fond of children, and they were fond of him, as many anecdotes attest. His passionate love for Josephine, before he learned of her infidelity, is almost painful to read of; and even afterward, when he had been disillusioned, and when she was paying Fouché a thousand francs a day to spy upon Napoleon's every action, he still treated her with friendliness and allowed her extravagance to embarrass him.

He made his eldest brother, Joseph, King of Spain, and Spain proved almost as deadly to him as did Russia. He made his youngest brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia, and Jerome turned the palace into a pig-sty and brought discredit on the very name of Bonaparte. His brother Louis, for whom he had starved himself, he placed upon the throne of Holland, and Louis promptly devoted himself to his own in-

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January, 1909); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September); "Abélard and Héloïse" (October); "The Story of the Ruskins" (November); "Charles Reade and Laura Seymour" (December); "The Story of the Hugos" (January, 1910); "The Empress Catharine and Prince Potemkin" (February); "Dean Swift and the Two Esthers" (March); "Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur" (April); "Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay" (May); "The Story of Franz Liszt" (June); "The Story of George Sand" (July); "The Story of Rachel" (August); "The Story of Aaron Burr" (September); "King Charles II and Nell Gwyn" (October); "Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen" (November), and "Lola Montez and King Ludwig of Bavaria" (December).

terests, conniving at many things which were inimical to imperial France. He was planning high advancement for his brother Lucien, and Lucien suddenly married a disreputable actress and fled with her to

ungrateful, or openly his foes. But his three sisters were no less remarkable in the relations which they bore to him. They have been styled "the three crowned courtesans," and they have been condemned together as



MARIE ANNE ÉLISE BONAPARTE, BY MARRIAGE MME. BACCIOCCHI, THE ELDEST SISTER OF NAPOLEON, WHO CREATED HER GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY

From the portrait by Lethierre.

England, where he was received with pleasure by the most persistent of all Napoleon's enemies.

So much for his brothers—incompetent,

being utterly void of principle and monsters of ingratitude.

Much of this censure was well deserved by all of them—by Caroline and Élise and

Pauline. But when we look at the facts impartially, we shall find something which makes Pauline stand out alone as infinitely superior to her sisters. Of all the Bonapartes, she was the only one who showed fidelity and gratitude to the great emperor her brother. Even Mme. Mère, Napoleon's mother, who beyond all question transmitted to him his great mental and physical power, did nothing for him. At the height of his splendor she hoarded sous and francs, and grumblingly remarked:

"All this is for a time. It isn't going to last!"

Pauline, however, was in one respect different from all her kindred. Napoleon made Élise a princess in her own right, and gave her the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. He married Caroline to Marshal Murat, and they became respectively King and Queen of Naples. For Pauline he did very little—less, in fact, than for any other member of his family—and yet she alone stood by him to the end.

This feather-headed, languishing, beautiful, distracting morsel of frivolity, who had the manners of a kitten and the morals of a cat, nevertheless was not wholly unworthy to be Napoleon's sister. One has to tell many hard things of her; and yet one almost pardons her because of her underlying devotion to the man who made the name of Bonaparte illustrious forever. Caroline, Queen of Naples, urged her husband to turn against his former chief. Élise, sour and greedy, threw in her fortunes with the Murats. Pauline, as we shall see, had the one redeeming trait of gratitude.

THE GIRLHOOD OF PAULINE

To those who knew her, she was, from girlhood, an incarnation of what used to be called "femininity." We have to-day another and a higher definition of womanhood, but to her contemporaries, and to many modern writers, she has seemed to be, first of all, woman—"woman to the tips of her rosy finger-nails," says Lévy. Those who saw her were distracted by her loveliness. They say that no one can form any idea of her beauty from her pictures. "A veritable masterpiece of creation," she has been called. Frédéric Masson, whose Napoleonic researches have won him a seat in the French Academy, declares:

She was so much more the typical woman that with her the defects common to women reached their highest development, while her beauty at-

tained a perfection which may justly be called unique.

No one speaks of Pauline Bonaparte's character or of her intellect, but wholly of her loveliness and charm, and, it must be added, of her utter lack of anything like a moral sense. Thus she is described:

Of medium height, with a wonderful roseate complexion, brilliant eyes, dark hair, a Grecian profile, and such a perfectly formed body that she sat as a nude model to Canova for his famous statue of Venus, now in the Villa Borghese at Rome.

Even as a child of thirteen, when the Bonapartes left Corsica and took up their abode in Marseilles, she attracted universal attention by her wonderful eyes, her grace, and also by the utter lack of decorum which she showed. The Bonaparte girls, at this time, lived almost on charity. The future emperor was then a captain of artillery, and could give them but little out of his scanty pay.

Pauline—or, as they called her in those days, Paulette—wore unbecoming hats and shabby gowns, and shoes that were full of holes. None the less, she was sought out by several men of note, among them Fréron, a commissioner of the Convention. He visited Pauline so often as to cause unfavorable comment; but he was in love with her, and she fell in love with him, to the extent of her capacity. She used to write him love-letters in Italian, which were certainly not lacking in ardor. Here is the end of one of them:

I love you always and most passionately. I love you forever, my beautiful idol, my heart, my appealing lover. I love you, love you, ' you, the most loved of lovers, and I swear to love any one else!

This was interesting, in view of the fact that soon afterward she fell in love with Junot, who became a famous marshal. But her love-affairs never gave her any serious trouble; and the three sisters, who now began to feel the influence of Napoleon's rise to power, enjoyed themselves as they had never done before. At Antibes they had a beautiful villa, and later a mansion at Milan.

By this time Napoleon had routed the Austrians in Italy, and all France was ringing with his name. What was Pauline like in her maidenhood? Arnault says:

She was an extraordinary combination of perfect physical beauty and the strangest moral laxity. She was as pretty as you please, but utterly

unreasonable. She had no more manners than a schoolgirl—talking incoherently, giggling at everything and nothing, and mimicking the most serious persons of rank.

General de Ricard, who knew her then, tells in his monograph of the private theat-

was shrewd, and knew her far too well. The words in which he declined the honor are interesting:

"I know that she is charming and exquisitely beautiful; yet I have dreams of domestic happiness, of fidelity, and of



CAROLINE BONAPARTE, NAPOLEON'S YOUNGEST SISTER, WHO MARRIED MARSHAL MURAT, AND BECAME QUEEN OF NAPLES

From an engraving by Hopwood

ricals in which Pauline took part, and of the sport which they had behind the scenes. He says:

The Bonaparte girls used literally to dress us. They pulled our ears and slapped us, but they always kissed and made up later. We used to stay in the girls' room all the time when they were dressing.

Napoleon was anxious to see his sisters in some way settled. He proposed to General Marmont to marry Pauline. The girl was then only seventeen, and one might have had some faith in her character. But Marmont

virtue. Such dreams are seldom realized, I know. Still, in the hope of winning them—"

And then he paused, coughed, and completed what he had to say in a sort of mumble, but his meaning was wholly clear. He would not accept the offer of Pauline in marriage, even though she was the sister of his mighty chief.

PAULINE'S FIRST MARRIAGE

Then Napoleon turned to General Leclerc, with whom Pauline had for some time flirted, as she had flirted with almost all the



MARIE PAULINE BONAPARTE, NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE SISTER, AND THE ONLY ONE WHO REMAINED LOYAL TO HIM AFTER HIS DOWNFALL

From an engraving by Fournier

officers of Napoleon's staff. Leclerc was only twenty-six. He was rich, and of good manners, but rather serious, and in poor health. This was not precisely the sort of husband for Pauline, if we look at it in the conventional way; but it served Napoleon's purpose, and did not in the least interfere with his sister's intrigues.

Poor Leclerc, who really loved Pauline, grew thin, and graver still in manner. He was sent to Spain and Portugal, and finally was made commander-in-chief of the French expedition to Haiti, where the famous black rebel, Toussaint l'Ouverture, was heading an uprising of the negroes.

Napoleon ordered Pauline to accompany her husband. Pauline flatly refused, although she made this an occasion for ordering "mountains of pretty clothes and pyramids of hats." But still she refused to go

on board the flag-ship. Leclerc expostulated and pleaded, but the lovely witch laughed in his face and still persisted that she would never go.

Word was brought to Napoleon. He made short work of her resistance.

"Bring a litter," he said, with one of his steely glances. "Order six grenadiers to thrust her into it, and see that she goes on board forthwith."

And so, screeching like an angry cat, she was carried on board, and set sail with her husband and one of her former lovers. She found Haiti and Santo Domingo more agreeable than she had supposed. She was there a sort of queen, who could do as she pleased, and have her orders implicitly obeyed. Her dissipation was something frightful. Her folly and her vanity were beyond belief.

But at the end of two years both she and her husband fell ill. He was stricken down by the yellow fever, which was decimating the French army. Pauline was suffering

from the results of her life in a tropical climate. Leclerc died, the expedition was abandoned, and Pauline brought the general's body back to France. When he was buried, she, still recovering from her fever, had him interred in a costly coffin, and paid him the tribute of cutting off her beautiful hair and burying it with him.

"What a touching tribute to her dead husband!" said some one to Napoleon.

The emperor smiled cynically as he remarked:

"H'm! Of course she knows that her hair is bound to fall out after her fever, and that it will come in longer and thicker for being cropped."

Napoleon, in fact, though he loved Pauline better than his other sisters—or perhaps because he loved her better—was very strict with her. He obliged her to wear mourning,

and to observe some of the proprieties; but it was hard to keep her within bounds.

PAULINE'S SECOND MARRIAGE

Presently it became noised about that Prince Camillo Borghese was exceedingly intimate with her. The prince was an excellent specimen of the fashionable Italian.

idea of having diamonds that would eclipse all the gems which Josephine possessed; for, like all of the Bonapartes, she detested her brother's wife. So she would be married, and show her diamonds to Josephine. It was a bit of feminine malice which she could not resist.

The marriage took place very quietly at



GENERAL CHARLES VICTOR EMANUEL LECLERC, PAULINE BONAPARTE'S FIRST HUSBAND, WHO DIED OF YELLOW FEVER IN HAITI IN 1802

He was immensely rich. His palace at Rome was crammed with pictures, statues, and every sort of artistic treasure. He was the owner, moreover, of the famous Borghese jewels, the finest collection of diamonds in the world.

Napoleon rather sternly insisted upon her marrying Borghese. Fortunately, the prince was very willing to be connected with Napoleon; while Pauline was delighted at the

Joseph Bonaparte's house, because of the absence of Napoleon; but the newly made princess was invited to visit Josephine at the palace of Saint-Cloud. Here was to be the triumph of her life. She spent many days in planning a toilette that should be absolutely crushing to Josephine. Whatever she wore must be a background for the famous diamonds. Finally she decided on green velvet.

When the day came, Pauline stood before a mirror, and gazed at herself with diamonds glistening in her hair, shimmering around her neck, and fastened so thickly on her green velvet gown as to remind one of a moving jewel-casket. She actually shed tears for joy. Then she entered her carriage and drove out to Saint-Cloud.

But the creole Josephine, though no longer young, was a woman of great subtlety as well as charm. Stories had been told to her of the green velvet, and therefore she had had her drawing-room redecorated in the most uncompromising blue. It killed the green velvet completely. As for the dia-

monds, she met that maneuver by wearing not a single gem of any kind. Her dress was an Indian muslin with a broad hem of gold.

Her exquisite simplicity, coupled with her dignity of bearing, made the Princess Pauline, with her shower of diamonds, and her green velvet displayed against the blue, seem absolutely vulgar. Josephine was most generous in her admiration of the Borghese gems, and she kissed Pauline on parting. The victory was hers.

PAULINE AND MME. DE COUTADES

There is another story of a defeat which Pauline met from another lady, one Mme.

de Coutades. This was at a magnificent ball given to the most fashionable world of Paris. Pauline decided upon going, and intended, in her own phrase, to blot out every woman there. She kept the secret of her toilette absolutely, and she entered the ballroom at the psychological moment, when all the guests had just assembled.

She appeared; and at sight of her the music stopped, silence fell upon the assemblage, and a sort of quiver went through every one. Her costume was of the finest muslin bordered with golden palm-leaves. Four bands, spotted like a leopard's skin, were wound about her head, while these in turn were supported by little clusters of golden grapes. She had copied the head-dress of a Bacchante in the Louvre. All over her person were cameos, and just beneath her breasts she wore a golden band held in place by an engraved gem. Her beautiful wrists, arms, and hands were bare. She had, in fact, blotted out her rivals.



CAMILLO FILIPPO LUDOVICO, PRINCE BORGHESE, PAULINE BONAPARTE'S SECOND HUSBAND, WHOM NAPOLEON MADE DUKE OF GUASTALLA AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE ITALIAN PROVINCES OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE

From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co., after the portrait by Gérard

Nevertheless, Mme. de Coutades took her revenge. She went up to Pauline, who was lying on a divan to set off her loveliness, and began gazing at the princess through a double eye-glass. Pauline felt flattered for a moment, and then became uneasy. The lady who was looking at her said to a companion, in a tone of compassion:

"What a pity! She really would be lovely if it weren't for *that*!"

"For what?" returned her escort.

"Why, are you blind? It's so remarkable that you *surely* must see it."

Pauline was beginning to lose her self-composure. She flushed and looked wildly about, wondering what was meant. Then she heard Mme. de Coutades say:

"Why, her ears. If I had such ears as those, I would cut them off!"

Pauline gave one great gasp, and fainted dead away. As a matter of fact, her ears were not so bad. They were simply very flat and colorless, forming a contrast with the rosy tints of her face. But from that moment no one could see anything but these ears; and thereafter the princess wore her hair low enough to cover them.

This may be seen in the statue of her by Canova. It was considered a very daring thing for her to pose for him in the nude, for only a bit of drapery is thrown over her lower limbs. Yet it is true that this statue is absolutely classical in its conception and execution, and its interest is heightened by the fact that its model was what she afterward styled herself, with true Napoleonic pride—"a sister of Bonaparte."

Pauline detested Josephine, and was pleased when Napoleon divorced her; but she also disliked the Austrian archduchess, Marie Louise, who was Josephine's successor. On one occasion, at a great court function, she got behind the empress and ran out her tongue at her, in full view of all the nobles and distinguished persons present. Napoleon's eagle eye flashed upon Pauline, and blazed like fire upon ice. She actually took to her heels, rushed out of the ball, and never visited the court again.

It would require much time to tell of her other eccentricities, of her intrigues, which were innumerable, of her quarrel with her husband, and of the minor breaches of decorum with which she startled Paris. One of these was her choice of a huge negro to bathe her every morning. When some one ventured to protest, she answered naively:

"What? Do you call that thing a *man*?"

And she compromised by compelling her black servitor to go out and marry some one at once, so that he might continue his ministrations with propriety!

HER LOYALTY TO HER BROTHER

To her Napoleon showed himself far more severe than with either Caroline or Elise. He gave her a marriage dowry of half a million francs when she became the Princess Borghese, but after that he was continually checking her extravagances. Yet, in 1814, when the downfall came, and Napoleon was sent into exile at Elba, Pauline was the only one of all his relatives to visit him and spend her time with him. His wife fell away and went back to her Austrian relatives. Of all the Bonapartes, only Pauline and Mme. Mère remained faithful to the emperor.

Even then Napoleon refused to pay a bill of hers for sixty-two francs, while he allowed her only two hundred and forty francs for the maintenance of her horses. But she, with a generosity of which one would have thought her quite incapable, gave to her brother a great part of her fortune. When he escaped from Elba, and began the campaign of 1815, she presented him with all the Borghese diamonds. In fact, he had them with him in his carriage at Waterloo, where they were captured by the English. Contrast this with the meanness and ingratitude of her sisters and her brothers, and one may well believe that she was sincerely proud of what it meant to be *la sœur de Bonaparte*.

When he was sent to St. Helena, she was ill in bed, and could not accompany him. Nevertheless, she tried to sell all her trinkets, of which she was so proud, in order that she might give him help. When he died, she received the news with bitter tears "on hearing all the particulars of that long agony."

As for herself, she did not long survive. At the age of forty-four her last moments came. Knowing that she was to die, she sent for Prince Borghese and sought a reconciliation. But, after all, she died as she had lived—"the queen of trinkets" (*la reine des colifichets*). She asked the servant to bring a mirror. She gazed into it with her dying eyes, and then, as she sank back, it was with a smile of deep content.

"I am not afraid to die," she said. "I am still beautiful!"



ARISTIDE BRIAND, PREMIER OF FRANCE

IT is remarkable that Premier Briand, who before taking office was actively connected with the French Socialists, should first come conspicuously before the world as the conqueror of a great industrial strike. This is what happened, however, in October last, when the employees of the French railroads suddenly left their work, demanding a considerable increase of pay. The result was a general stoppage of business, with much suffering to travelers and the public, and many outbreaks of disorder and violence.

M. Briand met the situation promptly and boldly, by calling to the colors certain bodies of army reservists to which the strikers belonged, and assigning them, in their military capacity, to protect and man the railroads. In other words, to continue the strike became an act of rebellion against the government. The crisis was a perilous one, but—fortunately for M. Briand and for the republic—the men yielded and returned to work.

Two weeks later there was a stormy and exciting scene in the Chamber of Deputies, when M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, declared that the premier's action was a military *coup d'état*. M. Briand, however, after an eloquent speech, succeeded in passing, by a large majority, a vote of confidence in his administration.

THE Highbrow-Hunters

AN AMUSING PHASE OF SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW YORK

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THERE are said to be five thousand illustrators in New York City.

There must be almost as many painters. There are certainly quite as many actors and actresses; and nowadays every second person you meet is a playwright—that is, he or she has written a play. Nobody knows how many singers and instrumental musicians there are; they are as the sands upon the shore. Of newspaper critics, magazine celebrities, authors, and popular novelists, male, female, or neuter, there is battalion after battalion.

And behind this army of those who labor in the arts come the hosts of the camp-followers, the scavengers of culture, the highbrow-hunters of New York.

The highbrow-hunters are usually women. All of us in this world hunt for something. Some hunt for money, some for fame, some for trouble, some for the one right word to complete a sonnet or the one right color to key a picture, some for the lost digamma, some for a cure for baldness, some for lions in Africa. The highbrow-hunters go gunning with a teacup for lions in New York.

The reward of the chase for them is the exhibition at one of their "afternoons" of a man who has written a play, roasted a play, painted a picture, or otherwise qualified as "artistic." To exhibit to their admiring friends the only live leading man in captivity, or the only tame critic—critics are always tame, but the highbrow-hunters don't know it—is the height of their ambition. They feel that they have done something "cultural." They glow like patrons of the arts. They babble glibly of esthetic matters. They flatter the artist with their praise, and fatten him with their sweetmeats. They evidently fancy that they are themselves somehow becoming more important in

the world of art, and more familiar with its secrets.

As a matter of fact, they are flattering their own vanity and spoiling the artist, that is all—though, to be sure, it is quite enough!

THE BLIGHT OF FLATTERY

Wo to the young artist in New York if he lets his head be turned by the highbrow-hunters! He does something—paints a picture, writes a story, plays a part—which attracts attention, and instantly, if he is presentable, the invitations descend upon him. At first, naturally, he is flattered, and proceeds to accept them right and left. Half of them, to be sure, are from women he never heard of before, but that only flatters him the more.

After a few experiments, however, if he has any serious regard for his work, he discovers that most of these women don't really know anything about art, and their babblings either bore or disgust him. Furthermore, if he has a sense of humor, he realizes that he hasn't been invited for himself, but solely because his presence imparts a "cultural" atmosphere; because he is an available highbrow, a representative of the artistic world to which these females would thus vicariously cuddle. He is a bit of a lion. He is invited for his roar.

But if the young artist has no sense of humor—and such things have been—the insidious flattery of these invitations, the sense of recognition of his talents they speciously imply among the rustling ladies of more or less fashion, the atmosphere of feminine adulation he finds in the crowded drawing-rooms, subtly overcome him. They breed in him conceit; they sap his time and effort; they teach him nothing new, but take his mind and interest away from humble devo-

tion to his work. And presently he has been left behind in the race, a sorry victim to the highbrow-hunters, who thereupon cease to invite him any more.

THE HUNT FOR POPULAR PLAYERS

The popular actor or actress rushes most madly from tea-fight to tea-fight, partly because the actor's temperament is to bask in adulation—any adulation—but still more because the actor is afraid to offend by refusing. The highbrow-hunters are particularly thick, too, around the theatrical jungle. As the song hath it, "There's a strange fascination about the stage." The same glamour which draws *matinée* girls to the stage entrance, which lures maidens away from home into the chorus, which fills us all with a desire "to go behind the scenes," causes those women who hunt highbrows particularly to affect the lights of the drama. It sounds so nice to say that you have given a luncheon to Mr. and Mrs. Faversham or Mme. Nazimova! Of course, you must first catch your Nazimova; but failing that, a lesser light will do.

Recently a brute of a man who is very busy doing real work in the theatrical world, and who has gone through the lionizing period and escaped with his sense of humor still intact, received an engraved invitation to a luncheon, "to meet Miss Blank"—naming a well-known actress.

Now, this man had never heard of the woman who invited him. He knew perfectly well that he was bidden to fill up the board, and to help impart a true highbrow atmosphere to the affair. It made him rather angry. His time was valuable. He knew Miss Blank well, and when he met her he preferred to talk with her alone about the art they both understood and loved, free from the babble of amateurs and dilettantes.

He looked in the "Social Register" for the name of the woman who had sent the invitation. He found it there. So she fancied that because of her social position she could invite a total stranger to her house, did she, and make him waste three precious hours ministering to her vanity? By this time he was beautifully angry. He sat down and wrote a note:

MY DEAR MADAM:

I regret that I have not the honor of your acquaintance. In the humble social sphere wherein I move, we are accustomed to consider acquaintanceship the preliminary to an invitation to

luncheon. I appreciate your offer, but as I already know Miss Blank and am not in pressing need of food, I hardly see what it holds for me to make me sacrifice three valuable hours of my time.

This note he mailed at once, and he has not since been troubled with invitations from the lady in question.

But the highbrow-hunters belong to no particular social class. They live alike upon Fifth Avenue and in flats. In fact, they live very much more frequently in flats. Real society in New York, on the whole, is blissfully self-sufficient, and has but small regard for highbrows. At a recent entertainment at the Plaza, one woman was heard to remark to her neighbor, pointing to a certain author:

"It's extraordinary how some people get in here, isn't it? Why, he's nothing but a literary man!"

Rather is it the women who have no particular social standing of their own who seek the glamour of "literary men" at their teas and entertainments, not because they really care for literature, or know anything about it, but because that seems to give them a certain position in their own eyes—a poor, pathetic kind of reflex distinction. There is some hero-worship in highbrow-hunting, no doubt; but there is vastly more vanity.

A TYPICAL Highbrow-HUNT

A highbrow-hunt in a New York flat is a funny thing. Let us suppose that you are present. You are a young man of parts, a bachelor, born in Indiana or New England, educated at Yale, and now, at twenty-nine, you are the author of a book which has been widely and favorably reviewed, and even bought by a few people. Your picture has been printed in the *Bookman*, and you have sold a play to the Shuberts—not yet produced.

You are being invited out as a minor lion. You roar—somewhat timidly as yet, but still you roar. You caught yourself at Mrs. Cadwalader's house the other afternoon—Mrs. Cadwalader's sister-in-law married a man you knew in college, so that was how Mrs. Cadwalader got your college club address—earnestly telling a sweet young thing the plot of your next novel.

You were a bit ashamed of that, especially as you discovered that the sweet young thing wasn't half listening, being intent upon observing the gown of the woman who had just

entered. Indeed, you began to grow a little suspicious of all the ladies—there were so many ladies, and so few men; and they didn't seem to create exactly your ideal of a literary atmosphere.

Still, here you are again; two days later, going up in the elevator to Miss Maude Lewisohn Morris's flat, jammed in amid six females whom you never saw before in your life.

Maude Lewisohn Morris, let us pause to explain, is a woman who "arts." You are not quite sure what her product consists of, so you have to coin this verb to cover her creative activities. Once she had a play produced by amateurs, and invited you to see it. Fortunately, you were ill. She is always at first nights of Ibsen and the New Theater, and at the openings of picture exhibitions, too, talking loudly about "tonalities," and "technique," and "the subtle revelations of soul in the portraits of Whistler." Periodically, she discovers Rembrandt.

She oozes culture. She relentlessly pursues those who practise it. Two days ago she called you up on the telephone, early, so that you were roused from sleep, and before you knew what you were saying you had accepted her invitation—or so you tell yourself. But are you quite honest?

Be that as it may, here you are at the eighth floor, passing in through the door of her apartment.

CULTURE IN CROWDED QUARTERS

As you enter, a confused, buzzing roar of conversation smites you, coming from the other end of the telescope which serves as a hall in New York flats. You deposit your stick in a painted drain-pipe, and hang your hat on top of it. You pass by the door to Miss Maude Lewisohn Morris's bedroom, where a maid—rented for the occasion—stands stiffly. You also pass by the door to the bath-room, which, having opened slightly, discloses the fact that half the furniture of the flat has been stacked in the tub. After this domestic revelation, you enter the two small rooms at the other end of the telescope, and pause, appalled by the vibration of chatter.

The rooms are literally packed with people. Some men are holding teacups painfully aloft, to keep from spilling the contents in the crush, and evidently trying to bear them to waiting females. But mostly the

throng, shaken into small groups by molecular attraction, seems to be talking, talking, talking, and there is about as much of the peaceful, warming flavor of afternoon tea about the party as about a political convention or the Stock Exchange.

Before Maude Lewisohn Morris spots you and precipitates her one hundred and seventy pounds of loveliness upon you, to bear you about for the painful process of introductions, you stand in the doorway listening to the fragments of conversation which come to you, detached from the babel of voices. Here are some of them:

A man's voice—"I have always pointed out that Ibsen was the dramatist of evolution."

A woman's voice—"The Darwin of drama, eh? Ha, ha!"

Another woman's voice—"Oh, have you seen Ruth St. Denis? My dear, hardly a rag! But it's all so esthetic and lovely that nobody could be offended. Besides, she only does it at matinees!"

A male voice—"Pity the poor working man!"

You look with sudden friendly feeling for the author of this remark, and meet the eye of a certain juvenile comedian whom you know, and who winks at you solemnly.

Another female voice—"Don't you just love Walter Damrosch? He makes such fine programs."

Another ditto—"Isn't Nazimova perfectly wonderful?"

Another ditto—"Isn't it a pity Oscar Hammerstein has given up opera?"

Another ditto—"No, I use two cups of flour to one and a half of sugar."

Again you look for the speaker with a sudden twinge of interest.

Another ditto—"Did you see those marvelous Whistlers at the Metropolitan? How subtly Whistler caught the soul of a subject! You didn't? If I were a painter, I should want to paint just like Whistler. He—"

But you learn no more about Whistler, for suddenly Maude Lewisohn Morris, spying you out, bears down upon you with her professional hostess smile, and carries you off to be introduced.

GENIUS AND ITS WORSHIPERS

You pause by a minor poet. His works are known to you pleasantly, and you are also aware that his home is in the Berk-

shires. So you remark, in your vulgar vernacular:

"Aren't you a bit off your beat?"

He smiles a sweet, poetic smile.

"I have come down from the hills to Nineveh," he replies.

That is what teas will do to a minor poet!

The next introduction is to a languid lady in lavender, who turns from an interrupted conversation with a gentleman with corn-colored hair.

"This is Mr. Brewster, the author," says Maude Lewisohn Morris, indicating you. "Of course, you have read his dear, dear book!"

You bridle somewhat bashfully, feeling a kind of pleasant prickly heat in your ego.

"Oh, yes, indeed," replies the languid lady in lavender. "I read it last summer and enjoyed it so much. When are you going to give us another?"

Now, it so happens that your book was not published till late in the autumn, and you turn helplessly toward your hostess to see if she isn't going to lead you away. But she is busily talking art to a pale little man, so you accept the inevitable, answering that you hope to finish another as soon as you can induce the characters to behave themselves. At present the heroine insists on falling in love with a fat man, which will never do.

Somehow, your words sound unutterably silly to you. You begin to despise yourself; but the languid lady in lavender is unaffected.

"I was just telling Mr.—oh, pardon me, I didn't catch your name," she says.

"Smith!" says the man with corn-colored hair, rather stiffly.

"I was just telling Mr. Smith how good it seems to get back among people who speak the tongue!"

"Where have you been?" you inquire politely.

"To Pittsburgh," answers the lady in lavender.

"I thought it might have been Milwaukee," you reply. "But what may 'the tongue' be?"

"Why, this!" she says, with as much of a sweep of the hand as her own languid pose and the congested condition of the room will permit. "This speech about books, and art, and all the beautiful things that really matter!"

"My dear lady," you reply—or wish,

later, that you had replied—"this seven-teen-story sardine-box in which we now occupy a somewhat restricted section of the eighth floor is constructed on a steel frame made in Pittsburgh. Without it we should be in the cellar."

Then you move away.

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT

Presently, in your wanderings, you come upon an oasis in the desert, a silver lining to the cloud. She is rather a stocky **lining**, with a brown, boyish, good-natured **face**; and her clothes fit her.

"Do you write?" you inquire.

"No!" says she.

"Paint?"

"No."

"Act?"

"No."

"Sculp?"

"No."

"Sing?"

"No."

"Play?"

"Golf," she replies.

"Madam," you cry, "it is only the fact that both my arms are pinioned by the crowd which prevents my embracing you!"

"Just my luck," she smiles. "Do you play golf, too?"

"I do."

"I hope your game is better than your book. I thought bogy had you about ten down on that."

"More," you answer. "I only halved one hole—the first."

"Oh, I'll give you better than that," she concedes handsomely. "You got one chapter, the out-doory one, in par. Doesn't this highbrow tea-fight remind you of a lot of golfers?"

"I must admit that it doesn't," you answer. "How?"

"Why, a lot of golfers always talk about their games, and nobody really cares. You only listen to get a chance to talk about *your* game. And here every little soul talks about his art, while the rest wait impatiently to talk about theirs. If I arted, I think I should blow up!"

"How do you happen to be here?"

"Maude is my umpty-eleventh cousin. She was at our house last Sunday, and told us all about her last tea-fight. 'My dear,' she said to mother, 'I had one hundred and twenty people there, and seventy of them

were celebrities!' So I thought I'd come this time and hear the lions roar. I call her teas 'Who's Zoo in New York.'"

"Would you like some real tea now?" you inquire. "The Waldorf or somewhere?"

"Oh, joy! I'm famished," she cries. "May I have muffins, and no art?"

"Muffins, and no art," you answer. "Amen!"

So that is how you, a highbrow, make your exit from Maude Lewisohn Morris's tea, and go tramping briskly across Central Park to catch a bus, talking of golf and other things which have no relation whatever to the place of Ibsen as an evolutionist, or the music-dramas of Richard Strauss, or the tonalities of Whistler.

Perhaps it is rather low down of you, after all, to make fun of Maudie's tea. It was not without its compensation.

Alas, however, the compensation too often doesn't go out with you, but with a much younger man who has no claims to artistic distinction, and whom the compensation seems to prefer even to such a celebrity as yourself! You are left to babble eternally of art with the highbrow-hunters, or else to make your escape alone, and, wandering home, to wonder why it is that to a certain type of mind the artist is considered interesting above all others.

The conclusion, to you, an artist, is not very comforting. The fact of the matter seems to be not only that the artists themselves have preached the doctrine that art alone really matters till romantic souls have come actually to believe it, but also that art—acting, painting, writing, singing—is a subject upon which anybody can hold opinions, and everybody feels himself competent to speak.

HUNTERS OF SMALL GAME

If the highbrow-hunters were forced to talk world politics with Lord Rosebery, or bridge-building with a great engineer, or conservation with Gifford Pinchot, or the elective system with Charles W. Eliot, or even some subject related to the arts with a scholar who had spent his life in research, they would flounder helpless. A healthy shame would overtake them, and they would not have a bit of a good time themselves.

But with the minor artists—the actors and novelists and playwrights and painters of the hour—they can babble upon what seem

to them, at least, terms of equality, and they can fill up the intellectual gaps by judicious flattery. It is a rather painful reflection, for it makes the minor arts seem very trivial indeed.

The major artists are seldom bagged by the highbrow-hunters. The brows that get up above timber-line maintain a certain serenity of isolation. This is the balm in Gilead.

Of course, the people who are doing real work in this world are quite too busy to gad about, talking of it to anybody and everybody. And not only would the true artist be bored and vexed by the unintelligent, uncomprehending chatter, but he would feel it like a smirch upon his work, as if he were trailing his brain-child through the marketplace. The old proverb that still waters run deep holds as true of the artist as of anybody else. The man who deeply understands and loves his shop only talks it to those who know.

Real art is a serious business. It is to be mastered only by long and patient practise, and its laws are only to be comprehended sufficiently for discussion by the layman or critic after long and patient study. To write a novel which shall truly reflect life, which shall have ethical or emotional value, which shall count as influence, requires as big a brain and as earnest a heart and purpose as the founding of a settlement or the propagation of a social gospel. Can you imagine Tolstoy at Maude Lewisohn Morris's tea-fight? Or Barrie? Or Thomas Hardy? Or Ibsen?

No, like seeks like. The real highbrows are found among those capable of truly understanding their art and intelligently discussing it. These people do not hunt them; they have them—like the old gentleman in Massachusetts who said, when some New Yorker remarked on his "collection" of antiques:

"We do not collect old furniture, sir; we have it!"

WHAT NEW YORK LACKS

In London society such people abound, and a social gathering there will often contain the leading figures in art and science and scholarship and politics. But in the raw and new social conditions of New York, where thousands upon thousands are trying to find themselves socially, with no background to help—no inherited intelligence, as

it were—there is no such surety. Your truly highbrow gathering is most often assembled solely by personal friendships. To be sure of a truly intellectual social atmosphere in America you must go, not to New York, but to Princeton, or Cambridge, or some similar semischolastic community, where the social leaders are also the intellectual leaders.

Moreover, a tea-fight permits no true personal intercourse, and does not give that indispensable opportunity for one interesting man or woman to take the floor while the rest listen. Even in ordinary social life the large tea is the silliest and least satisfactory conventional entertainment of society. When men who really have something of value to say are invited, it becomes a crime. It insults them and robs the other guests.

Not only the character of most of the highbrow-hunters themselves, then, but also the character of their parties, make those festivities intolerable to men and women of true intellectual or artistic standing. Accordingly, they gather in chiefly the dabsters, the very young, the dilettantes, the myriad minor workmen about the great temple of art. Too frequent attendance at them is not only dangerous to the young artist with serious ambitions, swelling his vanity and sapping his virility, but it writes him down as one who has more time to talk about his work than to do it; it writes him down as a little man.

After a time, if he is not careful, it will write him down as something worse. Art is long, but tea is fleeting.

THE LITTLE GRAY PURSE

BY ANNIE E. P. SEARING

DE MILL'S portrait-class was in a flutter. The art school was in process of being honored by the visit of a millionaire patroness, and DeMill, whose pictures she had been known to buy, and whose work, it was whispered, she specially liked, was showing his class. Distinctly, DeMill was arriving. The world was becoming aware of him. They all said so.

The model—a pinched old woman, knitting—relaxed with a grateful sigh as the lady in her drapery and furs all of a color, moved, like a gray cloud, in and out between the easels. Before one she stopped.

"This," she said, "I like. I like it immensely. It has quality."

She had her lorgnette up, and was looking at the small canvas with detailed attention. Twice she came back and studied it, and spoke a few encouraging words to the young girl who stood beside it, pale with the listlessness of a fatigue that was too hard driven.

Sarah Bunson, whose work it was, was a far Westerner, in her second year at the school, and hanging on by the eyelids finan-

cially. It was matter for wonderment, even in that place of sacred reserves, how she managed to live and at the same time to buy paint and canvas, she was so poor.

She was nicknamed "Bunny," and behind the casual mutilation of her cognomen there lurked a covert allusion to her invariable order at the lunch-counter—"two buns and a glass of milk"—the cheapest things on the list. There was a suspicion that she dined on a repetition of the buns, without the milk.

But one thing was conceded—she could paint! She might wear shoes with too obvious cracks in the sides, and go home to her hall bedroom on bitter winter nights hiding her gloveless hands in a mangy muff—but she could paint!

And she was lovely to look at, in spite of her shabby garments—or she had been last year. The prairie roses on her cheeks, which DeMill had found so bewitching, were fast fading now, and the brown velvet eyes that he was always trying to surprise into his were somewhat too large in the setting of the telltale blue circles beneath them. The young artist, himself just getting his

head above water, swimming for his very life against the submerging current in the great city, tried not to see. He steeled his heart persistently against the lure of Sarah's exquisiteness, but in vain. When he closed his eyes, or when he opened them, she was ever intruding on his inner vision. Try as he would, he could not shut her out, with all the mute appeal of her beauty, her poverty, and her ability.

He felt almost a sense of irritability toward her, as she stood there with her arresting art. What business had a woman to paint like that, and to be so poor? Why did he care, he asked himself? Lots of the others were poor, and some of them could paint more or less well, and might go far. But he knew in his heart that not one of them all was so terribly poor as Sarah Bunson, and not one of them all could paint as she could.

She might go far—farther than any of them; but could she hold out much longer? It was doubtful, and the worst of it was that in his selfish man soul he knew that if he had been able to come to the rescue, it was not help in her art he would have offered her, but marriage.

And now there stood the Patron of the Arts, as they called her, examining not Sarah Bunson's canvas any more, but the girl's self. Suddenly she put out her hand in a gesture of kindly comradeship.

"I am glad to have seen you as well as your work," she said, "and I would like to know you better."

The girl returned her greeting with an absent smile. She was so absorbed in the study of those soft textures—velvet, fur, cloth, and lace, all melting into that cloud of smoky color—that she only half heard. DeMill watched her out of the corner of his eye, while he and the patron passed down the room. He often found himself watching her—adoringly, and at the same time with an underlying resentment at his own feeling.

Then it was that he saw her do a strange thing. She seemed to awake from her listless apathy of absorption. A deep blush suffused her cheeks. For a moment she stood looking about her furtively. Then, when she saw that every one's attention was centered upon the canvas under inspection on the other side of the room, she stooped quickly to pick something from the floor immediately beneath the hem of her skirt,

and concealed it under her painting-apron. It was not until the visitor turned to go that the meaning of Sarah Bunson's behavior flashed upon him.

"I seem," said the Patron of the Arts, "to have dropped my purse—a small gray leather bag."

At once every one was employed in looking for it in and out among the easels, all about the floor, Sarah Bunson among the rest. But it was in vain; no purse was found.

II

It was two days later that DeMill sought an interview with Sarah, after criticism in the class was over. During those two days he had thought of nothing but the beauty of this girl, her poverty, her talent, and her terrible temptation.

While they looked for the purse, its owner told them that five crisp hundred-dollar bills were folded inside it; and DeMill never doubted for a moment that it lay secure in Sarah Bunson's inner pocket while they searched. Five hundred dollars was the wealth of the Indies to a poor art student. Less would suffice to open the magic doors of possibility to which a girl like that was ever hungrily looking. It might mean Paris and the Salon, that seventh heaven of young painters. Many a student had struggled along the steep road to that goal with a smaller sum.

To his partial extenuation, at least, he said that DeMill did not arrive at so damning an indictment of this girl—the girl with whom he was in love—without a hard-fought battle, in which fate seemed to work for her condemnation. That very subtlety of her reserve, which had been part of her lure, weighed heavily against her now in the hour of her trial before the bar of his masculine judgment.

Always, in his scrappy intercourse with her, there was the consciousness of thought withheld behind her speech, an inner self to which he was never quite admitted. She seemed to be always interposing some soft resistance to his entrance there. And yet he had thought, in favored moments, that she responded to his undisclosed passion. While he was criticizing her work, he was all the time painting her into his own future canvases. He felt that in the curve of her downy cheek, in the sunny glint of her dusky hair, where the light struck across it,

in the maternal droop of her shoulders, and in the round of her girlish bosom, there was an unfailing fount of inspiration for his future fame.

Somehow it seemed a thing assured that she would gladly give up her own work to sit forever enthroned in his. Let the others pinch and starve, if they would—these futile women that never could be painters; but this one, this artist of them all—she was worthy to be his.

But now Sarah Bunson, his "Cumæan Sybil," his "Portrait of My Wife," his "Madonna," was a thief! If he had any doubts, they were changed to bitter certainty on the morning after the studio episode by a note from her.

You will be glad, I know, to hear of a piece of good luck that has befallen me. I have my chance—I can go to Paris to study.

It was as he thought—she would go with the price of her infamy! Oh, my Madonna!

All of this, and more, was in his heart when he came to Sarah Bunson's easel that day. He had left her till the last, purposely dragging out his criticisms of the others, till they had one by one disappeared and left these two alone. When he turned to her finally there was some radiant gladness in the pinched pallor of her face that filled him with a kind of fury against her.

For a time they stood there, looking at the canvas before them, without a word. It was the portrait of an old woman, toothless, deeply wrinkled, with the shrewd unrevealing suspicion of a certain Hebrew type. In the lean muscles, the loose skin, the poor shawl, the haggard eyes, a kind of underlying eloquence told a tale.

It was not so much that Sarah had caught the trick of managing light, that she had already a technique of texture and a truth of drawing, though all these roused in De-Mill a wondering admiration; but she had that rarer gift of expression that makes the painter an originator instead of a mere imitator—in short, an artist. Sarah Bunson could be an artist, he said to himself. Her hand already could do more than his own; and if her knowledge and mental scope ever gained complete mastery of that hand of hers, great things were possible to her.

"I congratulate you," he said in his deep voice.

She looked up with wistful wonder in her wide eyes at the severity of his tone.

"You congratulate me on this?" she said. "Is it really good? Or perhaps you meant on the possibility of my going to Paris to study?"

He turned from the picture, and looked down at her, frowning unconsciously. She was so slender, so frail, and yet, with those appealing, upgazing eyes, she seemed little else than brazen.

"On both," he answered. "Your work"—she felt rather than heard an invidious emphasis on that word—"deserves whatever a broader training can do for it. You are fortunate"—he measured his words out slowly—"to have the money to do it."

"Yes, isn't it lucky? But it's not my money, you know—I haven't any—really, not any at all!"

"Indeed!"

His tone had in it a dryness that was positively offensive; but the girl was so absorbed with her story that apparently she never noticed. She went on with her disclosures. It seemed that the Patron of the Arts had offered it.

"What?" DeMill fairly thundered the monosyllable at her.

Could she be capable of such meanness as to accept a generosity from the woman whom she had already robbed? It was incredible!

"Wasn't it splendid of her!" Sarah went on with an unheeding enthusiasm. "She sent for me that night after the last crit. She told me she had helped a good many young men art students, and that she meant to do so while she lived, and to endow a fund for them after her death; but she had never taken much stock in the work of the girls, and never expected to, till mine attracted her that day. She doesn't believe, you see, that women have the staying-power to get very far, and she thinks it isn't worth while to waste effort on their attempts, because in any case they are bound to abandon their art when they marry. She was minded, she said, to try an experiment on me—to give me my training if I would agree not to marry for five years. It was a generous thing to offer, wasn't it?"

"You promised—you accepted her generosity—you promised?"

There was something in his tone that aroused the attention of his listener, but she seemed to interpret it as fierce hostility to that promise. With down-dropped eyes she answered in low tones:

"No—I have not promised—yet! She has given me until to-night for my answer. If I decide to go, it must be at once—she will have it so!"

There was a long silence between them. Sarah did not look up as she waited dumbly with hands clasped in front of her. Every one else had gone, and the sound of laughing voices out in the corridors, and the distant slamming of doors, emphasized the hush in the big, empty room. At last De-Mill spoke, and his voice was tense with covert accusation.

"Will you answer me one question?" he said. "It doesn't matter at all what the answer is, if it is only the true one. That day that she was here—your benefactress, you know—the woman who offers to make your life a success—when we were all looking at Merivale's work on the other side of the room, you stood alone here by your easel, and you picked something up from the floor and hid it beneath your apron. What was it?"

Now, even now, if she would only confess it, and tell the truth, he would forgive her! The temptation had been so terrible, and she was so young! His strong love could lean down and lift her out of even such a degradation, if only she had it in her to be true!

She lifted her lids slowly, and stared at him in puzzled amazement.

"I—I picked something up?" Then the red mounted to her cheeks, to her forehead, as it had that day, and her eyes grew dewy with her embarrassment. "Oh, you saw—you saw me do that?"

"What was it?" he urged. "Tell me, I beg of you!"

"It—I—why, I can't—I can't tell you," she stammered, and floundered in an indistinguishable mass of murmured objection.

Hope died within him. Contempt came into his steely eyes, and seemed to reach out and stab her clumsy utterance to silence.

Then, suddenly, she seemed to read for the first time the meaning of his expression. She collected herself with a little horrified gasp, catching her breath. She clinched her two hands into fists on either side of her, and stood so, staring at him in a fury of red rage, without another word.

They looked fiercely into each other's eyes. Then she turned her back on him, hustling her paints and brushes together into the box. Seizing the canvas with one

hand, and the handle of the closed paint-box with the other, she marched out of the room without a look behind.

III

THAT was the last that DeMill saw of Sarah Bunson for many a long year. She took herself as abruptly and completely out of his life as she had out of his class.

Yet, though he received no direct word from her, he heard plenty about her in the years that followed. She justified her patron's experiment—"made good," in the phrase of the student world. She must have toiled with an almost superhuman industry, judging from the output of her brush, and from the success she won. It was not only Salon success, and the sign and seal of Parisian approval, so craved by the ambition of young talent; but in the art exhibitions of many capitals, as the seasons fled, canvases by Sarah Bunson hung on walls hitherto difficult of access to women. In time, her work came home, to be snapped up at great prices, so that the magic "sold" was as inevitable in one corner of her pictures as her odd little cabalistic signature in the other.

But she did not come back. DeMill knew that she lived on in Paris, and that she had set up a *ménage* with some old relative who had been hunted out of the forgotten obscurity of an Ohio town. From time to time echoes of her social life reached him, but as he never went abroad he never saw her—perhaps never wanted to see her.

She turned his career for him all unwittingly, that day when she marched out of his class-room. He moved to the door, he remembered, and shut it after her, and at the same moment he shut the door on a chapter of his life. When that season was over, he turned right about face, shook the dust of the city from him, and went to paint in the great American deserts. He had had a hard knock, he told himself, and somehow he wanted to paint humans no more, but only mountains and cañons and illimitable skies!

No doubt the hard knock was needed, for it put new meaning into this work of his in a new field. Something got into his canvases that had not been there when he painted New York millionaires and their overdressed wives. Roaming the wilds, summer after summer, and coming back to civilization only long enough to place his finished

pictures, he laid away to final oblivion those compositions of his earlier hope that had been limned in dreams of domesticity. The fireside Madonnas and "Portraits of My Wife" stood faced against the wall in some dusty attic of forgotten things. Of marriage he thought no more. It became the possibility of a past too remote to consider.

When he thought of Sarah Bunson, it was with an underlying bitterness, such as most men cherish toward the woman who fails them. When his mind spoke on the subject, it thanked her for the part that disappointment had played in turning his feet to more successful effort and richer accomplishment.

The Arizona desert and flying trips to New York mapped the limits of his life until one December day. He was in the studio that he kept in the city, relaxing after his interviews with cormorant dealers—a business which was always hateful to him—when one of his old friends of student days came in with a proposition for a trip to Egypt.

"I've got some architectural drawings to make in some of the Nile temples. That book, you know, comes out next year; and I say, DeMill, you'd better come along with me and do some painting. It's about time you began to remind your public that you can do a few other things besides the Arizona desert!"

IV

THIS was how it came about, the opportunity and the mood working together, that DeMill found himself, not long after, where the sun, a golden globe, had just dropped over the rim of the Libyan desert, like a great orange rolling over the edge of a blue cup—or was it green? He was never sure. But all that does not account for his meeting Sarah Bunson again, though he thought it did.

For my part, I think they were bound to come together once more, if only to unravel a tangle. Fate was bound to pull out her snarl, whether on the banks of the Nile or on those of the Styx.

He was backed against the fallen image of some king or god—a giant hewn out of black basalt in the days when men held kings and gods as much the same thing. The statue had served the artist as a protection from the sun, where he had set up

his easel some hours before to get the slanting light of late afternoon. The drama of day's withdrawal was over. He threw off his helmet hat, and stood back, comparing, despairing—the color was at once so vivid and so elusive.

There was a faint noise that might have been the rising breeze—or was it the swish of silk skirts? He turned and looked, and there she stood!

"Well done!" She was holding out her hand with a gay *insouciance*, as if she had seen him but yesterday, or had parted from him round the corner of the next street. "You couldn't have painted that fifteen years ago—or is it fifty years since you were teaching me what not to do in that portrait-class at the Art League?"

He found himself clasping her fingers in a kind of stupefied surprise, while they stood there taking stock of each other. Both had aged and grayed a little, taking on the hallmarks of the worker's life. Time writes a fairly legible script, do what you will to blur the writing, and tags us all pretty correctly with name and date. But she saw him very much as she had seen him long ago, in the days which seemed as remote as the past of these tombs in whose shadow they were, and yet which suddenly, with his presence, had come back as vividly as ever.

On his side, he saw a simulacrum of the old Sarah Bunson, a bewildering transformation that he was slowly trying to comprehend. The girl of the past was there, in the droop of those slender shoulders, in the glint on the dusky hair threaded here and there with silver, and in the deeps of the starry eyes; but she seemed to be looking over the head of a woman of the great world, whose perfect poise held an underlying gaiety which bespoke the self-assurance of success.

When they were mutually adjusted and accounted for, it turned out that she was with some friends making a desultory progress up the river. She had heard of his presence, and had come to hunt him up. Would he come to tea? There was so much to talk about, so wide a gap of time to bridge over—and really there were some very interesting people on the boat. It was within the bounds of possibility that he might know some of them. There were Lord Dalrymple, who was an authority on the present political situation in Egypt, and his wife. There was Isard, the great singer;

there were a famous novelist and an archeologist. She offered her list of attractions with as frank an oblivion of their former relations as if he were the casual acquaintance of a day.

He would not go. He detested tea, and he liked people even less—certainly lords and ladies. Something of his old antagonism crept into his tone as he looked down at her, and she laughed openly at his refusal.

"You're the same old Joe Blunt," she said. "Time has not changed you in that! Let us sit down awhile, then, in the arm of Hathor—tea is but an excuse for talk."

When she had settled herself in the curving elbow of the giant half buried in the sand, she turned to him with an interrogatory statement.

"You have not married?"

So she had at least kept in touch with his history, such as it was!

"I took for my life partner the mistress who requires the triple vow," he replied.

"What a mistake!"

"But the one you made for yourself, I believe?"

"Art does not require so much as that from a man," she said. "For a woman, it is different. She comes to the parting of the ways some day, and she has to choose. Our good patron, as we called her, was wise; she knew. Her five years taught me—I chose!"

"Did the choice bring you happiness?" asked DeMill.

She was tracing hieroglyphs in the sand with the point of her parasol, and at first she made no sign of having heard him. Then she looked up suddenly, with a bright directness that seemed a phase of the new Sarah Bunson, far removed from the drooping air that he remembered.

"I am happy now," she said, "for my work has brought that as part of its reward; but for a long, long time I wasn't. I went hankering and looking back over my shoulder after the things that had to be foregone. You see, I had wanted above everything to have a home and little children in it—of my very own! The patron used to say that misery was a good task-mistress, and that it was well as it was. I don't know. Sometimes I think that my wretchedness during those early years impeded me more than it spurred to effort."

She had resumed her cabalistic writing,

and she painstakingly finished the sign of Hathor before she spoke again. Then she straightened herself, and turned up at him the unembarrassed gaze of a child.

"You know," she said simply, "at the time when I made my choice I was still terribly in love with you!"

He started as if she had struck at him. If he had thought that she was in love with him, in that prehistoric past of theirs, he had hidden the idea in his own remotest depths, half denying it.

"I say 'terribly,'" she went on in her cool tones, "because for a long time it was very terrible. Even that base suspicion of yours on the day when we parted did not serve to kill it. I went so far as to suffer, in fatuous moments, thinking of the humiliation you must have felt when you learned that she had found the purse. Nothing could have killed it, I suppose, but time, and time it was that did it. When the days, and weeks, and months, and years slipped away, and you never wrote to—to apologize for your mistake, I realized that you did not care, after all, and that finally cured me. Oh, it was a complete cure"—she smiled, and then laughed softly—"with no recurrence of symptoms, or I shouldn't even now be telling you about it so freely! Indeed, I've had mild attacks of a similar nature since. More than once I've almost perpetrated matrimony, but somehow I have never found a man generous enough to want me and my work too—my art. There may be men like that in the world, but I have never found one. Certainly it would not have been you! But I was ready to give everything up—myself and everything I was capable of doing—for you, if you had wanted me. Such is young love! But never to any man since—never!"

She seemed not to notice that DeMill had sprung to his feet while she was talking, and now stood frowning fiercely down on her head, which was bent once more to her drawing in the sand. Elaborating the sign of Hathor, she was giving it an arabesque above and a curling tail below. Into her trivial task his man's voice, hoarse with pain, burst with a sudden cry:

"She found the purse! For God's sake, where—and when?"

"The purse?" Sarah held the tip of her parasol poised a moment, as if arrested by the irrelevance of such a question. "Where? What does that matter? On her

dressing-table, perhaps; but I don't remember. It was where she had laid it before she went out, and she found it there when she got home. Such a dear as she was, the Patron of the Arts! Every year, while she lived, she used to come and see me, and her praise and criticism helped me even more than her money. And do you know, she would never let me pay her back one penny of it all! But she showed me a way to pay, and I hope she can know, wherever she is, that it succeeds."

DeMill knew very well what the way had been, for each year one girl of promise went forth from that art school in New York for study in Europe at Sarah Bunson's expense. But it was not that contrasting phase of her goodness that was now flowing over him in waves of hot shame, while the dusk was dropping fast around them like a garment. Even in the anguished revelation of his unworthiness, he felt himself once more in the clutch, body and soul, of that thwarted young longing of their past.

"To think of it!" he said brokenly. "I loved you—loved you all that time!"

"Oh, no!" she answered, as she rose to go, and her words rang lightly. "Not as bad as that—not quite! For you did believe me a thief, you know—if only for a day!"

How could he tell her—of what use to tell her, now, that it was not for a day but for all these years?

"I did love you, that day when I let you go. I would not have cared—I would have forgiven you, if you had confessed yourself a thief. I would have loved you in spite of it!"

"Then, why—oh, well, it was all over and done with years ago, my friend." She placed her cool, firm hand in his. "And a blessed good thing it was for both of us! I must say good-by, for we shall be off for the south early in the morning."

He held the hand for as long as a surging past could crowd into his inner vision. Then some tiny, persistent devil of his old obstinacy must needs ask one more question.

"Would you mind telling me what it was you picked up from the floor that fatal day?"

It was then that she threw up her head and laughed. So long and loud was her laughter that a skulking jackal, startled by the silvery peal, ran out from behind the tomb and went flying, a dark streak over the dimming desert. Her even, white teeth gleamed as she leaned toward him through the gloom to reply.

"Oh, the joke, the joke that life is!" she cried. "Tragedy and comedy tripping along together hand in hand! It was my garter! No, no, my friend, not a step! I am not in the least afraid to go alone. I can still see the masts there above the bank. Our ways lie in quite opposite directions—really as far apart as the poles!"

PURSUIT

WHERE the slender stream runs rippling through the woods,

Like a child who sings and dances to a song,

Toward a wild-rose lure that evermore eludes,

What has followed, all noon long,

The murmur of a throng—

Faint voices of the flowers that call in countless multitudes?

Ah, what but that dear love of old that still is sweet and strong?

Where the shadowy stream trips whispering on the rocks,

Like a spirit weaving magic in a dell,

Toward a music, at the heart that calls and knocks,

What has tried to read the spell

And each leafy miracle,

That Nature writes within her book of wonders she unlocks?

Ah, what but dear desires of old and dreams that still compel?

Where the little stream slips downward to the pool,

Like a joy into a life that shuts it round,

Where the grasses crown its quiet, deep and cool,

What has caught the soul and bound

With a glimmer, with a sound,

And charmed it in a place apart that lights make wonderful?

Ah, what but old-time memories that here again are found?

Madison Cawein

THE MUNICIPAL BOND AS AN INVESTMENT

BY JOHN S. GREGORY

FEW persons stop to realize that some of the things that touch them most intimately likewise provide a basis of sound investment. This is notably true of municipal bonds, because the sidewalks that you tread, the parks where you take your recreation, the armories where your militia drill, the water-works that supply your house, and the streets that form the highways of your commerce, all are made possible by the issue of this type of security.

Municipal bonds, therefore, touch all the people in some way. The facts about them should be known not only to investors, but also to those who expect to employ their money in some desirable medium.

At the very outset, the municipal bond has a prestige denied to most other bonds, because it may be regarded as a sort of substitute for the government bond. Of course, there is no security equal to that which bears the impress of Uncle Sam. You would naturally think that in a great republic like ours the method of distribution of the national security would be such as to put it within the reach of the average citizen. Such is the case in France, where the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker own the *rente*, which is the French government bond. It is so to a certain extent in England, where the humblest artisan may possess at least one consol, the evidence of the government debt. But in the United States this is not possible, because there is such a high premium on government bonds that the small investor does not find it profitable to buy them.

The reason for this premium is quite simple. According to our banking laws, no national bank can issue circulation—that is, notes bearing its name—without buying and depositing government bonds as a basis for that circulation. This creates a heavy and constant demand for government bonds.

Since the supply is not overlarge, it follows, as would be the case with any kind of commodity, that the price goes up to a high figure. This, in turn, means a low yield. What has been the result? The shrinkage in the holdings of United States government bonds by individuals is amazing, while the corresponding increase in their ownership by national banks is tremendous.

The figures are impressive. In 1898, the interest-bearing debt of the United States was \$847,366,680. Of this amount \$261,901,200 was held by national banks, and the rest by savings-banks, insurance companies and individuals. According to the latest statistics, our bonded debt was \$913,317,490, of which the national banks held no less than \$724,874,466, or nearly eighty per cent. There was left but \$188,443,027 in the hands of the public, and part of this is the remainder of the Spanish American war loan, which had a wide distribution from motives of patriotism. Government issues, save in times of war, have no interest for the public.

As the amount of government bonds available for the average investor has decreased, and the income features have become more prohibitive, the number of small investors throughout the land has increased steadily. Unable to obtain bonds with the national credit behind them, they turn to the security which, when properly issued, ranks next; and this is the municipal bond.

HOW A CITY BORROWS

Many people think that a municipal bond means the bond of a city, and nothing else. In this they are mistaken. Under this head may come bonds of States, townships, school districts, counties, villages, or drainage districts. The best known, however, and in some respects the most desirable, are those of cities.

The issue of bonds by a city is, in many ways, like the bringing out of bonds by a corporation or a railroad. Let us take, for the purpose of illustration, the case of a thriving and populous community which needs a new sewerage system.

The city has no available funds in its treasury. It cannot go to a bank and borrow, like an individual; it must bring out bonds to raise the money. Now the mayor cannot dictate an order to his secretary and create this issue. It must go through a good deal of red tape and legal procedure, and in this procedure lies part of the security of the bond.

The method of issuing bonds varies with different municipalities. In some instances, the ordinance authorizing them is passed by the board of aldermen; sometimes the citizens are called upon to vote on the question of the issue. It may be a special election, or the vote may be cast at some regular election. The city usually sells its bonds, by sealed bids, to the highest bidder.

At this point comes a fact of supreme interest to the investor, and it is this—a municipal bond is valuable only when it is surrounded by every legal safeguard. Sometimes the simplest omission invalidates a whole bond issue, and there have been instances where these defects were not known until the bonds were all outstanding. The most trivial flaws have caused the greatest trouble.

Here is a concrete illustration. A certain Pennsylvania town wanted to issue some bonds for sewer construction, and they were authorized by a popular vote. The same proposition had been voted on a year before, and turned down. When the banking-house which had underwritten the issue came to make its final legal investigation, it found that the bonds were illegal, because the law specified that the town could not vote on the same bond proposal twice in the same year, and the second election was just one day short of being the full legal year after the first. I could cite many other instances.

The significance of this example is that no investor should buy a municipal bond save through those agencies which have facilities for making the most searching investigation of the legal and other approaches to the bonds they handle. When a banking and investment house of the highest type underwrites an issue of municipal bonds, it obtains the full legal record

of the investment. There are various eminent lawyers who make a specialty of this work, and they are constantly busy, because the volume of municipal bonds grows each year.

The investor, when he buys a municipal bond, is absolutely at the mercy of the banker. In the case of a railroad or public-service corporation bond, it is different, for he can make some measure of the security of the investment from earning records, and from the career of the concern over a given period of years.

There is never any guessing as to the proceeds of a municipal bond issue. It is always specifically set forth just how the money is to be employed. It may be for streets, sewers, armories, parks, bridges, water-works, electric light plants, jails, viaducts, Subway construction, or public buildings, such as city halls, court-houses, schools, and libraries.

A municipal bond may have coupons for its interest payments, or it may be a registered bond. The latter is the more usual form. The owner of a registered bond does not need to cut off coupons, but receives a check at each interest date.

THE SECURITY BEHIND THE BONDS

At this point the question naturally arises, "What is the security behind a municipal bond?"

When a railroad or a corporation gets out a bond, it often offers as security some tangible property, upon which a mortgage is placed. With a municipality, the security is its good name, its credit, and its taxing-power. This means that all taxable property in the community is subject to a tax, out of which the interest and principal of the bonds are to be paid. Therefore it is important that the investor should buy the bonds of city or town where there is ample assessable property.

There should be a big margin between the amount of the city's bonded debt and its total assessed valuation. In Chicago, for example, the bonded debt is about five per cent of the assessed valuation, while in New York it is nearly ten per cent—which is the legal limit. In smaller towns it is often less than two per cent.

In most cities a sinking-fund is created, especially when the municipal bonds are retired serially—that is, a certain number each year. The sinking-fund forms a sort of bulwark for the investor, for it is really

a part of the security behind the bond. You get some idea of the proportions of a sinking-fund when you learn that in New York it has been as high as a hundred million dollars.

Since New York bonds are among the premier municipal securities of the country, and really dominate all others in scope and area of holding, it may be worth while to point out a few facts about them here.

They are traded in on all exchanges, and are held by banks, institutions, and capitalists the country over, and in Europe. In one year (1907) the issue was \$224,926,482. Part of the security behind the New York bonds is the city's income, which to-day is greater than was the revenue of the whole United States before the Civil War. It is one-third the income of the whole kingdom of Italy, two-thirds that of Spain, and as large as that of the republic of Brazil. The assessed valuation of real estate in New York is more than six billions of dollars. Thus you get some idea of the kind of security that may be behind municipal bonds.

It must not be assumed, however, that the ideal municipal bond is necessarily the security of a great city. Some of the most desirable bonds of this type are those of smaller communities. These may be called "home bonds," because in many instances they are held by people who live in the neighborhood. Such bonds, when properly brought out, possess features of safety that some bonds of big cities do not have.

For example, the issue is usually very small and amply protected by tax levy. Moreover, in such communities, the public officials regard the city's obligations very zealously, and feel a personal and moral responsibility for them.

Some houses have made a very successful specialty of issuing these bonds—in small denominations, too—and they seldom fail to find ready customers. These houses make a thorough investigation of the financial condition of the community, its railroad facilities, the character of the surrounding region, the crop output, the industrial development, the bank resources, the number and character of the stores, and the general economic conditions prevailing.

I cite these facts merely to indicate to the investor the kind of investigation which is necessary, and on which he should insist, before he buys a municipal bond of a small community. Some of these bonds

may be had in hundred-dollar pieces, which puts them within the range of everybody who saves.

THE INTEREST RATE

Naturally, the question of return on a municipal bond is most important. It has been as low as three per cent and as high as six per cent. As in the case of the individual borrower, it all depends upon credit. A village may have to pay six per cent for its money, while a great city, at ordinary times, will be required to pay only from three and one-half to four per cent. The average face interest rate of municipal bonds may be put at four per cent. During a period of bond inactivity, such as prevails at the time when this article is written, it is possible to obtain New York four-per-cent bonds under par, which makes a fair return on the money invested.

Municipal bonds are always in demand by banks and investing corporations. They are a high type of the "legal investment." This means the investment authorized by law for trustees, and for institutions like savings-banks. In fact, there could be no better guide to investment in municipal bonds than to refer, for example, to the laws governing the investment of savings-bank funds in New York State. These, together with the laws of States like Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey, form the ideal restrictions on the employment of the people's savings.

In New York State, the banks can buy only the bonds of cities which have at least forty-five thousand population, and which have been incorporated for twenty-five years. The cities must be in States admitted to the Union prior to 1896. The total bonded debt of the communities must not be more than seven per cent of the entire value of all taxable property. The cities, too, must have faithfully paid all their bonded obligations since 1861.

The list of bonds owned by the New York savings-banks is interesting and instructive. All the banks have large quantities of the bonds of the city of New York, which are a standard investment security. Other Empire State cities represented in the list are Buffalo, Troy, Elmira, Syracuse, Albany, Binghamton, and Jamestown.

Other cities whose bonds are held in numbers are Portland, Maine; Boston, Cambridge, Lowell, Worcester, and Springfield, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island;

Bridgeport, Hartford, and New Haven, Connecticut; Newark, New Jersey; Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Reading, and Scranton, Pennsylvania; Baltimore, Louisville, Cincinnati, Dayton, Indianapolis, Grand Rapids, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines, Omaha, San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis, and Kansas City.

Savings-banks have been permitted to buy municipal bonds since their introduction in this country, early in the nineteenth century. According to the figures compiled by the Monetary Commission, American banks of all kinds, on April 28, 1909, held municipal securities aggregating \$1,091,541,455. The holdings of insurance companies, both fire and life, and of personal investors, will bring the total up to not less than two billions of dollars.

Some idea of the progress that this kind of bond has made is gained from the fact that the total sales in 1910, up to November 1, were \$254,152,855.

ASSESSMENT AND IMPROVEMENT BONDS

Classed generally with municipal bonds is a form of obligation known as "special assessment" or "improvement" bonds.

The principal point of difference between these bonds and the straight municipal bonds is this—the municipal bond is the obligation of the entire community, while the special assessment bond is secured only by the taxes on a restricted district, which is to be improved with the proceeds of the issue. Therefore, in considering this kind of bond as an investment, it is well to find out the exact value of the abutting property, and what are its chances of permanent de-

velopment and prosperity. If it is a residence district, care should be taken that building restrictions are imposed that will keep out undesirable buildings, which would tend to depreciate the value of neighboring real estate.

These bonds, by the way, must not be confounded with the "bonus" or "aid" bonds which are sometimes issued by communities to aid corporations, or to bring in new industries. Such bonds are often brought out by enthusiastic Western communities experiencing a "boom." They have sometimes been repudiated in later years, and the loss has fallen on the men and women holding them. This, in turn, has led to litigation. In certain regions, experience with them has led to the saying that they "can only be bought with a lawsuit."

No investor should ever employ his money in any medium where there is the slightest possibility of legal entanglement, for such complications not only mean default of interest for long periods, but always cause a shrinkage in the value of the bond and affect its marketability.

When you sum up the municipal bond, you find that when it is legally issued by a responsible community it yields to no kind of security in safety and general desirability. Moreover, when you own such a bond, you can feel that you are aiding, in a small way, in the upbuilding of the whole community. It is a good business proposition, too, for everywhere such bonds are acceptable at once as collateral for loans, and in most instances they do not fluctuate much in value, being more immune against general depression than almost any other kind of bond.

THE AGITATORS

"FREEDOM!" they cried. "We will have all men free
To think as we!

Fight on! Give mankind liberty—to use
The path *we* choose!"

Shouting, they fought their way to Freedom's side;
Some, striving, died.

They gripped and fettered her, lest foes declare
She was not there.

Then, secretly, they sought in vain to warm
Her frozen form.

Then? Built a gallows high, for one who said
That she was dead!

Aldis Dunbar

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

JANUARY INVESTMENTS

AT this season of the year, the attention of the commercial and financial world centers upon the investment market.

Custom has ordained this as the time for casting up the annual accounts, for balancing the books, and for estimating the profits. The nation engages in a yearly stock-taking, like the corporation, the manufacturer, the merchant, and the agriculturist. Magazines and newspapers will soon be crowded with statistics, setting forth the achievements of 1910 in every department of industrial activity. You will read a story which sounds like a tale from a wonder-book, brimming over with figures in the millions and billions—the record of fabulous riches dug from the earth; of productiveness of farm and field and forest and mine; of busy shops and throbbing mills, vibrant with the din of engine and loom, of lathe and hammer; of labor well employed, fairly compensated, and generally contented; and of capital receiving the reward, which is its due, for the part it plays in vitalizing industry.

One cannot anticipate the record of the year, but this we know, as early as Thanksgiving Day—that Providence has again tilted the horn of plenty into the nation's lap, and it is overflowing with a golden abundance. The value of our farm products will approximate nine billion dollars, a sum nearly twice as great as the assessed valuation of real estate on Manhattan Island; a treasure wrested from the soil within a year, the results, practically, of a single harvest season.

It is this enormous addition to our material wealth that underlies American prosperity, and furnishes the basis of optimism, everywhere recognized as a national trait. We make mistakes, many of them; we are extravagant, and we should realize that we cannot go on forever wasting our substance and escape the fate of the prodigal. Never-

theless, up to the present, our matchless resources have never failed. Mistakes which would have prostrated any other country for a generation have entailed no serious after-effects. To-day, as in the past, we may face another new year in a spirit of hopefulness and confidence.

The statistics which will appear at the year's end will include those of the January disbursements, representing the sums distributed by the corporations of the country among the prudent investors who have turned their backs on wild-cat promotions in favor of stocks and bonds in established enterprises. The heaviest disbursements of the year fall in January, for, in addition to the annual settlements, many obligations payable quarterly or semi-annually are also liquidated at that time. In 1910, the January payments of interest and dividends amounted to about \$202,000,000; they will be larger in January, 1911, probably running up to \$220,000,000.

It is for this reason that the attention of the commercial world, at this season of the year, centers upon the investment market. The farmer can take a fairly accurate measure of the value of his crops; the manufacturer and the merchant have balanced their books and computed their profits; the investor everywhere knows about how much he is to receive in interest and dividends. Prudent men have estimated how much money they require for their business, how much they need for living expenses and for contingencies, and how much they may with safety set aside for investment purposes.

Elsewhere in this issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE there appears an article specially devoted to a consideration of municipal bonds. They are a form of security highly favored by many institutions and individuals, but they by no means exhaust the possibilities of desirable investment. In fact, the opportunities for the safe and profitable employment of money in American securi-

ties are practically limitless, as may be shown by even a hasty enumeration of the more approved methods.

First, there is the savings-bank, an admirable means of investment for a person of slender resources, and the best starting-point for any one who hopes to employ later and larger accumulations of money in safe securities.

Next, we may name selected first mortgages on real estate, and guaranteed mortgages or mortgage certificates. No security is safer for investment; but real-estate mortgages, as a rule, do not possess a very wide or ready market for resale.

Among bonds, the government issues stand first; but these, in consequence of their low interest yield, have lost their attractiveness for individual investors. By common consent, municipal bonds rank next to governments; and then there follow, about in the order named, railroad bonds; public utility bonds, including the issues of street-railways, gas companies, telephone companies, electric light and power companies, and some others; industrial corporation bonds; high grade railway stocks; and the listed preferred stocks of the great industrial concerns.

From time to time, the various classes of securities mentioned above will receive consideration in this department, or in special articles. In the meanwhile, it is well to bear in mind the fact that different people look upon investment from different points of view. Some insist upon absolute safety, or the nearest approach to it that a security can give, and are content with a return of four per cent, or even less, on their money. Others—this is particularly true of business men—are willing to take a limited risk, and demand from four to five per cent, while others are still more venturesome, or their necessities are greater, and they will take a semi-speculative risk in an effort to secure from five to six per cent.

The men and women who seek large profits through the market fluctuations of any security, or who buy on "margins," or who put money into wild-cat schemes offered through prospectuses, stock-canvassers, and newspaper advertisements, promising tremendous fortunes, are not investors at all, and they are sure to be speedily parted from their cash.

Another thing which a prospective investor should bear in mind, when considering the purchase of a security, is the fact

that in all probability he has neither the time, the opportunity, nor the means of making any personal investigation. In consequence, he should deal only with responsible and experienced banking-firms, which have a reputation to lose. Such firms have the facilities for ascertaining every feature of a security issue, and only by this means can they protect their own credit and supply an investor with bonds that will neither bring disgrace to themselves nor entail a loss upon the purchaser.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

A MONTH ago I ventured the opinion that the stock-market, from the speculative point of view, had lost much of its attractiveness. With the extensive advance that took place in October, securities, it seemed to me, had been raised to a level where one should consider them as an investment rather than as a speculative proposition. This turned out to be a fairly good guess, and since no one can predict the future with any degree of certainty—particularly at a time of so much perplexity as the present—I am going to repeat the same guess this month.

While an investor—one who discriminates carefully among securities, and who buys them for the income—can find in the list many things that may prove, two years hence, to have been bargains for the purchaser, the present market does not appear attractive for speculative operations. A speculator might not lose much by buying at the present time; in fact, he might not lose anything, for it looks very much as if prices would hang around this level—the level of investment—for some time to come.

But there comes a vexation of spirit to a speculator, who buys stocks on borrowed money, and then finds them "turning dead," as the saying is, on his hands. Interest is always running against him, and though his account is duly credited with the dividends—provided he has selected a dividend-paying stock, which may not be the case—speculators have admitted to me, time and time again, that it is a most unsatisfactory sensation to be "hung up," for two or three or six months, with a security that can't advance and won't decline. Moreover, there is always the chance of an accident which may depress prices and turn all the speculative cakes into dough.

Wall Street brokers have been an un-

happy lot recently, because the stock-market has fallen into a situation something like that mentioned above. In the days of the old volunteer fire department, the boys who ran with the machine "didn't care what color it was painted, so long as it was red." The professional traders don't care which way the market moves, so long as it moves. Up or down, it is very much the same to them, for they sell stock short for a decline as readily as they buy it for an advance. What they want is action.

Professional stock-traders have been reading the signs wrong. Almost all the speculators are superstitious fellows, who believe in charms and amulets. In their pockets they carry lucky coins, a rabbit's foot, a horse chestnut, or something of the kind. One Wall Street man, much envied by his companions, has a short piece of a hangman's rope to conjure with. Many of the customers in the offices are even more credulous than the professional traders in their belief in signs and omens.

There is a deep-seated tradition that Tuesday is "low day" in a "bull market," and "high day" in a "bear market." Some persons speculate on "systems," and others employ "charts." Once they exploited a machine in Wall Street known as a "market register." It was about as effective in helping anybody to win at stock-exchange speculation as it is to rub up against a hunchback for luck just before you bet on a horse-race.

All the traders counted upon an active market if Mr. Stimson, the Republican candidate, should be defeated for Governor in New York. Their theory was that such a defeat would be a "rebuke" to ex-President Roosevelt, whom speculative Wall Street, for well-known reasons, does not like. But stocks broke violently on the day after the election, and still more sharply on the next day; and the market has shown no vigor since; so speculative Wall Street has been disconsolate. It now feels that the election went too far.

You must bear in mind that Wall Street, heretofore, has always been Republican. Democratic on this occasion in order to "rebuke" Colonel Roosevelt, it did not reckon fully on the possibilities outside of New York State. Now it knows that the change of control in the House of Representatives, with the political uncertainties that follow in the train of such an event, is one of the chief factors in making business in Wall Street dull and unsatisfactory.

My guess that the security market will continue for some time longer about as it has in the recent past, is predicated upon the very many unsettling factors that one finds in the situation. There are favorable features, also. I have no intention of omitting mention of them. The harvests have been abundant, insuring the continuance of a fair volume of business. Money is now becoming easier, and this should result in an improving investment market. Disquieting liquidation seems to be a thing of the past. Another matter which is noted with genuine satisfaction is the turn in our favor, recently, of the international trade balance. Moreover, some commodity prices are working lower.

These are encouraging elements, and it seems to me that they must exert a sustaining influence on securities, particularly as the price of many stocks, measured by their income yield, does not exceed value—that is, the income derived from the securities is as large as the interest rate upon money safely employed elsewhere.

But offsetting these factors are many that make for caution. The election has brought the tariff issue to the fore. Though the effects of this may be minimized by the workings of the Tariff Commission, it is not likely that much progress can be made in revising the schedules piecemeal during the short session; and when the new Congress meets the Democratic party will be in control of the lower House. Industry has never taken kindly to the prospect of a revision of the tariff. Though the process may be long deferred, the fact that the traditional enemies of a high scale of duties may have something important to say on the question of revision, and that they must be considered in any future legislative program, adds to the uncertainties of the situation.

Congress is again in session—which calls to mind the unsettling effect of the last session, and reminds banking and industrial interests that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act remains precisely where it was a year ago. At that time President Taft filed a special message making it clear that, if Congress did not give relief through legislation, he would seek to enforce the act against every large industrial combination violating its provisions. The undefined scope of the Sherman Act, the unsettled cases in the Supreme Court, involving the status of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company, are just now powerful deterrents

upon the freedom of action of financiers and corporation managers.

General business is progressing along lines of extreme conservatism, and must continue to do so until some of our great national problems are settled. It seems doubtful if the great railway corporations can immediately resume purchases upon an extensive scale, even if permitted to make a moderate advance in rates, for they are impeded by many other things aside from the rate question—by the high cost of labor and material, for instance, and by increased taxes.

With so many repressing influences in the situation, it is difficult to foresee any active speculative market, or any extensive advance in security prices above the present average level. That level, as has been said already, is an investment level, and those who buy stocks and bonds outright for cash cannot go far amiss, if they confine themselves to good, dividend-paying securities.

Our national problems will be solved, no doubt, and trade and commerce will adjust themselves to the solution, whatever it may be, and will revive and flourish. I think it perfectly safe to predict that two years hence many an investor will look back at the closing weeks of 1910 with regret that he did not buy high-grade securities at the prices now obtaining.

STOCK-SELLING SHARKS

IT is remarkable, when one looks back over a few years, to see how much has been accomplished in the way of supervising and regulating corporation affairs, checking abuses, and providing additional safeguards for holders of securities. The change for the better has been long in coming, but it has come with a rush, especially in recent months. In no particular is this better exemplified than in the efforts recently made by State and Federal authorities to protect the inexperienced investor from the promoters of doubtful and fraudulent corporations.

Within the last few weeks, Superintendent William H. Hotchkiss, of the New York Insurance Department, has held up seventeen insurance companies and their promoting agents, driving them out of the State or compelling them to modify their plans. Postmaster-General Frank H. Hitchcock, within a year, has caused the arrest of seventy-eight individuals, firms, "fiscal agents," and the like, for using the United States mails to defraud investors. With scarcely an excep-

tion, the men arrested carried out their swindling operations through methods of promotion so frequently denounced by this department, including the usual paraphernalia of alluring prospectuses, stock canvassers, and newspaper advertisements, entrapping the prospective victim by mendacious promises of huge profits.

While much still remains to be done in the way of protecting simple-minded folk from the stock-selling sharks, more has been accomplished in this direction in recent months than in whole years past. Without question, the next step should be to bring the proprietors of newspapers and periodicals to an appreciation of their responsibility in the matter.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock estimates that the frauds unearthed by his department have involved a loss of \$100,000,000. A very large proportion of this huge sum has found its way into the pockets of advertising agents and newspaper proprietors. The advertising campaigns of the stock-selling sharks are conducted in a most lavish way, and some of the publications which print their "get-rich-quick" literature receive very large sums for printing it.

One of the best features of the present situation lies in the fact that the authorities everywhere have come to a realizing sense of the enormity of these swindles, and have embarked upon an organized campaign against fraudulent promoters, which is to continue indefinitely.

The appalling losses brought to light in connection with the arrest of the officials of the United Wireless Company of New York, which duped fifteen thousand investors out of \$30,000,000, are largely responsible for the later activities of the Post-Office Department. Even more important, however, was the exposure of the Burr Brothers, and of the promoters of the Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company.

The stories that filled the daily newspapers, following the arrest of Burr Brothers, were pitiful. They recited the sad experiences of widows, who had taken the last thousand dollars of their husbands' insurance money, their only means of support, and embarked it in mining and oil companies which never sank a shaft or drilled a well. They told how these promoters took the bread out of the mouths of orphans, and tricked aged wage-workers out of their scanty savings. Among the newspapers that printed these heartrending stories were cer-

tain New York dailies which profited very largely through publishing the advertisements of Burr Brothers. It is said that the firm paid one of them from \$50,000 to \$100,000 annually. There is no record of the proprietors making any restitution to their victimized readers whose pitiful stories they narrated.

It is estimated that Burr Brothers raked in \$50,000,000 from victims through the promotion of thirty or forty corporations, including oil companies, mining companies, eucalyptus timber companies, and a wide

variety of other concerns. One cannot help feeling disgust mingled with indignation at the thought that these wretched swindles, with all the suffering they have entailed on thousands of poor people, would have been impossible—or, at least, impossible on any such scale—if supposedly reputable newspapers had declined "get-rich-quick" advertising, which bore the self-evident stamp of fraud upon its face, and had joined with the periodicals that exclude such material in warning their readers against dishonest promotions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

PUBLISHING SECURITIES

I am desirous of ascertaining whether you consider an offer of Hampton's Magazine, Inc., a good investment for a small investor, who will have to pay probably on the instalment plan, or, at most, can pay only sixty dollars down. The preferred shares are offered for subscription at par—five dollars each—with a bonus of twelve and a half per cent in common stock. That is, with every twenty-four shares of preferred stock purchased, three shares of common stock are given. The dividends on the preferred stock are payable on January 1 and July 1 of each year.

It is possible you may not care to give your opinion about this matter, but I should like to get the same from you if possible.

A. B. N., Galveston, Texas.

Naturally, it is embarrassing to be asked for an opinion on the securities of *Hampton's Magazine*, for the reason that that magazine is a publication in our own field. On the other hand, this department would be incomplete, and its value would be minimized, if we were to refuse, for personal reasons, to answer such a question.

There is, moreover, a further reason for answering it. We are constantly receiving inquiries about the securities of other publishing properties—some of them being far less promising enterprises than the one to which A. B. N. refers.

Some publishing ventures are notably successful; others are notably unsuccessful. The list of failures is vastly longer than the list of successes. Management plays an important part; so also do the trend of events and the conditions governing competition among publications of a common type.

Competition in magazine and periodical publishing is much more strenuous to-day than at any other time in our history. Just now, too, the problem is seriously complicated by a determined effort on the part of the government to advance the rate of postage on periodicals. If this is done, it will mean a reorganizing process all along the line. It will mean the elimination of a good

many publications, and probably the consolidation of others.

Another reason which increases the delicacy of our position in answering A. B. N.'s question is the fact that our own publishing-house has been freely used as an example of the success possible in the publishing business. It does not follow that a similar venture, started at a different time and under different conditions, though it might have an abler and more brilliant management, would be equally successful.

The trouble with a publishing business—especially with an undeveloped, unseasoned one—is that it has little except good-will to sell. It has few tangible assets. And there is another point which we have urged and shall continue to urge—the objection to putting your money into unlisted securities—that is, securities not listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Listed securities can always be sold at some price, whereas unlisted stocks may or may not find a purchaser.

Among our letters of inquiry about the stock-selling offers of certain publications there is an interesting one from a reader in West Ossipee, New Hampshire, who says that he has "never bitten at gold-mines, rubber-trees, or bog lands. I earn my money," he adds, "by long drives out into the country in all sorts of weather, most calls after midnight, in sleet, snow, and rain, and often the two-dollar fee for a four-mile trip is never paid."

It appears that some time ago our correspondent invested five hundred of his hard-earned dollars in fifty shares of the preferred stock of the Circle Publishing Company, with which he received a bonus of ten shares of common stock. No dividends were paid, apparently, but he was assured that the company's magazine was "doing grandly." Later, he was informed that one of the directors was forced reluctantly to part with a block of his common stock, and that as the management did not wish this stock to go into the hands of people who might not be in sympathy with the high ideals of the magazine, it was being offered to "personal friends" at a reduction. He there-

upon sent in two hundred dollars more, for which he received thirty shares. The company has now failed, the magazine has suspended publication, and the stockholders, presumably, will lose their entire investment.

Now the *Circle Magazine* started out under exceptionally favorable conditions. It was launched by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, an old and successful publishing firm, who subsequently disposed of it to another management. It was evidently this latter management that sold stock to our correspondent. Few periodicals in recent years have promised better success, and the failure of the *Circle* is a striking example of the disappointments so often encountered in the publishing business.

CALIFORNIA CONSOLIDATED OIL

I enclose an advertisement of the California Consolidated Oil Company. Do you think it would be all right to have a few shares of that company as a speculative investment?

J. G., Keewatin, Ontario, Canada.

A few days ago an agent called on me representing the California Consolidated Oil Company, whose active head is Admiral Evans. Before entrusting my money to their care, I happened to read your article in the November *MUNSEY*. It made me cautious, and I venture to ask your opinion about this investment, or any other you could recommend to one who has a few hundred dollars to invest.

A. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This department continually urges against speculation, and recommends the purchase, outright for cash, of stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange. When it comes to an oil company, it is impossible to draw the fine distinction between speculation and a speculative investment. The oil business itself is essentially speculative.

The California Consolidated Oil Company has acquired, or holds under option, about five hundred and fifty acres of oil land, and two of its constituent properties—the Premier and the Mascot—are good, dividend-paying concerns. It is capitalized at \$10,000,000 in one-dollar shares, which are offered at sixty cents by the Lincoln Stock and Bond Company of New York.

The intending investor in oil stocks should remember that petroleum-wells sooner or later exhaust themselves. The more oil taken out to pay dividends, the less there is to come out. In the present case, nothing appears in the advertisement as to stock reserved in the company's treasury for acquisitions of additional property; and unless such is to be acquired, the present capitalization seems heavy for the reported acreage.

There is another important point. We should not care to make such an investment without some information as to the relations between the California Consolidated Oil Company and the Lincoln Stock and Bond Company. We should wish to

know just how much of our money went to the oil company and how much to the selling-agents.

In the *California Oil World*, of Bakersfield, California, under date of November 9, Admiral Evans is quoted as follows in reference to the use of his name by the vendors of the stock:

I am president of the California Consolidated Oil Company, which owns property in the Midway, Kern River, and Coalinga fields.

I am no longer a naval officer, but a retired admiral with nothing to do. It is perfectly proper for me to engage in a private enterprise, so as to have something to do. A bond and trust company bought the stock of us, and is selling it on the market. It has employed my name in a manner I have protested against. The officers have assured me that they will hereafter refrain from the offensive advertising.

If our Brooklyn correspondent has not enough money to buy a high-grade railway or municipal bond, he will make no mistake in buying a few shares of the Pennsylvania Railroad or the preferred stock of the United States Steel Corporation. Any good banking and brokerage firm will submit, on request, a wider range of securities from which he can make a selection.

THE TELEPOST COMPANY AGAIN

I am a stockholder of the Telepost Company, and, being very much interested in the article in the November *MUNSEY*, I wrote the president of the company regarding it. Herewith is a copy of the reply. What I would like to ascertain is, does this reply place the Telepost Company and the Sterling Debenture Corporation in better standing?

Do you think my investment, which amounts to three hundred dollars, is reasonably safe? Of course, I do not expect any dividend until the Telepost secures more extensions—which, I understand from officials, is very near at hand.

L. S., Boston, Mass.

L. S. sends us a copy of the circular letter of the Telepost Company called forth by comments which appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for November. It is a lengthy document intended, presumably, to enlighten him upon the matters about which he makes inquiry. As a stockholder, he must determine for himself whether it does so to his entire satisfaction.

In my opinion, the document might have cleared up some obscure points, and would have been more valuable to investors seeking information, if it had been reduced from four large printed pages devoted to a denunciation of the brief article in our November issue, and of its author, to say two pages, giving in concise form a balance-sheet of the Telepost Company, showing the amount of stock authorized, and the amount sold; the amount of cash received for the stock; the purposes for which the cash has been expended, and the balance remaining on hand; with an inventory showing the

property owned outright, and that controlled and operated under leases. There might have been added an operating statement covering the last year or so, giving information as to the business transacted, the number of messages sent, the income derived from them, and the cost of conducting business. It would also be highly instructive to give a copy of the contract—or, at least, the basis of the financial arrangement—between the Telepost Company and the Sterling Debenture Corporation, showing the cost of promotion, or the proportion of cash which goes to the company and that which goes to the fiscal agent from the sale of shares.

Whenever the Telepost Company or the Sterling Debenture Corporation see fit to furnish information of the above character, duly certified as correct by a recognized firm of chartered public accountants, this department will be glad to publish it without cost to the company, for the benefit of shareholders of the Telepost Company, who are continually writing to inquire about the concern, and about its relations with the Sterling Debenture Corporation. This, we think, is a fair offer. It should convince the shareholders of the Telepost Company, in whose interest it is made, that this department is not—as is charged in the circular sent us by L. S.—subservient to Wall Street. Should any reader doubt our good faith, we may remind him that we are continually urging against speculation in favor of sound investment. We are not acting on behalf of any alleged rival corporations, and we have no prejudice against the Telepost Company. On the contrary, we hope that the company will prove successful, for, from the letters received, it is evident that large sums have gone into the enterprise which many investors of small means can ill afford to lose.

Such information as is suggested is almost always available from a corporation, unless it has something to conceal. It is such as an investor or a shareholder of a company is entitled to have, even to the item of promotion cost. The days of "unlisted departments" on the stock exchange, and of non-reporting companies, are largely of the past. The days of company promotion and of security sales by secretive methods are passing rapidly.

Publicity in all things bearing on corporation affairs is now the order of the day, for no intelligent shareholder is satisfied to "buy his pig in a poke," or to remain in ignorance of the affairs of a company in which he has invested money.

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE

Please advise me as to the present status of International Mercantile Marine common and preferred stock.

W. A. S., Germantown, Pa.

The International Mercantile Marine Company is capitalized in excess of its earning capacity. It has outstanding \$51,731,000 (\$60,000,000 authorized) six-per-cent cumulative preferred stock,

and \$49,931,735 (\$60,000,000 authorized) common stock. The total bonded debt is approximately \$78,000,000. No dividends have been paid on the preferred stock since the company's organization in 1902, and in consequence there is something like fifty per cent in accumulated dividends standing unpaid.

To meet the full dividend on the preferred issue would require \$3,103,860 annually. The amount remaining, after all deductions available for preferred dividends, was a deficit of \$1,142,000 in 1904, a surplus of \$2,891,000 in 1905, a surplus of \$5,029,000 in 1906, a surplus of \$4,034,000 in 1907, a deficit of \$1,729,983 in 1908, and a surplus of \$1,182,000 in 1909. There appears no possibility of any dividend in the near future on the preferred stock, and nothing has been recently suggested in regard to clearing up the arrears of dividend on that issue.

UNITED STATES EXPRESS STOCK

I have a few shares of United States Express Company stock which I have held for some years. It has been stated that the stockholders have not received the dividends to which they are entitled, and again that the company shows a very small margin of earnings above its dividends. Would you advise selling out or holding the stock?

W. M. C., Lockport, N. Y.

You should determine this question for yourself. A holder of stock "for some years" is doubtless an investor. An investor's money will not last long if he shifts his holdings with every rumor. Wall Street is largely made up of rumors—most of them false.

Shareholders are very often disappointed in the rate of dividend paid by a company, but officers of established corporations, such as are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, know what can safely be disbursed better than a person who has no knowledge of the company's business needs and of the perplexities of management. Once in a while a corporation does declare a larger dividend than earnings warrant; but in only a few instances, in recent years, and with an established company, has this been traceable to stock-jobbing considerations. Over-optimism trips up many men and some corporations, and a company always pays the penalty, in the end, for an unwarranted dividend payment. It is better to be safe than sorry. A corporation which does not strain itself in paying dividends will last very much longer than one that does. No shareholder suffers if his company has a good workable surplus in its treasury.

We advise a reader who has bought stock in an established enterprise, paying for it outright in cash, to hold his security, unless there is some special reason for selling it.

The recent strike among the employees of the express companies caused heavy expense to the corporations concerned, but their business is well established, and such losses are recovered in time. If the government should introduce a compre-

hensive parcels post, it might cut into the express business, but the results of such an innovation cannot be foretold with any precision.

TWO STANDARD RAILROAD STOCKS

I would like to inquire your opinion of Northern and Southern Pacific stock as a permanent investment.

A. S., Southport, Conn.

They are excellent stocks, desirable as an investment for a business man, or for any one who realizes that the holder of common stock is a partner in the enterprise, and as such must share in its ill fortune as well as in its good fortune. A bond, however, is as a rule the only proper investment for a woman or a dependent person—less income from your money, but greater peace of mind.

LARGE "ESTIMATED PROFITS"

What do you think of the Automatic Stamp and Ticket Machine Company as an investment? The company's stock is offered by a Chicago firm, which estimates profits of about seventy-five dollars on a machine, and assumes that from twenty thousand to fifty thousand machines can be marketed per annum. This would give three million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars clear profit a year.

H. P. R., New York.

Such an enterprise cannot be classed as an investment proposition.

NOT INVESTMENT STOCKS

Please advise me if any of the following stocks are worthy of investment—the Dan Patch Electric Railroad, American Monorail Company, and Spar Products Company.

W. F. R., Hudson, Ia.

These stocks cannot be classed as investments. Confine your operations to established properties which have demonstrated their worth. Your money is the best there is in the country. In exchange for it, you are entitled to the best securities the country affords. The shares you mention cannot claim that high rank.

A MEXICAN RUBBER PLANTATION

What information can you give me of the Mexican Rubber Culture Company, of Portland, Oregon? Is the acreage of six-year-old trees in their rubber plantation, Fuica Chullipa, said to be eight miles from Monte Cristo, Mexico, valuable, and will an investment in this property prove good?

M. W., Atlanta, Ga.

We are not endowed with the gift of prophecy, and cannot tell whether an investment in the Mexican Rubber Culture Company will prove

good or not. We cannot locate the enterprise, and we would not take the risk. Some slight personal experience in the rubber-growing district of Venezuela leads me to the conclusion that rubber-trees six years old are not of sufficient development to make tapping profitable, and the trees die speedily if improperly tapped. Perhaps it is different in Mexico, for rubber-trees of different varieties grow there; but the first consideration is to assure yourself of the actual existence of the trees. It recently developed in London, where the Filesola Rubber and Produce Estates, Limited, a Mexican estate, was floated, that thirty thousand trees, stated to have been planted, had no existence. You can invest money profitably nearer home.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

Will you kindly give me your opinion on La Crosse Water-works bonds of La Crosse, Wisconsin?

P. C., Dushore, Pa.

They are a desirable investment.

MORE RUBBER PROMOTIONS

Would you advise me to invest in the Bartica Company, capital \$2,000,000, formed to acquire the Bartica Rubber Estates, or the Bartica Agricultural Estates, Limited, of British Guiana, the shares of which are offered by the Sterling Debenture Corporation, of New York? Or would you give a preference to Gaylord Wilshire's Rubber Company?

L. W. J., Madison, Wis.

In reply to the first question, we say "No"; in reply to the second, we can indicate no preference between the companies. Both are apparently in the promotion stage, and speculative at the best. If you wish to buy stocks, confine your purchases to the dividend-paying shares of established companies. The best stocks in the country are none too good for any one.

STERLING DEBENTURE CORPORATION

C. C. S., Kansas City, Mo.; L. P. R., Houston, Tex.; L. P. E., Dover, Me.; Mrs. F. B., Portland, Ote.; I. W. L., West Ossipee, N. H.; W. B. B., Milford, Conn.; H. A. B., Baltimore, Md.; L. E., Seattle, Wash.; T. V. D., Ironton, O.; Telephone, Schenectady, N. Y.; L. P. W., Hagerstown, Md.; T. P. N., Kingston, R. I.; W. P. S., Jr., Waterford, N. Y.; L. P. K., Dallas, Tex.; Bartica, Salt Lake City, Utah; E. T. W., Riverhead, L. I.; L. C., Chicago, Ill.

All these correspondents are referred to our reply to L. S., Boston, Massachusetts, printed elsewhere, which will answer a large number of inquiries, general and specific, bearing upon the Telepost Company and the Sterling Debenture Corporation.

Written November 29, 1910

THE STAGE

A GAMBLE AND "THE GAMBLERS"

A THEATRICAL writer, in commenting on the seven new theaters planned or building for the Times Square district in New York, asks whence the attractions and the actors for them are to come. He might much better have inquired where they are to get their audiences.

With the number of playhouses already existing, the metropolis frequently has five new productions in a single week. Even granting that all of them are worth seeing, the public that pays to go to the play in New York is not big enough to make all of them profitable. It must be remembered that there are likely to be successes running at the twenty-odd other theaters in town,



JANE COWL, LEADING WOMAN AS MRS. DARWIN IN CHARLES KLEIN'S NEW PLAY, "THE GAMBLERS"

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago

and people are far more anxious to see an attraction about which some friend has told them than to rush off to a play whose only recommendation is a favorable notice in the

Times Square theater whose attraction had been long heralded, for the most part favorably noticed, and supplied with a first-rate cast. As I chatted with the manager be-



MAXINE ELLIOTT, STARRING IN A COMEDY OF THE SEA, "THE INFERIOR SEX"

From her latest photograph by Strauss-Peyton, Kansas City

newspaper. Thus it takes time to get your money in stageland—a longer time than in almost any other business; and the more theaters there are, the longer the managers must wait to realize on their outlay.

I was moved to these reflections by noticing, the other evening, several rows of vacant seats on a Thursday night in a

tween the acts, he remarked—jocosely, to be sure, but none the less feelingly:

"What New York needs more than new plays or new theaters is about half a dozen reliable night watchmen, who would see to it that a few of the houses are burned down!"

After all, however, direful as are the re-



HELEN WARE, STARRING AS THE ARMY DETECTIVE IN "THE DESERTERS"

From her latest photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York



MARGARET ANGLIN, TO STAR IN A NEW PLAY, "THE BACKSLIDERS"

From her latest photograph by Strauss-Peyton, Kansas City

sults to the pocket-books of the angels, the playgoer gains rather than loses by the over-supply of theaters, inasmuch as he has a greater variety to choose from. In some ways, too, I suppose it is a good thing to have money put in circulation, even if but little of it ever comes back to the pill, soap, beer, or railroad man whose penchant for the theater turned his head and depleted his bank account.

But if the business of the stage is a gamble, it may be said that Charles Klein is taking no chances with his latest play—even though he named it "The Gamblers"—after its magnificent reception at its New York premiere, on October 31, at the Maxine Elliott. Mr. Klein wrote it a year ago, feeling, as he told me, that it was about time the other side of the muck-rake picture was held up to the dramatic mirror.

"The playwright's only attitude, hitherto, has been that of the virtuous critic," he explained. "Although I had some twenty thousand dollars of my own tied up in the bank panic, I felt that the bank people deserved at least one chance to present their side of the case. So I wrote 'The Gamblers,' and had some thought of terming it 'A New View-point in Three Acts.'"

But in "The Gamblers" Mr. Klein has done more than show a new side of the evil-doing of men in high places, one side of which he presented in "The Lion and the Mouse." He has proved that it is possible to get all the tenseness of interest and

concentration of the action between nine o'clock in the evening of one day and ten in the morning of the next.

The Emerson chain of banks has become involved, because the directors have overborrowed on their assets. Federal prose-



CHARLOTTE WALKER, TO STAR IN A NEW PLAY, PROBABLY ONE BY HER HUSBAND, EUGENE WALTER

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

situation out of the eternal triangle formed by two men and one woman, without besmirching any of the three with committed sin. Still other merits of the play are the extreme simplicity of its story, and the

cution is imminent, but *Wilbur Emerson* determines to save his father, the president, who is morally innocent in the matter, having trusted wholly to his son. One of the directors has succumbed to the bribes and

blandishments of an ambitious lawyer, *James Darwin*, and has given him a signed statement which, if produced in court, will send the other four to prison. This document *Wilbur Emerson* seeks to regain, when he finds that it has not yet reached the hands

document, adding that he himself will go to jail, but that he must save his father from such a fate. He asks her for the packet, but she refuses to give it up, even though her husband's hardness has killed her love for him.



GLADYS HANSON, LEADING WOMAN WITH KYRLE BELLEW IN "RAFFLES"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

of *Darwin*. So he visits the *Darwin* home at midnight, and in the very act of purloining the paper he is detected by *Mrs. Darwin*, between whom and himself there has always existed a very close friendship. He tells her frankly why he wanted the

Emerson parts from her, and starts to leave the house, only to be turned back by two secret-service men who have been watching him. They have telephoned for *Darwin*, who presently appears and charges *Emerson* with coming to see his wife. *Em-*



GABRIELLE RAY, WHO IS DAISY IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS,"
NOW IN THE SECOND YEAR OF ITS RUN

From her latest photograph by Downey, London



ELSIE JANIS, STARRING IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY, "THE SLIM PRINCESS," BASED ON
GEORGE ADE'S STORY

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago

erson then tells him the truth, which, however, *Darwin* refuses to believe, and directs that the young banker be detained below while he questions his wife.

This opens the way for some very intense moments, as *Mrs. Darwin* does not know that her husband has already put *Emerson* on the pillory. She finally breaks her promise to the banker and tells that he came there to get the incriminating document, of which she herself now has possession. But her husband does not know this, declines to credit her story, and thinks that she has handed the statement over to *Emerson*, whom he now causes to be arrested as a common thief. But *Mrs. Darwin*, infuriated by her husband's attitude, declines to make the charge, preferring that the worst should be thought of her, and openly rejoicing in the fact that now she can be rid of him.

In the last act *Wilbur Emerson* gets the statement, which he destroys, and is thus able to save his father. He himself faces a term in prison, after which it is inferred that he will marry *Mrs. Darwin*, who expects by then to have her divorce.

All this, I realize, sounds almost brutal in scenario form. I know that I expected an altogether different play from reading the account of it. It is written on absolutely up-to-date lines. There is no comedy relief, so-called, all the laughs arising legitimately out of the development of the characters. The play is presented by a new organization, the Authors' Producing Company, in which Mr. Klein himself is a moving spirit.

The acting is altogether admirable, all of it on the minor key of real life, and none in the frantic, high-pitched heroics of melodrama. Even Jane Cowl's big denunciation scene, when her voice momentarily refuses to reach the pitch of rage she wishes to indicate—even this, I say, brings the episode much nearer to nature than would an outburst of passion sustained with perfect oratory to the climax.

Miss Cowl, who was last seen here very briefly in this same theater in "The Upstart," and who was leading woman in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" last season, has placed herself in the very forefront of our emotional actresses by her clever and original work in a part that reeks with temptations to follow melodramatic conventions. She is the wife of Adolph Klauber, dramatic critic of the *New York Times*. This may

explain for some of my readers what may have seemed a rather extraordinary sentence in Mr. Klauber's signed summary of "The Gamblers" on the Sunday following its first production:

For an estimate of Miss Cowl's playing I must refer readers to their own preferences or the records of brother reviewers.

Miss Cowl went on the stage soon after her marriage, some six years ago, beginning with very small parts in Mr. Belasco's companies. In "The Easiest Way," for example, she was never seen, being only a voice off-stage. She understudied the lead, but—alas for her ambitions!—Miss Starr was never ill.

George Nash scores heavily as *Wilbur Emerson*, a character altogether the reverse of his last season's rôle in "The Harvest Moon," in which he was also featured. The dignity of Charles Stevenson—the one-time French king with Mrs. Carter in "Du Barry"—makes an eminently realistic *Darwin*, but the same epithet cannot be applied to William B. Mack's wig.

"The Gamblers" was received with even more acclaim than was "The Lion and the Mouse," and the Maxine Elliott is safe for an all-season attraction, as it was last winter with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Now that we have seen the play, it seems as if any one might have picked it in advance as a sure winner; yet Mr. Klein himself said to me in September, during the rehearsals, shaking his head slowly from side to side as we were looking at the design for the poster:

"It may hit the public, but I am not sure; I never am."

Manager Brady evinced the same attitude toward "The Cub," Thompson Buchanan's comedy for Douglas Fairbanks. It had already been presented in Boston, but when Mr. Brady brought it into New York the advertisements read:

Mr. Fairbanks appears at this theater for two weeks only. *If successful*, "The Cub" will be transferred to another theater.

The italics are mine. If one may argue from the merits of the play, and from the notices it received, Mr. Brady—who has transferred it to another theater—was needlessly perturbed. While the plot is a long while in getting started, the interim is filled with very entertaining incident, and the outcome is kept in doubt until within five minutes of the final curtain.

Moreover, as a background for the attractive personality of young Fairbanks it would be difficult to imagine anything better. He plays a reporter, just as he did in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," but this time one of an entirely different stripe—a cub, in fact, and not the young newspaper man who saved the Southern Senator from a gang of swindlers.

In "The Cub"—which its author, also responsible for "A Woman's Way," terms "farcical satire"—he brings his hero into the mountains of Kentucky to write up one of the feuds for which that region is famous, or notorious. His adoption into the faction of the Whites, and his falling in love with a girl among the Renlows, open up possibilities of which both Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Fairbanks avail themselves to the full, the cub's fear of bullets proving a leading factor in the comedy element. The play carries a big cast—twenty-five people, to say nothing of the donkey on which Fairbanks makes his first entrance; and while only one of the names—that of Louise Rial—was familiar to me, outside that of the star, the actors were all clever.

Douglas Fairbanks could never play *Hamlet*, and I am sure he is not ambitious to do so, but he plays himself so skilfully that he never seems to be Fairbanks, but always the character he is impersonating. Of course, he is careful not to essay a line beyond his scope. In the "palmy days," when long runs were rarities, this might have stamped him as lacking in ambition; but he is only doing what all the rest do now. He first came into the ken of New Yorkers as the naval lieutenant in the musical comedy "Fantana."

But to return to our proposition of the theatrical game being a gamble, the truth is now being brought home to actors as well as to managers. The latter change their plans with alarming frequency, and being engaged for a certain play does not always mean that the actor will appear in it. A new piece may turn up, which the manager may consider better suited to his star, but which may contain no part for this particular player, so he or she must be dropped.

Take the case of Grace George, for example. She tried out a play by John Corbin—"Husband"—in San Francisco, last spring. Had it succeeded, the people in the cast might have looked forward to two seasons of "work." It failed, and Miss George was so unsuccessful in finding an-

other vehicle that she remained idle until the end of October. Then her husband, Mr. Brady, decided to fall back on a revival of "The School for Scandal," and had begun to engage the company when "Sauce for the Goose" came his way, and all other arrangements were canceled.

Of course, it is cheaper to discard a production before it reaches the footlights than afterward, and managers are constantly doing so nowadays. Thus the aspiring playwright, even with five hundred dollars of advance royalties in his pocket, is by no means certain that he will have the pleasure of seeing his characters, clothed in the garments of the mummer, strut their little three hours on the stage before him.

Contrariwise, once the scenery is painted and the properties bought, your manager is loath to give up a production. Let it fail in one city, he puts it away in cold storage for a while, perhaps gets the author to do a bit of tinkering, then tacks on a new name, provides a new cast, and, picking out another town for the try-out, has a fresh go at the thing. Forrest Halsey's "My Man"—noticed in last month's MUNSEY—is one case in point, although in this instance there is a new management as well, and Mr. Halsey has made a radical alteration by lopping off the whole of the last act.

Another instance is the farcical comedy by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, in which May Irwin returns to the stage. It is now called "Getting a Polish," though it was known as "Mrs. Jim" when she first started out in it, and a year ago it failed in Chicago as "If I Had Money," with Madge Carr Cooke, of "Cabbage Patch" fame, as the star. I cannot see very much hope for it: even with so big a favorite as May Irwin working her hardest, as she undoubtedly does, to infuse life into this dead dog in the pit.

The idea of the piece is rich in possibilities. It tells the experiences that befall the mistress of a boarding-house in Yellow Dog, Montana, when she and her partner strike it rich in their mine, and the widow starts to Paris to have her fling before settling down. But the same fortune-hunting foreigners are trotted out that have figured on the stage for forty or fifty years, the only variation being an absinth-soaked New Yorker, whom *Mrs. Jim* is about to marry in the last act for the sake of his

aristocratic name. At sight of the wedding-cake, however, she changes her mind, giving Miss Irwin a chance to do her famous cry-baby act.

The whole play is as thin as—well, as Miss Irwin isn't, and the four songs that are dragged in for her to sing serve only to recall memories of the days when she was more happily placed.

GILLETTE'S LATEST AND WORST

"Electricity" is quite unworthy of William Gillette. Indeed, I cannot imagine it ever reaching the footlights had not Mr. Gillette been its author. It serves—or did serve, for by the time these lines are read the play will no doubt be in the storage-house—to put in big type the name of that much-advertised young actress, Marie Doro, who might well cry, "Save me from my friends!" She is pretty and appealing, but has no more business to be a star than has "Mother" to be rated as the play of the century.

However, I can now say thus much for Miss Doro—she is far superior to the comedy with which Mr. Gillette has provided her. The piece requires the daughter of a multimillionaire to despise the tainted money of her father, and to fall in love with a young man whom she supposes to be an electrician engaged in putting in new wires for an extension to the Fifth Avenue mansion. She is made to visit, quite uninvited, what she supposes is his family, but as her lover is really her brother's college chum, who took the actual electrician's name and work in order to get near the girl, she brings surprise and dismay into the household of a hitherto peaceful locomotive engineer in the Bronx, to say nothing of confusion of mind to the people in the audience, who are suddenly compelled to take up with a whole new set of characters.

In the last act we are informed that, owing to this amateur's monkeying with the wires, a Fifth Avenue mansion has been for three days without any light except that of candles. And this, mind you, is not a farce, nor a burlesque; it is not even labeled comedy, but is set down as a "play" by William Gillette. If Gillette can turn out nothing better than this, small wonder that he himself is appearing in a revival of some of his old successes.

Dipping into the past in order to atone for the shortcomings of present-day drama is

a common occurrence this season. First of all we had "Diplomacy"; then Kyrle Bellew finding "The Scandal" of no avail, fell back on "Raffles"; Marie Tempest was obliged to discard "A Thief in the Night" for "Caste," and clever A. E. Matthews and his wife, May Blayney, have quit "Love Among the Lions" for "The Importance of Being Earnest." And now comes the announcement that Ethel Barrymore is to be seen in Pinero's well-remembered comedy, written in the nineties, "Trelawney of the Wells."

POOR FARCE AND REAL VARIETY

Two striking points about George Totten Smith's new farce, "The Other Fellow," are his inability to get the fun in it over the footlights, and the strong resemblance of the star, Thomas Jefferson, to his father, the famous Joseph.

The idea of the piece is the transference of the soul of one man into the body of another, and *vice versa*, accomplished on request by a Hindu practitioner. There is a knock at the door during the process, the spell is broken, and the magician is unable to complete the restoration of the spirits to their proper bodies. One of the latter is left inert, while its soul is still clothed with the body of his friend.

Here, of course, is where the fun is supposed to abound, but the audience is kept so busy asking itself who's who and what's what that by the time the question is thrashed out it is too late to laugh. Compressed into a one-act vaudeville sketch, and with the two leading personages more distinctly differentiated, the piece might very possibly enjoy the success it has failed to achieve in the legitimate.

Apropos of vaudeville, a welcome addition to the two-a-day programs came with the close of the baseball season. Our American public dearly loves to look on celebrities, especially when out of their ordinary environment; so Christy Mathewson and Chief Meyers, pitcher and catcher respectively for the New York "Giants," have been persuaded to play themselves in a skit by Bozeman Bulger, entitled "Curves." And a skit rather than a play it certainly is. In the twenty odd minutes that it runs, you get pitching and catching by the star battery, some clever imitations by May Tully, who plays herself, completing the trio of performers, and a capital burlesque of old-time Western melodrama.

In this last, Meyers enacts an Indian, and captures Miss Tully as the regulation fair maiden of romance. Thereupon, of course, she is rescued by Mathewson, the valiant cowboy, with a shot that puts the redskin out. The two baseball stars can scarcely be described as great actors, but the fact that Mathewson is good-looking enough for a matinée idol, and that Meyers is a Carlisle graduate, may atone, with vaudeville audiences, for their lack of dramatic training.

POSSIBLY GENÉE'S FAREWELL

Label "The Bachelor Belles" an "entertainment" rather than "musical comedy," and it would not be so likely to serve as a red rag to a bull in the eyes of the critics, who appeared to take especial delight in lauding Adeline Genée at the expense of her vehicle. Miss Genée—or Mrs. Frank Seymour Isit, as she is now—is not an actress, but a dancer, and of the three plays in which she has appeared since her advent to America, it seems to me that "The Bachelor Belles" is the most appropriate, inasmuch as it accentuates the art in which she excels by not requiring her to participate in the action of the piece itself.

Appropriately, too, the latter has but the slightest of stories, but abounds in vaudeville features and dances. The former includes the novel idea of having phonographs concealed in various parts of the theater, to take up a song refrain on the encore.

Genée dances three times in the course of the evening. Her grace, the marvelous ease with which she performs the most difficult toe pirouettes, the reserve force which in some magic way assures you of its presence behind every movement—all these single her out from all other present-day artists in her particular line. Our stage will miss her if she holds to her intention of retiring at the end of this season.

Ruth Peebles, a newcomer, is rather refreshingly attractive, and Lawrence Wheat, the most American of American juveniles, is at the same time one of the most likable fellows in his field. John Park takes his successive powder-baths from feminine arms with a good-natured meekness that ought to inspire somebody, out of sheer pity, to invent a stationary brand.

SHAKESPEARE AND PINERO AT THE NEW

The second regular season at the New Theater opened just a year after the inauguration of the house, on the first Monday

in November, "The Blue Bird," produced with a special company, having been transferred to the Majestic, three blocks farther down-town.

To Shakespeare was again accorded, and very properly, the place of honor; but it was comedy, not tragedy, that served to reintroduce the stock company in this beautiful home of drama, which has been altered somewhat since the spring. The acoustics have been much improved by a lowered ceiling, and the suggestion made in this department last June, regarding curtain-calls, has been acted upon by providing a new drop with a movable center flap, in front of which the actors may appear, as in the Metropolitan Opera House.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," termed farce on the house-bill, was played in eleven scenes and seven different sets, with one intermission. The cast was more notable for even merit than for the extraordinary excellence of any single member of it. Louis Calvert, the *Falstaff*, did not please the daily reviewers, and a few days later he succumbed to a severe cold; so when I saw the play, he was replaced by Theodore Roberts, carrying a prompt-copy of the lines, and doing admirably despite this handicap.

Rose Coghlan's buoyancy of spirits stood her in good stead for *Mistress Page*, while Edith Wynne Matthison, making her first appearance in comedy on this side of the Atlantic, as *Mrs. Ford*, demonstrated that she possesses an all-round equipment for the art of which she is so great an ornament. One day Miss Matthison was called upon to play *Mrs. Ford* at a matinée, and to appear as *Sister Beatrice*, in Maeterlinck's miracle play on the same evening—which sufficiently emphasizes the fact that in the New Theater Manhattan possesses a repertoire house comparable only with a few of the court theaters in Europe.

The excellently balanced company at the New Theater may also recall that of Augustin Daly, in the eighties. Daly's first performance of "The Merry Wives" was made in January, 1886, and ran for a month, with a cast in which Charles Fisher played *Falstaff*; John Drew, *Mr. Ford*; Otis Skinner, *Mr. Page*; James Lewis, *Slender*; Ada Rehan, *Mrs. Ford*; Virginia Dreher, *Mrs. Page*; Edith Kingdon, *Anne Page*; and Mrs. Gilbert, *Dame Quickly*.

The New Theater's second offering of the season was Pinero's "Thunderbolt," done in London by George Alexander, two years

ago, and not regarded as sufficiently attractive to the masses to warrant importation by any of our commercial theaters. In some respects this is the most interesting of Pinero's plays, showing with photographic and yet artistic accuracy the narrow-mindedness of provincial England, and containing a scene of sustained suspense not equaled in any of his other works. I refer to the episode where *Thaddeus* seeks to take upon himself his wife's wrongdoing in destroying the will, and breaks down under cross questioning.

As performed at the New Theater the acting of "The Thunderbolt" was fully up to what I saw at the St. James's in London. Thais Lawton is to be particularly commended for the restraint with which she played the guilty *Phyllis*, a rôle in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell starred in England after the West End run.

BLANCHE BATES ARRIVES IN COMEDY

Once more the theatrical widow has come to the front. After the furor of the "College Widow" and the "Merry Widow," there was a frightful slump last season, when "The Widow's Might" brought poverty to the box-office at the Liberty, for Lillian Russell, and "An American Widow" went by the board—or rather off them—at the Hudson. Now, at this same theater, "Nobody's Widow" promises to do for Blanche Bates in comedy what "The Girl of the Golden West" enabled her to accomplish in the emotional line.

The piece was written by Avery Hopwood, the blond and slenderly built young man who was first heard of on Broadway when he joined with Channing Pollock in furnishing "Clothes" for Grace George. Two years ago he came to grief at the Maxine Elliott with "This Woman and This Man," but fifteen months since, as joint author of "Seven Days" with Mary Roberts Rinehart, he won out to the extent of a year's run in New York. And when "Nobody's Widow" was produced by David Belasco at the Hudson, in mid-November, Mr. Hopwood's musical comedy, "Judy Forgot," was in the third month of its run with Marie Cahill at the Broadway.

Oddly enough, he has at this writing no unproduced plays on hand, so the public may feel assured that his next piece—for which a good many managers will probably compete—has not been dug up from the bottom of his trunk, having been stowed

there after repeated rejections in the days of his struggles. These, in Mr. Hopwood's case, were shorter than is usual, for he is only twenty-eight, and had not been long out of Ann Arbor when "Clothes" was accepted.

"Nobody's Widow" is delightful for its life and sparkle. One reviewer went so far as to declare that in brilliancy of repartee it closely rivaled Oscar Wilde's famous comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," which was revived the evening before on the next block. By an odd coincidence, both plays make use of a pretended death in their plots—in Wilde's case that of a brother who never existed, and in Hopwood's that of a husband whose bride, within half an hour after the ceremony, decides to get rid of him. She has married him in Europe, and six months later she meets him at a house-party in Palm Beach. Here he seeks to win her over again, and a battle royal sets in between the wits of the two. The fact that she really loves him, but is determined to hold out against him as long as possible, only adds zest to the contest for the audience, whose enjoyment is equaled by the bewilderment of the other people in the play, scandalized that the *Duke of Moreland* should press his attentions on a widow so recently bereaved. I should explain that she has married him as *John Clayton*, so, as *Mrs. Clayton*, no one suspects her close relationship to the titled visitor.

Miss Bates is captivating as *Roxana*. She scores her points with the thistledown touch that is the only appropriate thing for this farcical romance, and I can think of no better running-mate than Mr. Belasco has provided in Bruce McRae. The *Betty Jackson*, too, of Adelaide Prince, is extremely well realized, especially in the supper scene with *Moreland*, who, now that he has made it up again with *Roxana*, has little heart for the secret meeting with the middle-aged divorcee. Miss Prince, who used to act in the stock company at Daly's, is the wife of Creston Clarke, and the mother of that clever young actor, Harry Clarke, who dances so nimbly, and who was a feature of "The Fair Co-Ed."

As the scene of "Nobody's Widow" is laid among the wealthy set at Palm Beach, Belasco's gift for picturesque mounting has had full play, and the eye meets a hundred and one satisfying bits of reality in roaming over the two sets for which the action

calls. A bizarre touch is a sedan chair utilized for a telephone-booth in the sun-parlor of *Roxana's* suite at *Betty Jackson's* villa. An over-zealous proof-reader was not allowed to spoil the point by taking the "u" out of a word in the three names of the acts—"Mourning," "Evening," "Another Morning."

FRESH AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS

With regard to "The Importance of Being Earnest," whose revival at the Lyceum I have already mentioned, the indications are that its run will exceed that of many a new play in the Frohman repertoire announced with loud fanfare of trumpet. Certainly one could not well hope for better notices than the Wilde farce received; and while the company is inferior to either of the two casts with which Mr. Frohman has already given it, the play itself is so skilfully constructed, and so abounds in laughter-compelling repartee, that only absolute incompetents could fail to get it over the footlights.

The company now playing the piece at the Lyceum, I hasten to add, falls short merely by comparison, and is, of itself, a very capable one indeed. As a matter of fact, I enjoyed the performance far more than I did the one given in London, last summer, by the George Alexander organization at the St. James's, where the revival lasted from November 30, 1909—the ninth anniversary of Oscar Wilde's death—to the following September, running through the summer without Mr. Alexander in the cast.

The English actor, A. E. Matthews, who won praise, last August, as the hero in the luckless "Love Among the Lions," is featured as *Algernon Moncrieff*, and lacks only a touch of distinction to be admirable in the rôle. He seems to think that because the play is farce, he must therefore affect an air of persiflage, whereas the whole humor of the thing arises from the utter seriousness of the people in it. It is a fact that whereas the entire performance is accompanied by a running fire of chuckles and laughter from the audience, there is not a single laugh, unless it may be one or two sneering ones, from the stage.

Mr. Matthews's wife, May Blayney, also in "Love Among the Lions," is a charming *Cecily*, and Jane Oaker does well by *Gwendolen*. The *John Worthing*—played in London by Mr. Alexander, and his original creation—falls here to Hamilton Revelle, best remembered, perhaps, for his work in

"The Rose of the Rancho." The part is splendidly served at his hands. Charles Richman had it in the revival at the Empire in 1902, when William Courtenay was *Algy*, Margaret Anglin *Gwendolen*, and Ethel Hornick *Lady Bracknell*.

In Mr. Frohman's original production of the play—in the spring of 1895, when it was running at the London St. James's—four embryonic stars were included in the cast of nine. The four were Henry Miller (*John Worthing*); William Faversham (*Algy*); Viola Allen (*Gwendolen*), and May Robson (*Miss Prism*).

AMERICA'S BIGGEST SHOW

New York has been robbed of a monopoly in the amusement line that it had enjoyed for something like half a dozen years; for the Messrs. Shubert discovered a means of sending their Hippodrome show on tour. Oscar Hammerstein's Philadelphia Opera-House was the first stopping-place for last season's entertainment from the big playhouse on Forty-Third, Forty-Fourth Streets and Sixth Avenue.

One thing, however, the Shuberts cannot do. They cannot take along their unique building, which is a wondrous spectacle in itself, as different from the London Hippodrome as it is from all other theaters. And it is here you find the one performance that runs, with a daily matinée, from early September to mid-June. This year, as usual, there are three distinct shows—or four, if you count in the circus; and if you wish to get away from the every-day worries of life, I can recommend no surer vehicle to carry you into absolutely fresh fields than a visit to this great combination of "The International Cup," "The Ballet of Niagara," and "The Earthquake."

Even the initial fact that the immense circular curtain opens the proceedings by going down, instead of up, emphasizes the sharp distinction between this and all other entertainments. You need not exert yourself even to read the program synopsis of each play, if you do not choose. The constant movement on the big stage, the harmonious adjustment of colors in the costumes, and the marvelous scenic effects that show you, for instance, a life-size yacht-race, the falls of Niagara, a real locomotive in action, and the enchantments of the famous Hippodrome tank—these give such occupation for the spectator's eyes as half a dozen of the ordinary plays would not fur-

nish, and allow the long-suffering ear a welcome chance to rest.

Cost? Well, the Messrs. Shubert were obliged to dip deep into their bank-account to prepare all these marvels. And there is no question of angels' wings fluttering around the Hippodrome. Indeed, a letter over Mr. Lee Shubert's own signature, with reference to my remarks in December regarding "Keeping Up Appearances" and "Mme. Troubadour," declares that "backers" are barred out from all this firm's offerings. The writer states that "whenever you see the name of Shubert to any attraction, you may be assured that it is not only offered under the Shubert management, but is also financed by Shubert money."

A LIBRETTO OF WORTH

An operetta that brings a lump into one's throat is something new in stageland, but we have it on Broadway in "The Girl and the Kaiser," imported by the Shuberts from Vienna via the Irving Place Theater, New York's German playhouse, where the piece was performed as "Die Förster Christ'l." Lulu Glaser is the star, and not since "Dolly Varden," which she sang in this same Herald Square Theater in 1902, has she had such a well-fitting vehicle.

The story is that of the imperial forest-er's daughter, who arrests the emperor for poaching, not recognizing him in his hunting togs. She meets him later at court, where she goes to crave pardon for her lover, who has been condemned as a deserter from the army, having fled after striking down an officer for an insult to his sister. The young sovereign and *Christ'l* have been attracted to each other at their meeting in the forest, but the emperor declares that this girl from the woods is too good to be made his toy in Vienna, and bids her return to her Hungarian *Franz*.

The latter rôle falls to Thomas Richards, who sang the *Chocolate Soldier* so acceptably, while the generous monarch is admirably set forth by a newcomer on Broadway—Julius McVicker, of the famous Chicago theatrical family. His personality is just suited to that of the handsome young *Kaiser Josef II*, who has no singing to do. Mr. McVicker, I understand, has had a wide experience in stock, and happened on his present opportunity by chancing to walk into the Shubert offices just as they were debating what actor to engage for the part of the emperor.

Harry Conor supplies the comedy element with his court tailor, while Edith Decker warbles brightly as the gipsy *Minka*. The music by Georg Jarno is light and tuneful, and the costumes are in the best of taste, as we have learned to expect from the designs of Melville Ellis, who is kept so busy preparing shows for the boards that we seldom see him on them.

THIS "NEST EGG" HAS A GOLDEN YOLK

The combination of an unknown manager, a new author, and an actress making her first essay as a star, brought about the first hit the Bijou Theater has enjoyed during the present season.

This arrived in Thanksgiving week, and ought to remain on Broadway till Easter, at least, if merit receives its deserts. For "The Nest Egg," by Anne Caldwell—rather grandiloquently proclaimed as "an American play on an American theme by an American author"—tells a concrete story with a mixture of comedy and pathos that sends it across the footlights with a surer aim than any emotional affair can hope to have in these matter-of-fact times. Briefly, an old maid dressmaker writes a message on an egg that she sends to market, receives a reply after three years, and excitedly makes all preparations for a wedding, only to discover that she is expected to serve as star witness in a lawsuit brought by a pure-food enthusiast who has been made ill by eating the egg kept so long in cold storage.

Zelda Sears, who used to raise chickens in Michigan, has long been identified with Clyde Fitch's plays, beginning with "Lovers' Lane." She was the lodger across the air-shaft in "Girls," and the love-sick wife of the railroad president in "The Blue Mouse." Mr. Fitch had planned a play of his own for her first starring vehicle, but his death cut short his work on it.

"The Nest Egg" is not a great play, but it is a capital entertainment, and will probably live for several years. Miss Sears could not easily find another part as well suited to her, and the management would have difficulty in getting a *Hetty Gandy* as clever as this one. Frederick Burton—formerly the *Bub* of "The College Widow"—is just the man for the pure-food crank, and Robert Dempster is at once manly and sympathetic as the dressmaker's lodger from town, who discovers why the villain wants to buy her chicken-yard.

Matthew White, Jr.

HER TRIP TO NEW YORK

BY EDWARD MARSHALL

AUTHOR OF "THE WRITING ON THE WALL," ETC

IN their eyes was the light that comes only to youth and love. She was seated, in lithe grace, upon the top rail of the fence which separated two great pastures. Her feet hung to the westward of the fence. He stood upon the barrier's other side and leaned very close to her upon the rail.

Both had gone down to the pasture to drive cattle barnward for the night. On either side of the rough barrier the separated herds moved slowly, apparently unconscious of the presence of the boy and girl, not in the least disturbed by it. His feet were on his land, hers hung above her own.

But just then both dwelt in realms of youthful fancy, ardent longing, sentimental journeyings. That barriers more insuperable than any man-made fence divided their two realms did not occur to them.

Her pushed-back sunbonnet revealed a small, delicate face, rare in its beauty. Her feet and hands were small, too fine for the rough paths they had to tread about the farm, too weak for the heavy tasks they had to do. Her eyes were large. Her hair was fine, luxuriant, and glossy. Born to the country, she did not seem to fit it in the least, save as a decoration.

He, on the other hand, was stalwart and massive in bone and muscle. It was hard to think that when he was a baby he had had soft hands. If she was like a wild flower, he was like a boulder, part and parcel of the earth he sprang from, worked in, would eventually lie in.

Her delicacy emphasized his massiveness. He was big in stature, in mouth, in nose, in ears, in hands, in feet; only his eyes were small. With her, only her eyes were large.

An observer, say a city clergyman, accustomed to the philosophic study of many mating couples, would have seen at once the incongruity of the young love-affair which plainly was in progress. It is the great

tragedy of life on remote farms that young people there must pair with those who come nearest. They have few to choose among. A deep student would have classified this match as a pathetic one, although he would not have denied that, in a way, the couple loved. But the mating instinct, though it was strong in each of them, was reaching for the other merely because no object more suitable was at hand.

"When we are married," said he—almost with a ring of triumph, certainly with a strong note of satisfaction in his voice—"the two farms will be one."

She nodded with indifference. That went without saying.

"We will go to New York for our wedding-trip," she breathed softly, and placed light fingers on his shoulder.

He did not lift his hand to touch hers. He was not one for small caresses. Often he strained her to his heart with a fierceness and a strength which frightened her, and even hurt her, but he never merely touched her hand in a caress.

It was a way of hers to flick his hair with her finger-tips. He tolerated it, but did not like it any more than she liked his bear hugs. Now she touched her fingers to his cheek, brushing it delicately with their tips. He shrank back a little, for his eyes were turned away, and for an instant he supposed that it had been an insect, or a falling leaf, that he had felt. He did not recognize her touch instinctively.

"To New York!" she repeated with a happy sigh, not noticing his gesture, though it was almost one of aversion to her little demonstration.

"Well," he said doubtfully, "it will cost a lot, but—"

She placed her hand across his mouth in playful fashion.

"You promised not to speak of cost

again," she said, and laughed. "One does not think of cost when one is planning wedding-trips. We will go upon our wedding-trip to New York, won't we?"

"Why, yes," said he. "I don't see why you want to go so far, but if you say so—"

"I *do* say so," she replied, smiling down at him so sweetly that her beauty roused him.

He caught her in his arms and hugged her till she gasped, not altogether from delight. He was so rough. But no other man had ever dared to touch her; she thought all men were rough in fondling women whom they loved. She tolerated, rather than returned, the great embrace.

"All right, if you say so," he went on, but slowly, and a little doubtfully, although his pressure of her had roused mightily in him what he believed to be love. "We'll go to New York on our wedding-trip; but—but we need new blood for the herds, you know, and all that money would—"

She smoothed his sleeve.

"We need other things than new blood for the herds, John," she said softly, dreamily. "We need new things to think about, new things to talk about, new—oh, our married lives must not be narrow, given up to thoughts of money, work, work, money only, as our parents' were! They couldn't help it; we can—and must!"

He looked at her without much understanding. He did not draw away from the soft touches which her moving hand was making, now, upon his face, his hair, his neck, but he did not respond to them.

"Oh, there are so many things to learn!" said she.

"We've had more schooling than *they* had!" he said in quick expostulation.

"They took what they could get," said she. "If we make sure of taking all that *we* can get, we shall live wider lives, we shall be better people; and—and—oh, John, those who come after us will have a better start than we had!"

He did not understand at all, and shrugged his massive shoulders. Then he saw a chance for some crude merriment.

"That all you are thinking of?" he asked, and grinned. "I reckon some of your great wanting was due to just yourself, not all of it to the ones who will come after us!"

He threw his head back, laughing loudly. She smiled.

"It is, too. Oh, I do so want to see things!" She reached into the bosom of her dress, and drew therefrom a carefully folded sheet of heavy paper. He looked at her with amused tolerance. She spread the paper on the top rail of the fence, smoothing out the folds with cautious fingers, so that the creases might not break. "See!" she exclaimed, as she arranged it so that he could look down at the gaudy print she had revealed. "See the way the women dress there! Aren't they *lovely*? See that—see that—"

She hesitated, spelling out the word.

"Of course it is a hat, but they call it by another name—t, o, q, u, e. I don't know how you would pronounce it—'to-kew'? But isn't it the prettiest—"

He laughed uproariously.

"Wear that in the country here, and you'd soon get the freckles you are so afraid of," he said merrily. "It's got no more brim than a tin cup." Then, more seriously, with a curious, inquiring, utterly uncomprehending look at her: "What makes you so afraid of freckles, Bee?" He never called her "Beatrice." He said it seemed like "putting on airs," and he hated "airs." "Freckles ain't disgraceful—not as I've ever heard from any of the old folks. But to hear you talk about 'em, and to see you dodge the sun, a chap would think they were as wicked as horse-stealing!"

She was puzzled. Just why was she so much afraid of freckles? She scarcely knew, herself.

"Oh, none of the girls like freckles," she said, temporizing. "Don't you know they always made fun of freckles at school? 'Most all the girls soak up in buttermilk for freckles."

"But why?" he said, persisting. "They ain't a disgrace."

"They—they're not pretty," she said finally.

"Pretty is as pretty does," said he sententiously. "There's something pretty—right behind you."

She turned. A soft-eyed cow, sleek and fat, big-uddered, was munching her way toward them.

"Oh, yes, she's lovely—Sukey," she said doubtfully; "but—but she's mostly useful, after all."

"Things to me ain't pretty not *unless* they're useful," he said, a little curtly.

"But we'll go to New York on our wed-

ding-trip, John, won't we?" she persisted. "You have *promised* me."

"Well—" he doubtfully assented.

II

THEY did not go to New York upon their wedding-trip. Just before their marriage, disease carried off two of her finest cattle. He did not tell her his decision until after the clergyman had said the magic words that made them man and wife. Then, standing in the laughing group of friends gathered around them, he fully explained the matter to her. He didn't see that they could spare the money. The cost of the journey would replace the cattle.

"But they were *my* cows that died!" said she.

"Ain't it all the same, now?" he inquired.

It was true—it was, now, all the same. It had been all the same since the clergyman had said the words.

"We'll go to New York later," he suggested, "when money ain't so tight."

It was their wedding-day, and marriage, to her mind, had always been associated with sweet joy and harmony and love unspeakable. Not many of the marriages which she had seen, there in the country, had really been so; but hers should be.

On the first day of their life together she would never cross him. It was true that the loss from the dead cattle was, now that they were married, as much his as hers, in that it was *their* loss. She had not thought of that, before. But for a time, even now, ten minutes after they had married, the color faded from her face because of the acuteness of her disappointment; but then she nodded gravely as he looked at her with keen anxiety in his small eyes.

Later, she herself explained to friends that they would not take a wedding-trip because the cows had died.

"Now, that's good common sense," she heard a hearty farmer, who had attended at the wedding with his trousers tucked into his boot-tops, say approvingly.

But Mrs. Bijah Smith, a faded little woman, bent from work and from bearing many children, went to her and took her hand and pressed it. Beatrice felt that before long she would have burst into unmanageable sobs if Mrs. Bijah Smith had not been there with that hand-pressure; and she loved the older woman ever afterward.

She did not speak about the New York

trip again that year, and he did not. More than once she saw him glance at her and change the subject quickly, with what seemed like furtive apprehension, when the conversation trended in that direction; but the matter was not actually mentioned until fourteen months had passed, and an unexpectedly high price for timber cut from her own land made her hopeful that he might finally assent to the delayed journey.

"There's eight hundred dollars that we didn't look for, John," she said the night after the timber deal was closed. "Let's go to New York now!"

"I kind of thought I'd use that money for some new machinery," said he. "I kind of thought I would. We need one of those gasoline engine outfits—wood-saw, feed-mill, power cream-separator, and all that. That eight hundred—it would get them all. I thought maybe you'd be willing I should use that money that way."

"Oh!" she cried, surprised and hurt.

The real distress in her small exclamation touched him, just a little.

"Why, Bee," he said quickly, a hint of tenderness in his voice that quickly compensated for her disappointment, "if you say so, why—"

"No," she answered, bravely smiling, and again caressing him with that light touch which really annoyed him, although he would not have said so for the world. "If you think you'd better get the new machinery this time, why—but we'll go if the alfalfa catches and does as well as you are hoping, won't we?"

"Yes," said he, relieved. "We'll go if the alfalfa catches and does well. Three crops a year at eighteen dollars a ton! Say, that alfalfa is great stuff!"

"And we will go if that does well?"

"Why, sure!"

The alfalfa did well, but they did not go. There were buildings needing paint; there was increased taxation, due to road-building; there were many things.

And the next year was the same, and the next year was the same. She still subscribed to the small fashion paper with its crudely colored plates, but she took it from the post-office with slight eagerness, and sometimes did not tear the wrapper off for days after she had carried it home.

Occasionally, in a moment of fine, springing health—those moments were becoming rarer as the farm work wore her down—she

dreamed about the journey, deciding that that very day, when he came in from the fields or barns, she would bring the matter up again and really insist; but this she never did. By the time he came in, in the evening, she was tired with getting supper; and the sight of his great, hulking form, the sound of his loud, emphatic voice, the expression upon his broad and reddened face—an expression of complete content with things exactly as they were—made her abandon the idea.

When her baby was coming and she was, perforce, allowed to have some leisure—she had a hired girl in the house for two whole months—she dreamed again of the great city; but not so much for herself as for the baby, which, she was determined, should grow up to have some of the things which she had been denied.

But the baby lived only a few weeks, and after that she almost ceased to think about the city, save as one thinks of things which might have been, but never can or will be.

He noted the change in her with satisfaction. Bee was learning sense, he thought. There were other changes in her which he did not note with so much satisfaction. She was thinner, her frail shoulders drooped, her cheeks were somewhat sunken. That she no longer minded freckles, though, convinced him, for another detail, that she was learning wisdom. She rarely bothered, nowadays, to wear a sunbonnet when she went out of doors. If the sun shone on her delicate skin, all right. It was better to endure it than to take time from her increasing duties to look up the guarding garment.

She had not ceased to love her husband, but she understood him now, and knew, with dull regret, that she had never known him in those days before their marriage. She never went so far as to believe, even in her inmost mind, that had she known him in her youth she would not have married him. That would have been disloyalty, of a kind, and of disloyalty of any kind she was incapable. But she often stolidly reflected that had she known him then, as she did now, she never would have built an airy, lovely structure of high hope.

"I wouldn't have cared so much," she told herself, "if I hadn't set my heart on it."

But she never mentioned the subject now.

III

HER illness came when they had been man and wife for fifteen years, and she was thirty-

five. At first he did not understand, and was annoyed at the slack way things went about the house and dairy. Once he spoke sharply to her, and she sank into a big chair and sat there, dry-eyed, looking at him. She had strained herself, almost to the breaking-point, to see that things went smoothly and looked right. She had known that she had, in a measure, failed; but she knew, and thought he knew, that she had done her best and her utmost.

For him to criticize her hurt her in her inmost heart. She sat there, staring at him till it frightened him.

"What's the matter, Bee?" he asked, real alarm thrilling in his voice. "What's the matter, Bee? Maybe I had ought not to have said just what I did. I—I'm sorry, Bee! I didn't mean to be so harsh."

"Didn't you?" she said, and then, after a long pause, while he stood silent, looking at her: "Oh, all right, then. I—I—guess I'm tired out. I'm tired out!"

"Shall I get a hired girl for you?" he asked.

He had never asked a thing like that before, save when the baby came, and at harvest time each year, when the thrashers came to make the work entirely impossible for one frail pair of hands.

"Oh, no," said she.

Secretly he was relieved, although if she had asked to have a hired girl, he would have engaged one without even blaming her deep in his heart. But as long as she herself admitted that she did not need any help, why—

It was three months after this, when he had been called to the county seat for jury duty, and would be away from home over night, that she conducted what she flamboyantly called, in her own mind, "the conflagration of her hopes." In the old days she had read what poetry she could find, and this phrase had occurred in one of the old verses. It had lingered in her memory with a peculiar tenacity.

From closet and from bureau drawers in her own room she took out all the little things which she had secretly saved since girlhood, because they made special appeal to that strange part of her which her husband did not understand. There were scores of fashion plates among them; there were some crude efforts she had made at the construction of elaborate hat-frames out of baling-wire, to be covered with silk scraps; there were

many pages cut from infrequent illustrated papers, showing gay scenes in New York.

After she had burned the other things, the discolored wires remained glowing in the stove. She lifted them out of it with a poker, and threw them in the snow outside, to cool. Then she took them, and, through snow which almost reached her knees, carried them behind the great barns and cast them as far away as she could throw them. Then she went back to the house.

Entering the kitchen, she sat down before the stove in listless attitude.

"Well," said she, dry-eyed, but with her face drawn into haggard lines of hopeless misery, "I ain't never going to New York!"

As a girl, she had been careless, but she had thought she would never be so. Now, however, she scarcely noted faulty grammar, when she heard others use it, and her own speech had become slovenly.

"I ain't never going to New York!" she said again.

She rose, at length, to "red" the place up, and, in due course of time, went sluggishly to bed.

Having started from the town before daylight, her husband came home early in the morning, full of life, and bringing many tales of what had occurred there. She got his breakfast in a leaden silence, trying to smile, sometimes; trying, at other times, to throw in a word indicating interest. Her efforts wholly failed, but he scarcely noted it.

"Lot of burnt-up wire, back by the barn-yard," he said, after he had eaten his great fill. "When I come from getting hay for Jim, I tripped in it and went down flat. Wonder where it come from!"

"Did you fall?" said she. "I'm sorry! Burnt some in the stove, and thought I threw it far enough away. It didn't hurt you, did it?"

"Oh, no," said he good-naturedly. "Fell in the soft snow. What you burning wire for? Don't I get you wood enough?"

He laughed at the mere thought that he could be remiss in any detail of "providing." He had never been. He prided himself on it.

"It went in with some other rubbish," she explained. "I hadn't ought to put wire in the stove."

"No harm done," he assured her. "Make flapjacks for dinner, will you? Your flapjacks are the best on earth. Had some there

in town at the hotel. Couldn't hold a candle to yours. Didn't satisfy me any—just give me an appetite for some *real* flapjacks. Thought when I was eating 'em that I'd ask you to make some."

"I'll have some for your supper," she said listlessly.

He rose, cheered and comforted by his enormous meal, and went to her, standing near her, with his back turned to the kitchen stove, so that the heat glowed on him. He often stood thus, even when she was at work about the stove, never realizing that he was an obstruction, and that she had to walk around him as she performed her necessary tasks.

"You certainly make good flapjacks," he said, and smiled at her. "Can't beat 'em."

He went out to the barn at length. It was three hours later when the thought occurred to him that she had not seemed to be quite well. He hurried in to ask her about it.

"You ain't sick, Bee, are you?" he inquired, a little thrill of anxiety in his voice. She was sweeping.

"No," said she. "What made you think I was?"

"I don't know," he answered, and stood there, looking at her.

She did not stop her sweeping, and made no further comment. Among the dust which she had gathered was a half sheet of note-paper, yellowed at the edges. He stooped, when he saw that there was writing on it, and raised it, reading it aloud.

"Dress," he read, "'tailor-made, eighteen dollars; shoes, with patent-leather tips, three dollars; sue—sue—s, u, è, d, e'—say, 'Swede's' spelled with a 'w'—'suède gloves, three dollars; t, o, q, u, e—to-kew'—say, what's a to-kew, Bee?"

She stood staring at him. It was the pitiful little list, which she had made before their marriage, of the things which she would buy when they went to New York on their wedding-tour. It must have fallen from the folded papers, as she threw them into the stove.

His reading it aloud, half jocularly, half puzzled, brought all the bitterness of her great disappointment back to her. She flushed, then paled. The episode seemed like a sacrilege to her.

"Give it to me!" she cried in an agony, and snatched it from his hand.

She ran, then, to the stove, raised a lid, and thrust the paper into the fire.

"Why, *Bee!*" said he, not comprehending, puzzled greatly, but not angered.

There had never been an episode at all like this in all their married life before.

He went back to the barns.

"Likely she was nervous, last night, here alone the way she was," he thought.

He had not identified the list, nor guessed at its associations in her mind. He did not for an instant think of their abandoned wedding-tour in connection with her strange outbreak.

IV

It was a full month later when, one morning, she told him that she could not summon strength to get up and prepare breakfast.

"I guess I ain't quite feeling well this morning," said she.

Such days became more frequent with the passing of the months. He never questioned her decisions when she declared she was too ill to work. He knew that she was not a shirker; but he did not take her illness seriously, save when he counted up the wages paid to hired girls.

The day came, however, when he saw that things were very bad indeed. She had not been down-stairs for a week. He drove to town and brought the doctor back with him. By the time the quiet, gray-haired man arrived she was in high fever.

"What's the matter with her, doc?" her husband asked anxiously.

They were standing at the side of the sick woman.

The doctor was an understanding man, whom lack of executive ability, rather than of skill in his profession, had kept there among the farms.

"Worn out!" said he, certain that she was not in a condition really to hear what might be said, even close beside her bed, and much less in a condition to understand it. "How you farmers wear your wives out!"

"Why, she's had help whenever she has asked for it!"

"Worn out!" the doctor said. "Worn out!" He had been present at the wedding. "You never took her on that wedding-trip that the death of those two cattle stopped, did you?" he asked.

"Why, no. We—why, it never seemed like we could spare the money. It—it takes a lot of money to go to New York."

"I knew you didn't," said the doctor. "I knew you wouldn't, when you first postponed it, on your wedding-night. That's the trouble with you rich farmers!"

There came murmurings from the bed. Both men bent above the patient.

"Dress," they heard her say, "tailor-made, eighteen dollars; shoes, with patent tips, three dollars; suède gloves, three dollars; to-kew, four dollars and a half."

"Delirious," the doctor said. "Can you understand what she is saying?"

The harsh-voiced farmer spoke with a new softness in his tone. His gnarled and grizzled face took on new lines of tenderness, regret, remorse. He stepped back from the bed with a bowed head, careful of his feet, and made no noise.

"Why," he said, looking at the doctor stupidly, almost like a man who suddenly realizes that he has unconsciously done a crime, "them things are what she planned to buy in New York on our wedding-tour, I guess. I—seems to me I recognize the list."

"See?" said the doctor, not accusingly, but sadly.

"Just as soon as she gets well, I'll take her to New York!" the man said brokenly. "Just as soon as she gets well!"

"Man," said the doctor, "I guess you don't quite understand. Maybe she will be around the house again a little, for a while—maybe—I'm not sure; but she never will be strong enough again to make that trip. It's too late!"

FOR THE NEW YEAR

TEMPER, O Lord, with loss
The edge of my desire!
Purge thou my soul of dross
Although it be with fire!

And though with wo austere
Be wrought the final test,
May I hear in my ear
Thy whisper—"It is best!"

Sennett Stephens

LIGHT VERSE

A GUIDE TO OPERA

BANG, thump, and crash, with a roll of the drum—

That's the *motif* announcing the hero will come;
Ting-a-ling-ting, and an arpeggio—
The heroine's off for a walk with her beau;
Two minor chords, with the clarinet's shriek—
The public is sure there is vengeance to wreak;
Umpty-dump, umpty-dump, down in the bass—
The villain is seeking the hero's disgrace;
Tweedledy, tweedledy, two or three times—
Here reference is made to most hideous crimes;
Crashes cacophonous stunning the brain—
The hero's in danger, that's perfectly plain;
Toot, toot! The cornet rings out on the air—
He triumphs and seizes his foe by the hair;
Mush, mush, played slow and repeated *ad fin.*—
The hero is kissing the fair heroine!

William Wallace Whitelock

MY ROSE

A ROSE is she! Her eyes the sparkling dew
That falls at eve from out the heavens blue.
Her cheeks the petals are—sometimes I think
No roses ever were so sweetly pink.

Her smiles, the circling buds, fair promise of
A later bloom in floral gifts of love.
Her glances are the rose's greetings fair
In graciousness to all that wander there.

The rose's fragrance lingers in her tress,
A mingling of a sunbeam and caress—
And like a regnant queen upon her throne
She rules the garden of my heart, alone.

And, finally, this likeness to complete,
When this my Rose and I do pace the street,
I even find the thorn—that shaft of dread
With which she spikes her bonnet to her head!

John M. Woods

THE EXCEPTION

SHE cannot sew, she cannot cook;
She seldom looks inside a book.
I understand she does not know
Depew from Tullius Cicero.
I doubt if she hath ever heard
Of Tennyson a single word;
And should you mention Browning, she
Would think of tan shoes instantly.

For music she but slightly cares;
She cannot sing the simplest airs,
Nor does she the piano play
E'en in the most indifferent way.
For bridge she's not the slightest use—
Can't tell the ten-spot from the deuce,
And cannot see why he's a chump
Who over-trumps his partner's trump.
She cannot golf, and at the net
She's never won a single set.
She cannot sail the waters blue;
She cannot paddle a canoe.
She cannot run a chafing-dish;
She cannot hunt, she cannot fish;
And e'en in simple terms and terse,
I fear this maid cannot converse.
Yet, when I look upon her there,
A smiling vision on the stair,
And when I hear her rippling laugh
At some soft-whispered bit of chaff,
And note how from her eyes a light
Of flashing beauty 'lumes the night,
And how the sweetness of her mien
Doth seem to gladden every scene,
One thing she *can* do thoroughly—
And that is me!

Wilberforce Jenkins

STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY

THE SNAIL

THE Snail, compared with all creation,
Is noted for deliberation;
She's not impatient, never hurries,
Over Appointments never worries!

Is she not thus an admonition
To foolish men whose main ambition
Is always to be up and Doing
Amid the City's hullabalooing?

Then, too, our praise on her should center
Because she is no slavish Renter;
But, admiration warm compelling,
Where'er she goes she lugs her dwelling.

When Noah made his ten-weeks' cruising,
The food the creatures all were using,
Seeing they must so long and far go,
Must have made up a Mighty cargo;

How welcome, then, the Snail to Noah—
Much more than, say, the greedy Boa;
For snails eat scarce a jot or tittle,
I'm sure, of any sort of victual.

Think of the Ox, great sharp-horned fellow,
Who oft annoys as with his Bellow;
Then see the Snail, whose horns are tender,
Who never Roars when things offend her!

Greet, then, this creature soft and modest,
Whose way of life's well-nigh the oddest;
Who ne'er butts into conversation,
Or victim is of Nerve-Prostration!

George Jay Smith

TO FORTUNE: A PRAYER

HEAR, oh, Fortune, prithee hear;
To my pleading lend an ear.
I come asking not for gold
More than can my coffers hold;
I seek not a bank-account
Of a fabulous amount;
Jewels brilliant, gems galore,
In a never-ending store;
I don't want of L. S. D.
So much that 'twill worry me;
Acres broad in real estate,
Vaults all bulging with the weight
Of great bonds of steel and oil
For which countless millions toil;
Nor the raft of other things
That delight the souls of kings.
No, the burden of my prayer
Is "enough, and some to spare!"

Give me these, and love, and song,
And I guess I'll get along!

Blakeney Gray

THE SIMPLE LIFE

TO all the world I seem in luck's own way—
A rich young girl! With wherewithal to pay,
I could corral a coronet any day.
But how I hate the "fashionably gay!"
If I were able, this is what I'd do—
Lead the wild, gipsy life George Borrow knew,
Hatless and short-haired, and without a shoe,
Loving a number, lingering with a few.
I want no voices but the wind's and sea's;
I want the prairie and I want the breeze;
My meal the heavenly one of bread and cheese.
I'd give up all I have, to have just these!

But—wait!

On second thoughts I'll add a thing or two.
Barefoot, my nose would get a horrid blue—
And lockjaw might set in, without a shoe.
Houseless, in rain, whatever would I do?
I'd need a bath, with water *sometimes* hot,
Some sort of bed, not "made of leaves" that's
rot!

A clock, hot-water bag, a coffee-pot,
While my fur coat I'd rather have than not.

Also cold cream—and quinin should I sneeze;
One wadded cover, should I nearly freeze;
In fact—a toilet-bag, and trunk with keys.
Oh, I could wander, homeless, had I these

Kate Jordan

THE AERO-NIT

I HAD a little aeroplane, 'twas named the Orville
Curtiss;
It looked so very spick and span, a fact I can
assert is
It seemed a thing of life, of brain, of nature all
celestial,
Compared with which a railway train was some-
thing almost bestial.
Its wings were light and broad and white, graceful
and fine its framework
Going by automobile, I thought, was mighty dull
and tame work
When one might dally with the clouds, outfly the
haughty eagle,
And skim the jagged skyscrapers—a swift aerial
beagle!
And so, and so, I took a flight one bright and
sunny morning;
I rode the air so free and light, flat mother earth
a scorning,
I dodged the trees, I caught the breeze, I put on
all the power,
Whoopee, but it was glorious o'er house and hill
to tower!
What fun, thought I, to sail, to fly, above those
ants of people!
To top, this way, in broad full day, the Presby-
terian steeple!
I even longed to face a storm—I shouldn't mind
the wettening,
And as I thought it, lo, I saw a cloud of aspect
threatening!
Which grew and grew, as on I flew, my airy speed
not slackening,
Until the nimbus seemed to dim the heaven with
its blackening!
I cried, "Alack, that cloud looks black! I fear I
can't outrun it,
I'd better chase to a landing-place, or else I've
gone and done it!"
A sudden gust of tempest thrust my aero 'gainst a
gable,
It somersaulted, plunged and vaulted—landed on
a stable!
I never stopped, but downward dropped in curv-
ings parabolic,
Till I lit in a heap in a puddle deep, in a mood
not exactly frolic.
My aeroplane was never again to make the heart
of a chap leap
With the joy of flying, for now it was lying, a
candidate for the scrap-heap;
And as for me, I am able to see that machines
which aloft can bear men
Offer sport—of a sort—but, my word for 't—we're
not yet birds or air-men!

Evan Howard

STORIETTES

His Sister's Ticket

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

SHE was a dream of beauty, and as she entered the Pullman at the South Station, Robertson all but gasped. He was not exactly a misogynist, but by those who knew him best he was regarded as an almost certain candidate for the honors of permanent bachelorhood. Now, however, he was taken completely off his feet. If ever there was a case of love at first sight this was it.

Preceded by the dusky porter, the girl advanced along the aisle, and took the chair next to that in which Robertson sat. For a moment she gazed out through the window at the hurrying travelers on the station platform. Then, extracting her purse from her side-bag, she took out her ticket, and slipped it into the little crack between the window and the mahogany sill. This done, she rose, walked to the further end of the car, and stood on the front platform, glancing only semioccasionally back in the direction where Robertson was trying to gather his scattered wits together.

Robertson's eyes followed her as she went, and when she disappeared upon the platform a bright idea flashed across his mind. Taking good care that none of the other occupants of the Pullman were observing him, he reached quickly over, seized the girl's ticket, and, putting it carefully away in his wallet, walked to the rear platform at the other end of the car.

"This may serve as a letter of introduction," he chuckled to himself, as he mentally ran over the possibilities of the immediate future.

In a few moments the train started. Robertson wandered nonchalantly back to his seat, and buried himself in the pages of a magazine, his heart beating wildly. The young woman had already returned to her chair, and was similarly occupied with a magazine of her own. Thus they both remained until, the train having passed

the Back Bay Station, the conductor came along to collect his dues.

Robertson handed the official his ticket, and resumed his reading with admirable unconcern, although his inner perturbation grew more violent than ever.

"Ticket, please, madam," said the conductor courteously, addressing the girl.

She raised her head and turned to the window-sill, reaching out her daintily gloved hand for the evidence of her right to ride. Not finding it, she gave a musical little ejaculation of dismay.

"Why," she gasped, "I—I—I put it in that crack there not ten minutes ago, conductor. It can't have blown away, can it?"

"Not very well through a closed window," returned the conductor. "You've probably brushed it off onto the floor."

A search followed—in which, of course, Robertson ostentatiously joined; but, equally of course, it was unavailing.

"Well, if that isn't the strangest thing!" said the girl. "I'm sure I put it there."

"I haven't a doubt of it, madam," said the conductor, pleasantly, though wearily; "but unfortunately it ain't there now."

"What have I got to do?" asked the girl, with some anxiety in her voice.

"I'm sorry, miss," said the conductor, "but I'll have to ask you to pay your fare. How far are you going?"

"New York," answered the girl.

"Then you'll have to pay me four dollars and sixty-six cents."

The girl bit her lip.

"But, conductor," she protested, "I—I can't—I haven't more than eighty cents in my pocketbook."

"I beg pardon for intruding," put in Robertson; "but if I can be of any assistance—"

"Oh, I couldn't think of borrowing money from a stranger," began the girl.

"It won't be necessary for you to bor-

row any money from me," smiled Robertson graciously. "By a very fortunate circumstance I happen to have an extra ticket from Boston to New York in my pocket. My sister, who was coming over with me, was detained at the last moment, and I shall be glad to place her ticket at your disposal." He opened his wallet and took the necessary article therefrom. "These things are transferable, I believe, conductor?" he asked.

"No, they ain't," said the conductor, with a smile; "but of course, not being acquainted with your sister, I don't know that this young lady ain't the person for whom the ticket was issued. Maybe she'll be willin' to be one to you—"

"Oh, I couldn't think of—" began the girl, apparently very much flustered.

"It's the only way, miss," interrupted the conductor kindly. "It will save me the disagreeable necessity of askin' you to leave the train at Worcester."

"You might take the ticket now, conductor," suggested Robertson, "and give Miss—er—give this young lady time to think it over. If she decides not to accept it by the time we reach Springfield, you can give it back to me, and—"

"I am very much obliged to you," said the girl demurely. "My mind is already quite made up. I will accept the ticket."

"Good!" said the conductor, and he passed on, leaving Robertson and his new-found sister to pursue their journey in a pleasant interchange of ideas, which grew more and more animated as time passed.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Robertson," she said, when they parted at the Grand Central Station. "I will ask my father to send you a check for the ticket, and perhaps some evening, when you have nothing better to do, you might call."

"Oh, please don't—" Robertson began, not caring to receive a check for the purloined ticket; but the cab had started, and he was left standing on the curb, a prey to alternately uneasy and ecstatic reflections.

II

Six months later, during the Christmas holidays, Robertson, after a lonely dinner at his club, mounted the steps of Colonel Witherbee's mansion on upper Fifth Avenue. He had made not one but many calls upon Marjorie Witherbee since the episode of the lost ticket, and there had come into

his life certain definite conclusions that branded the letters of doom upon his anti-hymeneal views. The self-centered life of an unfrocked monk might do for others, but not for him—that is, not if Marjorie could be induced to see things as he did. To-night would show whether she could or not.

More radiantly beautiful than ever, Miss Witherbee entered the drawing-room; and for a moment, dazzled by her loveliness, Robertson merely stood and gazed upon her. He had intended to approach the main subject of his evening's discourse gradually, but at the critical moment his feelings overpowered him, and without any preliminaries he plunged torrentially into the matter dearest to his heart.

"Miss Witherbee," he began, "I cannot put it off a minute longer. Ever since that afternoon last July, when the fates decreed that our paths should cross on that Boston train, I have had but one consuming idea. The moment I saw you, I knew that my eyes beheld the one woman who could make my life a dream of happiness."

Miss Witherbee smiled sweetly, but she gently withdrew the hand which Robertson had impetuously seized.

"It is very good of you to say so, Mr. Robertson," she replied. "I am proud to have inspired such feelings in you. Any woman might be so, knowing that a good man had—"

"Oh, don't talk that way, Marjorie!" cried Robertson. "You aren't any woman, and I don't pretend that I am a particularly good man, but I love you devotedly, and if you will only give me the right to do so I will show you by a lifelong—"

"It is the only way I can talk," returned Miss Witherbee. "I think you must have seen already that I hold you in the highest esteem. Indeed, I can't deny that my feeling has grown into some sort of an affection, but perhaps—perhaps," she went on hesitatingly, "it is the affection of a sister. That is the way we began, you may remember, and no doubt you know what a sister's affection is. I have never met her, but I dare say that from the time you were a little boy you have had your sister's help in many, many ways. I am sure that whenever she had an opportunity to show her regard and sympathy for you she was ready, and I, too—"

"I never had a sister!" cried Robertson petulantly.

"Never had a sister?" echoed Marjorie, her eyes bubbling over with suppressed merriment, which, however, Robertson was too much cast down to note. "Why, then, whose ticket was it that I used coming over from Boston?"

"Yours," confessed Robertson humbly. "I stole it."

"And—and you told a fib about its being your sister's ticket?" said Marjorie, with an admirable imitation of reproachfulness in her voice.

"Yes," said Robertson wearily. "It was a plain, every-day, common or garden prevarication." He rose up sadly. "I don't suppose there really is any hope for me now," he said. "You couldn't—no woman could care for a—a liar."

He started for the door, but in a moment she was at his side.

"Women have married men to reform them—" She hesitated a moment, and then she went on softly: "Jack!"

A thrill of ecstasy passed through him, as he turned and caught her in his arms.

"When a man is willing to confess, there's hope for him," she added, smiling up at him; "and besides, Jack, dear, you

know I am not the one who should condemn, for I, too, told a teeny-weeny little fib myself, that day."

"You?" he cried. "I won't believe it."

"You must," she answered. "Do you remember what I said when the conductor demanded four dollars and sixty-six cents?"

"Remember it? Do I remember?" he replied. "I don't believe a single word has dropped from your lips, in my hearing, that I have forgotten. You told the conductor that you only had eighty cents."

"Yes," said Marjorie. "And all the while I had forty-nine dollars in my purse."

"You had?" said Robertson, very much puzzled. "Why didn't you pay your fare?"

"Because, dear," she explained, "I wanted my own ticket back, and I *saw* you take it!"

"By the way, beloved," said Robertson, as he bade her good night two hours later, "here's that check your father sent me for my sister's ticket. I may be ninety-nine different kinds of a mendacious citizen, but I couldn't cash that!"

Another Chance

BY EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH

DR. NORTON DREW was tired. So was the white horse which carried him in his buggy up the steep hill toward a pretty cottage at the top; away from the town, away from the factories, where the smoke belched forth and the big brick buildings stood like a blot against the opal sky.

To be strictly progressive, Dr. Drew should have a motor-car. This he knew full well. To be still more progressive, he should leave Williamsville, with its reeking tenements, its mill population, and the tragedies of sickness and death among the poor. This life was wearing him out; and youth was in his heart, ability in his make-up, and perhaps even fame before him, if he could get more time for study. But it takes money to go abroad to study, and it takes money to exchange a white horse, no longer young, for a motor-car.

Perhaps I need hardly mention the fact that in the pretty cottage at the top of the

hill lived Carlotta Morse, a maiden with a spring-like face, a nymph-like form, and a woman's soul. There is generally a Carlotta at the top of the hill of a man's ambitions.

Dr. Drew lifted the reins thoughtfully from Chariot's broad back. It was not her fault that she was not propelled by gasoline, but he was impatient of the ascent, for he had news for the lady of his choice.

Carlotta met him at the door, and coaxed him prettily to the belated tea-table, where she made him a cup of tea with capable fingers before she asked her questions.

"I know it is news when you won't telephone it," she said, smiling. "Curiosity is hard to curb. What have you to tell me?"

He looked at her thoughtfully across the tea-table.

"That our dreams have come true," he said whimsically; "*yet*—such is the paradox of life—dreams are not always unmixed

waking joys. If I go to Germany, I leave you behind."

She gave a little cry of delight.

"Norton! To Germany—to study?"

"I can go," he said shortly. "I heard this morning from a lawyer, and in the note was a check for two thousand dollars. My father's cousin left it to me, for some strange reason. Lotta, are you glad? It will be hard to leave you, but it is what we have wished."

She slipped to her knees before him, and took his hands in her own gentle clasp.

"Glad, yes, and sorry. It will be lonely, but it will be glorious in the end. Think of your having what you have always wanted! Think of what these big hands can accomplish with the opportunity!" Her face shone with enthusiasm. "The next best thing to being a great man is to love one," she whispered; "and you will be great some day, Norton—I know you will!"

"I will fight for it," he said, "and perhaps I shall win."

The door-bell pealed suddenly, and the girl rose to her feet.

"Is Dr. Drew here?" they heard a voice say excitedly. "My man's sick, and I saw the doctor's horse outside. Oh, he's dreadful bad!"

The doctor stood up.

"Good-by, dear," he whispered. "I'll see you to-morrow night. Good evening, Mrs. Merle. Yes, I will come with you at once."

He turned Chariot's head toward the town. Mrs. Merle's man was, indeed, "bad"—so bad that the doctor grew grave as he came out into the night once more.

"The fifth case!" he murmured to himself. "It's coming fast!"

When he opened his own front door, he was so tired that he did not notice, at first, some one standing by the library door. He would have started up-stairs, had not a voice arrested him.

"Oh, I say, Drew! I've been waiting for you for half an hour. I've simply got to see you a moment."

Dick Morse, Carlotta's brother, drew him into the library and shut the door. By one look at the young man's face the doctor knew that here was another type of illness to face—mental agony.

"What is it?" he said kindly. "Did you just come from New York? For pity's sake, what's the matter with you, boy?"

"The bank!" he whispered huskily.

"The usual story. I didn't mean to, of course, Norton; you know I'm no thief, if I am a fool—I mean I *am* a thief, but it doesn't come naturally. I was up against it hard. I've been honestly trying to brace up. You know I have, because—oh, well, the same 'because' that most of us have, I guess—a woman. I thought I would take it just for a week—speculation, of course—and it's gone!"

"What do you want me to do?" the doctor said wearily. "Have you told them at the bank?"

The young man paled.

"No-o," he hesitated. "I thought I might somehow borrow it and pay it back. I couldn't ask my father for anything more, but now—the disgrace—no, I won't say that; I don't want to drag in other people!"

The doctor's mind flew to Carlotta, to her father, the quiet invalid scholar—no, it could not be known.

"How much do you need?" he said tensely.

"Three thousand," Morse said in a low tone.

"I can let you have two thousand—yes, two thousand five hundred—and I think I can borrow the rest. I will come to the city to-morrow, but you'll have to tell them at the bank. Will you?"

"Oh, I suppose so!" the boy groaned. He held out his hand with a tragic gesture. "If God ever made a white man—" he said brokenly.

"Nonsense!" the doctor interrupted harshly. "To give you a to-morrow doesn't bring back yesterday. I'm not going to preach, Dick. You know what to think of yourself as well as I could tell you; but if you've any sense you'd know what I'm doing it for. It's not love of you or of the bank!"

"I know," said Dick humbly. "It's for Carlotta, but it gives me another chance!"

The next evening, the doctor climbed the hill without Chariot. She munched her oats in the stable, weary but satisfied.

In the pretty little parlor of the house on the hill he found Carlotta, and he kissed her tenderly. She waited until he had taken the big armchair before she asked her timid question.

"Norton, is it typhoid in the tenements? Oh, say it isn't!"

"But it is," he said. "Five cases yesterday, ten more to-day—how many to-morrow? We are doing everything we can. It's pretty bad!"

Carlotta gazed at the dark rings under his keen gray eyes.

"You are going to Germany," she said eagerly. "You said so last night. Now you must go at once."

"No," he said, with cheery decision. "I am not going now."

Carlotta gulped back a sob.

"But why?" she said miserably. "You have the money now. If you stay at home you might spend it, and you may never have two thousand dollars again."

"Very likely not," he agreed, smiling; "so you had better marry me at once, for

love! Seriously, though, dear, I must stay at home. There is typhoid in the mill tenements—you ought to know what that means."

"But your future?" she urged. "All our hopes and plans?"

"You wouldn't want me to run away from battle?" he said lightly. "There are nurses coming from the city to-morrow, and the doctor in the next town is going to help me. It's going to be a fight—a hard fight; but we will win, please God! As for the future, little lady, it always gives one another chance."

An Active Interference

BY JANE BELFIELD

THERE was no one in the luxuriously appointed waiting-room. The little woman in brown sank into a corner of the broad divan, and rested her head against its green leather back. She was tired; but she had given herself a holiday, and had come early to the restaurant to enjoy it. The cost of her lunch would probably amount to what she had just received for a short poem at fifty cents a line. Well, the little woman reflected, with her customary smile at circumstance, she would eat her verses!

In the curtained alcove, a white-capped mulatto maid was leisurely sorting her tags. A flight of steps led to the retiring-room below. It was barely noon, and the stringed orchestra would not play till one o'clock. The woman glanced at the rows of attractive tables beyond the archway. She would lunch in the balcony beneath the lattice of trailing vines that covered the ceiling, where hanging balls of gaily colored artificial flowers made festive holiday. But not yet—she was too tired to eat, and there was no hurry to-day.

No hurry! The little woman—she was not more than thirty—stretched her limbs and gave herself to the embrace of the divan. It was a dark day—raining heavily outside; but here the glittering prisms of the great chandelier diffused an inviting radiance. In the centers of the little round tables, single candelabra shed a warm, rosy glow over the white cloths. The hearts of the little tables! The woman smiled to her-

self. She would be writing a poem on these, next.

Between the rows of patient, expectant waiters, the tall mirrors reflected early lunchers, the nodding plumes of handsomely gowned women, and the rich furs thrown over the chairs.

A rustle in the doorway, and the little woman languidly turned her head. A woman of about her own age, dressed in elaborate mourning, and a man with iron-gray hair, were followed by a nurse whose tiny charge, garbed in white fur, looked like a diminutive polar bear. The woman, a handsome blonde, rather too full of figure, cast a hurried nervous glance about the apartment. Then she took the child's hand, and turned toward the stair; but the man stepped in her way.

"Where are you going, Jennie?" he demanded abruptly.

"Oh, just down there—with Milly."

He nodded, and the woman and the child descended the velvet stair. The nurse followed. Left alone, the man—a small, fussy individual clad in immaculate gray—rested his chin on the ivory top of his umbrella, and treated the room and its only occupant to a deliberate survey. He glanced into the alcove, as if some one might be hidden there. Then, keeping one eye on the stair, he stepped with nervous haste beneath the archway, to scan the restaurant.

Evidently failing to find what he sought, he returned to his post at the head of the stair, his brows knit in displeasure.

As the woman in the corner of the divan watched him, it occurred to her that his companion had left her escort to gain time. Presently she appeared, leading the child.

"Are you ready, Jennie? Shall we lunch?" the man said, as he slipped his arm through hers.

"No," the other returned shortly; "not here."

"And why not?"

"I don't want to—that's reason enough."

"Not to-day!" The man's smothered wrath took instant flame. "I saw you coming into this place. You intended to lunch here. It's not reason enough to-day!"

He tightened his hold on her arm, and led her to a distant corner; but the woman angrily jerked herself free. Fragments of their conversation reached the watcher on the sofa. As the man raised his voice excitedly, and lifted his umbrella, she sat stiffly erect, fearing that he intended to do the other some physical injury. Her eyes fastened on the angry man, offered the woman an eloquent though mute support.

"I suspected at once!" The beast that lurks in us all burst the thin veneer of civilization; the umbrella shook in his hand. "Yes, at once—and so I followed you!" The woman's face flushed crimson. She moved uncertainly between the man and the child; the nurse stood aside. "Do you want me to kill your baby?" The man's

voice sounded distinctly across the room. "Do you, Jennie?"

"Take her away, Martha!" the woman said to the nurse.

"No," the other objected roughly. "We are all going together, unless we lunch here. Ah!"

At the savage change of tone, the watcher on the divan rose to her feet. Was it time to interfere?

Following the direction of his eyes, she noticed that a young man stood in the archway. He perceived the little group, hesitated a moment, and turned to retreat; but too late—the other man had seen him, and made a dash toward the arch.

"Crenshaw! I knew it—I was right, then! But neither of you counted on my company!"

The young man raised his hat to the lady in black, who cast a glance of helpless appeal toward the divan. Why was she afraid? Was the very volcanic person her husband, or her father?

The little woman in black made up her mind. Husband or father, she would outwit him. With a sudden flash of inspiration, she stepped between the hesitating youth and the irate knight of the umbrella.

"Good morning, Mr. Crenshaw," she said with quiet confidence. "You are looking for me, I suppose. You are late. I have been waiting an hour!"

The Prisoner to the Jury

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

IT seemed to me as if that was where I belonged, gentlemen—sitting there on that park bench with a common loafer. There wasn't any ambition left in me. My nerves had been jangling all day, like as if they were made of wire, and had got twisted; but when I sat there a while they appeared to get straightened out again. I felt light and satisfied, and I thought I'd found the right place and would just sit there till Judgment.

I'd been a long time sinking—four years altogether since the accident that lost me my job as an engineer. It wasn't my fault, gentlemen, that accident, but it had left its marks on me. Although I could show them my engineer's license—you've all seen

and examined it—nobody wanted me. Too old, they said!

As long as the money that I'd saved up lasted, I kept on trying to find somebody who wouldn't look at my white hair first and my qualifications afterward. I'd gone down slow; but here I was, and it didn't seem to make very much difference. I've heard it's the same way when a man's drowning.

We'd been sitting there about an hour, or maybe two or three hours, neither of us saying anything. I don't suppose either of us felt the need of talking. Anyway, I didn't; but it began to get chilly toward evening.

I knew, gentlemen, that if I got up and

went home, they'd give me supper and no questions asked. I was only a week behind with my board. But I didn't see where any more money was coming from, and it didn't seem worth while getting up to go anywhere. I didn't feel as hungry as I had an hour or so earlier. I'd been goin' on short rations at noon all the week, and—well, to tell the truth, gentlemen, I hadn't been back to my boarding-house the day before, either.

I guess I was too tired to feel hungry, for I had been out to a factory in the suburbs, where I thought there might be an opening. Anyway, I didn't feel like getting up and going any farther; but my feet felt cold, and so I tried to cover them over with dead leaves. There was quite a pile of dead leaves, and I stooped over, after I'd thought it out, and began piling them over my feet.

The electric lights had been lighted. There was a pole near the bench, and the light fell on the pile of leaves as I turned it over. Right under the leaves was a piece of cardboard. I picked it up, without paying much attention, and sat looking at it.

I suppose mind does influence matter. All at once, gentlemen, I was hungry—raging hungry. I could have eaten an ox without waiting to have it cooked. The piece of pasteboard was a meal-ticket!

I put it in my pocket, and got up almost as if I wasn't tired. The other fellow got up, too. We walked off together. There wasn't anybody but us on the path, which ran along beside a pond.

Having that meal-ticket in my pocket somehow made me feel more like myself. I remembered that I was too dirty to eat decently, and so I thought I'd go down to the pond and have a wash up before I ate anything. We turned off the path side by side, neither of us saying anything; but it began to annoy me, having that fellow tagging after me like a shadow.

"What do you want?" I said. "What do you want following me around?"

He laughed. I suppose you might call it a laugh.

"I want that ticket," he said. "I saw what it was, and I'm going to have it!"

Now, I want you to believe, gentlemen, that I was sorry there wasn't but one meal left on that ticket. If there'd been two meals, I'd have given him one of them. I knew what it was to be hungry. I told

him, just as I'm telling you, that there wasn't but one meal, and that I was sorry there wasn't. All the time we kept walking toward the pond.

There was a dark spot near the pond that I thought would be a good place to wash up before eating my dinner. It was over-shadowed, so that I wouldn't be seen from the path; and I didn't know whether people were allowed to use the pond for a wash-basin. Overhead the trees made a round open space, and the stars twinkled through it just like a night in winter, although it was only autumn.

The other man still followed me.

"You might as well give me that ticket," he repeated. "If you don't, I'll take it away from you. You're an old man—"

That made me angry. People had counted me down and out too many times already because of my white hair. I was mad when he said that to me. It may be damaging, but I admit I was mad. It was my property, that ticket; I had found it, and it wasn't fair to try to get it away from me. I didn't care whether he was hungry or not. All I wanted was for him to go away and leave me alone.

I told him so. I spoke sharp to him; but he only laughed in his queer way, and looked back over his shoulder. We both saw there was nobody on the path.

"You give me that ticket, and no more nonsense!" he said.

But I wasn't afraid of him. I'd said my say, and I wanted to get rid of him. I turned back my coat sleeves, so I could wash my hands in the pond; but I kept my eye on him.

He was a coward, gentlemen, after the way he'd talked about my being an old man. He waited until he thought I was off my guard, and then he swung his arm and tried to hook it round my neck under my chin, so he could hold me while he went through my pockets. But we were face to face when he'd got his arm round me.

We didn't either of us say anything, after that, and I guess we both felt the same way about making any noise. Anyway, it never occurred to me that this was anybody's business but just between ourselves. I felt as if I had hold of all the men who had called me an old man.

We just clenched and fought that way, gentlemen, keeping in the dark shadow of the shrubbery. Once he got my head back

so I could see the stars shining, but I managed to twist it right again. He was stronger than me. I suppose I am getting along in years, but it don't make much difference now. I don't suppose I'm likely to be looking for another job.

After a while he began to get the best of me. We were both out of breath, and if anybody had come along the path he would have heard us panting. Then he got his hand in my pocket. It wasn't the pocket I'd put the ticket in, but just feeling his hand there made it seem as if he'd got it away from me. It wasn't fair, gentlemen, a strong young man taking a thing like that away from an old one! There's plenty of work in the world for young men. There isn't any for an old man.

Feeling his hand in my pocket that way

gave me new energy. I got him right off his feet, and we both fell toward the pond. His head and shoulders went down in the water.

I didn't dare let him get up, gentlemen. He was trying to choke me. I held him down there with his head among the stars. By and by he let go of my throat, slowly; but I held him a while longer. I didn't dare let him get up. I knew now that he was stronger than me, and that I am an old man.

When I got up, he didn't try to follow me; but I didn't care. It wasn't fair—trying to take a thing like that away from me! I didn't care if he never got up.

I went and had my dinner. Then I thought it all out, and went to the police station and gave myself up.

Tripler's Fall from Grace

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

"I AM afraid," said Mr. Tripler, "that she hasn't been brought up right."

Mrs. Tripler sighed. She, also, had her misgivings.

"Perhaps it is our fault," she replied; "but she is now too old to punish by any ordinary method."

In answer, Tripler enumerated the faults of their fourteen-year-old daughter.

"She is untidy," he said, "and no amount of scolding seems to do her any good. She doesn't pretend to pick up her room in the morning, and it is impossible to send her on any errand, or ask her to do anything, as she is so thoughtless that you can't trust her."

"I know it," said Mrs. Tripler.

"Then her manners are not good. She is inclined to answer people shortly, and she doesn't try to make herself agreeable. She certainly is selfish."

"Awfully so," replied Mrs. Tripler. "Oh, dear, Bessie is *such* a trial!"

Tripler was going away on a railroad journey. He talked as he packed.

"Something must be done with that child," he said. "She has a good mind, and I am sure that if the thing was brought home to her in the right way, and she once saw it, she would be very different. We have humored her too much."

"I am afraid we have. I declare, I am ready to try anything."

"I am going to try something," said Tripler. "I don't know what it will be, but something must be done. I will think it over."

Tripler kissed his wife and made for the train. His daughter wasn't there to say good-by. She had run off to play tennis.

On the train, Tripler thought over the whole matter. He felt that Bessie was all right at heart, if her heart could only be reached. It suddenly occurred to him that he would write her a letter. Coming from him in that authoritative manner, it might have an effect that could be produced in no other way.

He went over it in his mind on the train; and when he reached the end of his journey, he penned the following masterpiece:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

There are two things in this world that are more to be desired than any other. They are the love and respect of those near to us, and the respect of those who are our friends.

Now we are bringing you up in the best way we can, giving you an education and fitting you for your own life. But you are doing nothing to indicate that you appreciate this.

First, you are selfish. You think of nobody but yourself. When you are disappointed, or do not get what you want, you display your temper.

Second, you are thoughtless about others, and never seem to care how much trouble you give them. You leave your room in disorder every morning. You scatter things about the house, and when you are reprimanded for this, you seem to take it as a personal insult that you should be re-proved. You should remember that there is an obligation on your part not to cause any more trouble than necessary. As a member of society, you are bound to respect the rights of others. You are a human being, capable of reasoning, and fully able to do your share. At present you are not doing it, but are shirking.

Third, your manners are not good, in spite of the fact that you have been repeatedly shown their defects. You make no effort to interest yourself in others. If you are introduced to anybody, you affect the most irritating indifference. You answer your mother back when she reproves you. Your lack of any sense of obligation to others is shown on every occasion; yet, if you yourself are thwarted, you are quick to resent it.

Fourth, instead of you being treated unjustly yourself, of which you have so often complained, you treat those with whom you come into contact with injustice; for you assume that they should put themselves out for you on every occasion, but you are not willing to do the same for them.

Fifth, yesterday you did not wait to say good-by to me, but preferred to consult your own pleasure. This was possibly a small matter, but it illustrates your conduct. It was not only thoughtless, but bad manners.

We all of us, on top of this earth, come from no one knows where, and are going no one knows whither. The utmost we can do for one another is to be courteous while we are on the way. It is more important than anything else in the world, for it lies at the foundation of society.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

"There!" said Tripler to himself. "Perhaps that will have some effect;" and he mailed it with the greatest satisfaction.

Two days later, as he approached his home, he was conscious of an indefinable something. No cheery laugh greeted him. His wife was not in her usual place on the front veranda, although he had sent word when he would arrive.

He stole in, and up-stairs. He opened the door of the sitting-room. Mrs. Tripler, who had been sewing, rose solemnly to greet him.

She burst into tears.

"How could you?" she said. "My poor Bessie!"

"What in the world do you mean?" demanded Tripler.

"That letter; oh, how could you?"

"Why, I don't understand. Wasn't it all right?"

Mrs. Tripler wrung her hands.

"Dear, dear!" she exclaimed. "The poor thing has been prostrated about it. Really, my dear, I should have thought you would consider the consequences. As I said to her this morning, what a dreadful thing it would be if your father should never come back, and you should have only that horrible letter to remember him by all the rest of your life! I said that to Bessie, and it made her feel dreadfully. I don't believe that she will ever get over it."

"But it was true," blurted out Tripler. "Why should the truth be such a terrible thing for a man to leave behind him?"

This only made Mrs. Tripler worse.

"Oh, how can you say such a thing," she exclaimed, "with that poor child suffering the way she is? You must go to her at once, and see if you can make it right with her. She will be ill if you don't. Something terrible may happen to her."

Overcome with humiliation, remorse, and chagrin, his self-respect oozing out at every pore, Tripler stood rooted to the spot. He didn't know what to say.

"If you hadn't put it in a letter," said Mrs. Tripler, "it wouldn't have been quite so bad."

"Why, I've said it to her a dozen—"

"Ah, yes, but that is different. Think of the effect of a letter! I am afraid she will never recover from the shock. I know she will never feel the same toward—"

"Don't!" muttered Tripler, as he hurried out of the room to his daughter's. On the way he searched in his pocket for a twenty-dollar gold-piece that he had carried for years as a lucky coin.

He bent over the sobbing Bessie and pressed it into her hand. She seemed to brighten a little at that, he thought.

"Will you forgive me, dear?" he said. "Of course papa didn't mean it. And you shall have a new watch for Christmas. Your dear old papa gets nervous at times, and doesn't always mean what he says."

Half an hour later he stole gently back to his wife.

"She seems better now," he whispered.

"I think she will be all right."

"And you promise never to do such a thing again?"

Tripler smiled a feeble, penitent smile.

"I promise," he said.

THE HONOR OF THE BIG SNOWS*

A STORY OF THE CANADIAN WILDERNESS

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

AUTHOR OF "A FIGHT FOR LIFE"

XXXII

ON the next day Thornton did not start southward. He made no sign of going on the second day. So it was with the third, the fourth, and the fifth.

On each of these days Jan went once, in the afternoon, to the office of the sub-commissioner, and Thornton always accompanied him. At times, when Jan was not looking, there was a hungry light in his friend's eyes as Thornton followed the other's movements, and once or twice Jan caught what was left of this look when he turned unexpectedly.

He knew what was in Thornton's mind, and he pitied him. In his heart he grieved with the man until his own secret almost wrung itself from his lips. Somehow, in a way that he could not understand, Thornton's sacrifice to honor, and his despair, gave Jan strength; and a hundred times he asked himself if a confession of his own misery would do as much for the other.

He repeated this thought to himself again and again on the afternoon of the ninth day, when he went to the sub-commissioner's office alone. Thornton had remained behind. Thoreau had left him in a gloomy corner of the hotel room, from which he had not looked up when Jan went out with Kazan.

This ninth day was the last day for Thoreau. In a dazed sort of way he listened as the sub-commissioner told him that the work was ended. They shook hands. It was dark when Jan came out from the company's offices—dark with a pale gloom through which the stars were beginning to glow—with a ghostly gloom lightened still

more in the north by the rising fires of the northern lights.

Alone Jan stood for a few moments, close down to the river. Across from him was the forest, silent, black, reaching to the end of the earth; and over it, like a signal light beckoning him back to his world, the aurora sent out its shafts of red and gold. And as he listened, there came to him faintly a distant, wailing sound which he knew was a voice from that world.

The hair rose along Kazan's spine, and he whined deep down in his throat. Jan's breath grew quicker, his blood warmer. Over there—across the river—his world was calling to him, and he, Jan Thoreau, was now free to go. This very night he would once more bury himself in the forest. When he lay down to sleep, it would be with his beloved stars above him, and the winds whispering sympathy and brotherhood to him in the spruce-tops. He would go—now. He would say good-by to Thornton—and go!

He found himself running, with Kazan trotting beside him. He was breathless when he came to the one lighted street of the town. He hurried to the hotel, and found Thornton sitting where he had left him.

"It is ended, *m'sieur*," he cried in a low voice. "It is over, and I am going. I am going to-night!"

Thornton rose.

"To-night?" he repeated.

"Yes, to-night—now. I am going to pick up my things. Will you come?"

He went ahead of Thornton to the bare little room in which he had slept while at the hotel. He did not notice the change in his companion until he had lighted a

* This story began in the August (1910) number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

lamp. Thornton was looking at him doggedly. An unpleasant look was in the man's face, a flush about his eyes, a rigid tenseness in the muscles of his jaws.

"And I—I, too, am going to-night," he said.

"Into the south, *m'sieur*?"

"No, into the north!" There was a fierceness in Thornton's emphasis. He stood opposite Jan, leaning over the table on which the light was placed. "I've broken loose," he went on. "I'm not going south—back to that hell of mine. I'm never going south again. I'm dead down there—dead for all time. They'll never hear of me again. They can have my fortune—everything. I'm going north. I'm going to live with your people, and God—and her!"

Jan dropped into a chair. Thornton sat down opposite him.

"I'm going back to her," he repeated. "No one will ever know!"

He could not account for the look in Jan's eyes, or for the nervous twitching of the lithe, brown hands that reached halfway across the table. But Kazan's one eye told the faithful dog more than Thornton could guess, and in response to it that ominous, shivering wave rose along the old leader's spine. Thornton would never know that Jan's fingers twitched for an instant in their old mad desire to leap at a human throat.

"You will not do that," he said quietly.

"Yes, I will," replied Thornton. "I have made up my mind. Nothing can stop me but—death!"

"There is one other thing that can stop you, and will, *m'sieur*," said Jan, as quietly as before. "I, Jan Thoreau, will stop you!"

Thornton rose slowly, staring down into Jan's face. The flush about his eyes grew deeper.

"I will stop you," repeated Jan, rising also; "and I am not death."

He went to Thornton and placed his two hands upon his friend's shoulders. In his eyes there now glowed that gentle light which had made Thornton love him as he had loved no other man on earth.

"*M'sieur*, I will stop you," he said again, speaking as if to a brother. "Sit down. I am going to tell you something. When I have told you, you will take my hand, and you will say, 'Jan Thoreau, I thank the great God that something like

this has happened before, and that it has come to my ears in time to save the one I love.' Sit down, *m'sieur*."

XXXIII

JAN had aged five years during those two hours in the office of the sub-commissioner; he aged now as Thornton looked at him. There came the same tired, hopeless glow in his eyes, the same tense lines in his face. And yet, quickly, he changed as he had not changed that afternoon.

Two livid spots began to burn in his cheeks as he sat down opposite Thornton. He turned the light low, and his eyes glowed more darkly and with an animal-like luster in the half-gloom. Something in him now—a quivering, struggling passion that lay behind those eyes—held Thornton white and silent.

"*M'sieur*," he began, in the low voice which Thornton was beginning to understand, "I am going to tell you something which I have told to but two other human beings. It is the story of another man—a man from civilization, like you, who came up into this country of ours years and years ago, and who met a woman, as you have met this girl at Oxford House, and who loved her as you love this one, and perhaps more. It is singular that the case should be so similar, *m'sieur*, and it is because of this that I believe God gives me courage to tell it to you. For this man, like you, left a wife—and two children—when he came into the north. *M'sieur*, I pray the great God to forgive him, for he left a third child—unborn."

Jan leaned upon his hand so that it shaded his face.

"It is not so much of this, as of what followed, that I am going to tell you, *m'sieur*," he went on. "It was a beautiful love, on the woman's part, and it would have been a beautiful love on the man's part if it had been pure. For her he gave up everything, even his God—as you would give up everything for this girl at Oxford House. *M'sieur*, I will speak mostly of the woman now. She was beautiful. She was one of the three most beautiful things that God ever placed in our world, and she loved this man. She married him, believed in him, was ready to die for him, to follow him to the ends of the earth, as our women will for the men they love. Can you not guess what happened, *m'sieur*? A child was born!"

So fiercely did Jan cry out the words that Thornton jerked back as if a blow had been struck at him from out of the gloom.

"A child was born!" repeated Jan, and Thornton heard his nails digging into the table. "That was the first curse of God—a child! *Les bêtes de charogne*—that is what we call them—beasts of carrion and carrion-eaters, breeders of devils and sin! *Mon dieu*, that is what happened! A child was born, with the curse of God upon him!"

Jan stopped, his nails digging deeper, his breath escaping from him as if he had been running.

"Down in your world he would have grown up a man," he continued, speaking more calmly. "I have heard that—since. It is common down there to be a two-legged carrion—a man or a woman born out of wedlock. I have been told so, and that it is a curse not without hope. But here it is different. The curse never dies. It follows, day after day, year after year. This child, more unfortunate than the wild things, was born one of them. Do you understand, *m'sieur*? If the winds had whispered the secret, nothing would have come near him—the Indian women would sooner have touched the plague—he would have been an outcast, despised as he grew older, pointed at and taunted, called names which are worse than those hurled at the lowest and meanest dogs. That is what it means to be born under such a curse—up here!"

He waited for Thornton to speak, but the other sat silent and moveless across the table.

"The curse worked swiftly, *m'sieur*. It came first—in remorse—to the man. It gnawed at his soul, ate him alive, and drove him from place to place with the woman and the child. The purity and love of the woman added to his suffering, and at last he came to know that the hand of God had fallen upon his head. The woman saw his grief, but did not know the reason for it; and so the curse began to come to her. They went north—far north, above the barren lands, and the curse followed there. It gnawed at his life until the man died. That was seven years after the child was born."

The oil-lamp sputtered and began to smoke. With a quick movement Jan turned the wick down until they were left in almost total darkness.

"*M'sieur*, it was then that the curse fell heavily upon the woman and the child. Do you not believe that about the sins of the fathers being visited upon others? *Mon dieu*, it is so—it is so! It was visible in many small ways—and then—the curse came suddenly."

Jan's voice came in a hissing whisper now. Thornton could feel his hot breath as he leaned over the table in his excitement, and in the darkness Jan's eyes shone like two coals of fire.

"There was a new missionary at the post—a man from the south. He was a great friend to the woman, and preached God, and she believed him. The boy was very young, and saw things, but did not understand at first. He knew, afterward, that the missionary loved his mother's beauty, and that he tried hard to win it—and failed, for the woman, until death, would love only the one to whom she had given herself first. But one night, when every soul was about the big fires at the caribou-roast, and there was no one near the lonely little cabin where the boy and his mother lived, *it happened*. The boy was at the feast, but he chanced to run home with a bit of dripping meat as a gift for his mother. He heard her cries, and ran in, to be struck down by the missionary. It had happened, and even the boy knew, and followed the man, shrieking that he had killed his mother."

There was a terrible calmness now in Jan's voice.

"*M'sieur*, it was true. She wasted away like a flower after that night. She died, and left the boy alone with the curse. And that boy, *m'sieur*, was Jan Thoreau. The woman was his mother."

There was silence—a dead, pulseless quiet, broken after a time by a movement. It was Thornton, groping across the table. Jan felt his hands touch his arm. They groped farther in the darkness, until Jan Thoreau's hands were clasped tightly in Thornton's.

"And that—is all?" he questioned hoarsely.

"No, it is but the beginning," said Jan softly. "The curse has followed me, *m'sieur*, until I am the unhappiest man in the world. To-day I have done all that is to be done. When my father died, he left papers which my mother was to give me when I had attained manhood. When she died, they came to me. She knew nothing of that which was in them, and I am glad;

for they told the story that I have told to you, *m'sieur*. From his grave my father prayed to me to make what restitution I could. When he came into the north for good, he brought with him most of his fortune—which was large, *m'sieur*—and placed it in the stock of the great company. A half of it, he said, should be mine. The other half he asked me to return to his children, and to his real wife, if she were living. I have done more than that, *m'sieur*. I have given up all—for none of it is mine. A half will go to the two children whom he deserted. The other half will go to the child that was unborn. The mother—is—dead."

"There is more, Jan," Thornton said, after a time.

"Yes, there is more, *m'sieur*," said Jan. "So much more that if I were to tell it to you, it would not be hard for you to understand why Jan Thoreau is the unhappiest man in the world. I have told you that this is but the beginning. I have not told you how the curse has followed me and robbed me of all that is greatest in life—how it has haunted me day and night, *m'sieur*, like a black spirit, destroying my hopes, turning me at last into an outcast, without people, without friends, without—that which you, too, will give up in this girl at Oxford House. *M'sieur*, am I right? You will not go back to her. You will go south, and some day the great God will reward you."

He heard Thornton rising in the dark.

"Shall I strike a light, *m'sieur*?"

"No," said Thornton, close to him.

In the gloom their hands met. There was a change in the other's voice now—something of pride, of triumph, of a glory just achieved.

"Jan," he said softly, "I thank you for bringing me face to face with a God like yours. I have never met Him before. We send missionaries up to save you, we look upon you as wild and savage and with only half a soul—but we are blind. You have taught me more than has ever been preached into me, and this great, glorious world of yours is sending me back a better man for having come into it. I am going south. Some day I will return, and I, too, will be one of this world, and one of your people. I will come, and I will bring no curse. If I could send this word to her, if I could ask her forgiveness, if I could tell her what I have almost been, and that I

still have hope and faith, I could go down more easily into that other world."

"You can," said Jan. "I will take this word for you, *m'sieur*—and I will take more, for I will tell her what it has been the kind fate for Jan Thoreau to find in the heart of *M'sieur* Thornton. She is one of my people, and she will forgive, and love you more for what you have done. For this, *m'sieur*, is what our God has given to his people as the honor of the great snows. She will still love you, and if there is to be hope it will burn in her breast, too."

Something like a sob broke through Thornton's lips as he moved back through the darkness.

"And you—I shall find you again?" he said.

"They will know where I go from Oxford House. I will leave word—with her," said Jan.

"Good-by!" said Thornton huskily.

Jan listened until his footsteps had died away, and for a long time after that he sat with his head buried in his arms upon the little table. And Kazan, whining softly, seemed to know that in the darkened room had come to pass the thing which broke at last his master's overburdened heart.

XXXIV

THAT night Jan Thoreau passed for the last time back into the shelter of his forests. All night he traveled, and with each mile that he left behind him something larger and bolder grew in his breast, until he cracked his whip in the old way, and shouted to the dogs in the old way, and the blood in him sang to the wild spirit of the wilderness. Once more he was at home!

To him the forest had always been home, filled with the low voice of whispering winds and trees; and to-night it was more his home than ever. Lonely and sick at heart, with no other desire than to bury himself deeper and deeper in it, he felt the life and sympathy and love of it creeping into his heart, grieving with him in his grief, warming him with its hope, pledging him again the eternal friendship of its trees, its mountains, and all of the wild things that it held.

From above him the stars looked down like a billion tiny fires kindled by loving hands to light his way—the stars that had given him light and peace ever since he could remember, and that had taught him

more of the silent power of God than the lips of man could tell. From this time forth Jan Thoreau knew that these things would be his life, his God.

A thousand times, in fanciful play, he had given life and form to the star shadows about him, to the shadows of the tall spruce, the twisted shrubs, the rocks, and even the mountains. And now it was no longer play. With each hour that passed this night, and with each day and night that followed, they became more and more real to him. His fires in the black gloom painted pictures for him as they had never painted them before. The trees and the rocks and the twisted shrubs comforted him more and more in his loneliness, and gave him the presence of life in their movement, in the coming and going of their shadow forms.

Everywhere they were the same old friends, unvarying and changeless. The spruce shadow of to-night, nodding to him in its silent way, was the same that had nodded to him last night—a hundred nights ago; the stars were the same, the winds whispering to him in the tree-tops were the same, everything was as it was yesterday—years ago—unchanged, never leaving him, never growing cold in its devotion.

He had loved the forest—now he worshipped it. In its vast silence he still possessed Mélisse. It whispered to him still of her old love, of their days and years of happiness; and with his forest he lived these days over and over again, and dreamed of them when he slept.

Nearly a month passed before he reached Oxford House and found the sweet-faced girl whom Thornton loved. He did as Thornton had asked, and went on—into the north and east.

He had no mission now, except to roam in the forest. He went down the Hayes, getting his few supplies at Indian camps, and stopped at last with the beginning of spring far up on the cutaway. Here he built himself a camp, and lived for a time, setting deadfalls for bear. Then he struck north again, and still east—keeping always away from Lac Bain.

When the first chill winds brought warning of winter down to him from Hudson Bay, he was filled for a time with a longing to strike north and west, to go once more back to his barren lands. But, instead, he went south, and so it came to pass that a year after he had left Lac Bain he built

himself a cabin deep in the forest of God's River, fifty miles from Oxford House, and trapped once more for the company. He had not forgotten his promise to Thornton, and at Oxford House he left word where he could be found if the man from civilization should return.

One day in late midwinter, Jan returned to Oxford House with his furs. That evening he heard a Frenchman who had come down from the North speak of Lac Bain. None noticed the change in Jan's face, as he hung back in the shadows of the company's store; but a little later he followed the Frenchman outside, and stopped him where there were no others near.

"*M'sieur*, you spoke of Lac Bain," he said in French. "You have been there?"

"Yes," replied the other. "I was there for a week, waiting for the first sledge snow."

"It is my old home," said Jan, trying to keep his voice natural. "I have wondered—if there are changes. You saw Cummins, the factor?"

"Yes, he was there."

"And—and Jean de Gravois, the chief man?"

"He was away. *Mon dieu*, listen to that! The dogs are fighting out there!"

"A moment, *m'sieur*," begged Jan, as the Frenchman made a movement as if to run in the direction of the tumult. "The factor had a daughter—Mélisse—"

"She left Lac Bain, I believe, *m'sieur*," interrupted the trapper, making a tremendous effort to be polite, as he edged toward the sound of battle. "*M'sieur* Cummins told me that he had not seen her for a long time—I believe he said that it was almost a year. *Sacré*, listen to that! They are tearing one another into bits; and they are my dogs, *m'sieur*, for I can tell their voices among a thousand!"

The trapper hurried off through the darkness. Jan made a movement to follow. Then he stopped, and turned instead to the company's store. He took his pack to the place where he had left his sledge and his dogs, at the edge of the spruce. Kazan leaped to the end of his *babiche* to greet his master.

That night, as Jan traveled through the forest, he did not notice the stars or the friendly shadows.

"A year!" he repeated to himself, again and again, and once, when Kazan rubbed against his leg and looked up into his face,

he said: "Ah, Kazan, our Mélisse went away with the Englishman. May the great God give them happiness!"

XXXV

THE forest claimed Jan Thoreau more than ever after this. He did not go back to Oxford House in the spring, but sold his furs to a passing half-breed, and wandered all through the summer in the country to the west. It was January when he returned to his cabin, when the snows were deepest; and three days later he set out to outfit at the Hudson's Bay post on God's Lake, instead of at Oxford House.

While they were crossing an arm of the lake, Kazan leaped aside for an instant in his traces, and snapped at something in the snow. Jan saw the movement, but gave no attention to it until a little later, when Kazan stopped and fell, biting at the harness and whining in pain. The thought of the dog's sudden snap at the snow came to him then like a knife-thrust, and with a low cry of horror and fear he fell upon his knees beside the leader of his team.

Kazan whimpered, and his bushy tail swept the snow, as Jan lifted the great wolfish head between his two hands. Slowly Thoreau drew the dog up to him, until he held the animal in his arms as he might have held a child.

Kazan stilled the whimpering sounds in his throat. His one eye rested on his master's face, faithful, watching for some sign, for some language there, even as the burning fires of a strange torture gnawed at his life. In that eye Jan saw the deepening reddish film which he had seen a hundred times before in the eyes of foxes and wolves killed by poison bait.

A moan of anguish burst from his lips. He held his face close down against Kazan's head, and sobbed like a child; while the dying animal rubbed its hot muzzle against his cheek, and its muscles hardened in a last desire to give battle to whatever was causing its master's grief.

It was a long time before Jan lifted his face from the shaggy head, and when he did he knew that the last of all love, of all companionship, of all that bound him to flesh and blood in his lonely world, was gone. Kazan was dead!

From the sledge he took a blanket, wrapped Kazan in it, and carried him a hundred yards back from the trail. With bowed head he came behind his four dogs into the post.

Half an hour later he turned back into the wilderness with his supplies.

It was dark when he returned to where he had left Kazan. He placed the dog's body on the sledge, and the four huskies whined as they dragged on their burden, from which the smell of death came to them. They stopped in the deep forest beyond the lake and Jan built a fire.

This night, as he had done on so many nights in his lonely life, Jan drew Kazan close to him. He shivered as the other dogs slunk back from him suspiciously. The crackling fire and the moaning spruce-tops broke the stillness of the forest. He looked at the leaping flames, at the fitful shadows which they set dancing and grimacing about him, and it seemed to him now that they were no longer friends, but were taunting him—gloating in Kazan's death, and telling him that he was alone, alone, alone.

He let the fire die down, stirring it into life only when the cold stiffened him. When at last he fell into an unquiet slumber, it was still to hear the spruce-tops whispering to him that Kazan was dead, and that the last fragile link between Jan Thoreau and Mélisse was broken.

He went on at dawn, with Kazan wrapped in his blanket on the sledge. He planned to reach the cabin that night, and the next day he would bury his old comrade. It was dark when he came to the narrow plain that lay between him and the river. The sky was brilliant with stars when he slowly climbed the big, barren ridge at the foot of which was his home. At the summit he stopped, and seated himself on the edge of a rock, with nothing but a thousand miles of space between him and the pale glow of the northern lights.

At his feet lay the forest, black and silent, and he looked down to where he knew his cabin was waiting for him, black and silent, too. For the first time it came upon him that this was home—that the forest, and the silence, and the little cabin hidden under the spruce-tops below, held a deeper meaning for him than a few hours before, when Kazan was a leaping, living comrade at his side.

Kazan was dead. Down there he would bury him. And he had loved Kazan; he knew now, as he clutched his hands to his aching breast, that he would have fought for his faithful dog—would have given up his life for Kazan, as he would have done for a brother. Down there, under the silent

spruce, he would bury the last that had remained to him of the old life. There swelled up in his heart a longing, almost a prayer, that Mélisse might know that he, Jan Thoreau, would have nothing left to him to-morrow but a grave, and that in that grave was their old chum, their old playmate, Kazan.

Hot tears blinded Jan's eyes. He covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as he had sobbed years before, when in the southern wilderness word came to him that Mélisse was dying. Mélisse, Mélisse—he moaned her name aloud, and stared through the hot film in his eyes away into the north, sobbing to her, calling to her in his grief, and looking through that thousand miles of starlit space as if from out of it her sweet face would come to him once more.

As he called, there seemed to come to him, in reply, a sound so sweet and low and tender that his heart stood still. He rose up, and stretched his arms to heaven, for Jan Thoreau knew that it was the sound of a violin that came to him from out of the north. He knew that Mélisse, an infinity away, had heard his call, his prayer, and was playing for him and Kazan!

Suddenly, as he listened, his arms fell to his side, and there shot into his eyes all the concentrated light of the stars; for the music came nearer and nearer, and still nearer to him, until he caught the body of Kazan in his arms, and ran with it down the side of the mountain. The sound now died in the forest, and then rose again, softer and more distant, it seemed to him, luring him on into the forest gloom.

For a few moments, he had only a dazed consciousness of all else but that sound. Just as John Cummins had called upon the angels at Lac Bain, many years ago, when he, too, had gone out into the night to meet this wonderful music, so Jan Thoreau's soul cried to them now as he clutched Kazan to him, and stumbled on. Then, suddenly, he came upon the cabin, and in the cabin there was a light!

Gently he laid Kazan down upon the snow, and for a full minute he stood and listened. He heard, lower and sweeter still, the music of the violin. Some one was in his cabin—living hands were playing! After all, it was not the spirit of Mélisse that had come to him in the hour of his deepest grief; and a sob rose in his throat.

He went on, step by step, and at the door he stopped again, wondering if he was mad,

if the spirits of the forest were taunting him still, if—if—

One step more—

Ah, he heard it now—the low, sweet music of the old Cree love-song, with all of its old sadness, its whispering joy, its weeping song of life, of death, of love!

With a great cry, Jan flung open the door and leaped in, with his arms reaching out, his eyes blinded for a moment by the sudden light. With a cry as piercing as his own, something ran through that light to meet him—Mélisse, the glorious Mélisse, crushing her arms about his neck, sobbing his name, pleading with him in her old, sweet voice to kiss her, kiss her, kiss her!

For the first time in his life, Jan Thoreau felt sweeping over him a resistless weakness. As if in a vision, he knew that Jean de Gravois came to him, too, and held him in his arms; and that as the light faded away from about him, he still heard Mélisse calling to him, felt her arms about him, her face crushed to his own. As the deep gloom enveloped him, and he felt himself slipping down through it, he whispered to the faces which he could no longer see:

"Kazan—died—to-night!"

XXXVI.

FOR a long time Jan fought to throw off the darkness. When he succeeded, and opened his eyes again, he knew that it was Mélisse who was sitting beside him, and that it was Mélisse who flung her arms about him when he awoke from his strange sleep, and held his wild head pressed against her bosom—Mélisse, with her glorious hair flowing about her as he had loved it in their old days, and with the old love shining in her eyes.

"Jan, Jan, we have been hunting for you so long!" she cried softly. "We have been searching—ever since you left Lac Bain. Jan, dear Jan, I loved you so—and you almost broke my heart. Dear, dear Jan," she sobbed, stroking his face, "I know why you ran away—I know—I know, and I love you so much that—that I shall die—if you go away again!"

"You know!" breathed Jan. He was in his cot, and raised himself, clasping her beautiful face between his two hands, staring at her with the old horror in his eyes. "You know—and you come—to me!"

"I love you!" said Mélisse. She slipped up to him and laid her face upon his breast, and with her fingers entwined in his long

hair she pulled him down to her and kissed him. "I love you!"

Jan's arms closed about her. He bowed his face so that it was smothered in her hair, and he felt against it the joyous tremble of her bosom.

"I love you!" she repeated, and under her cloud of hair their lips met. "I love you!" she whispered again.

Outside, Jean de Gravois was dancing up and down in the starlit edge of the forest, and Iowaka was looking at him.

"And *now* what do you think of your Jean de Gravois?" he cried, for the hundredth time at least. "*Now* what do you think of him, my beautiful one?" He caught Iowaka's head in his arms, for the hundredth time, too, and kissed her until she pushed him away. "Was it not right for me to break my oath to the blessed Virgin and tell Mélisse why Jan Thoreau had gone mad? Was it not right, I say? And did not Mélisse do as I told that fool of a Jan that she would do? And didn't she hate the foreigner all the time? Eh? Can you not speak, my raven-haired angel?"

He hugged Iowaka again in his arms, and this time he did not let her go, but turned her face so that the starlight fell upon it.

"And what if Jan Thoreau still feels that the curse is upon him?" he asked softly. "Ho, ho, we have fixed that—you, my sweet Iowaka, and your husband, Jean de Gravois. I have it—here, in my pocket—the letter signed by the sub-commissioner at Prince Albert, to whom I told Jan's story when I followed his trail down there—the letter which says that the other woman died before the man who was to be Jan Thoreau's father married the woman who was to be his mother. And *now* do you understand why I did not tell Mélisse of this letter, *ma chérie*? It was to prove to that fool of a Jan Thoreau that she loved him—*whatever he was*. What do you think of Jean de Gravois, you daughter of a princess, you—you—"

"Wife of the greatest man in the world," laughed Iowaka, softly. "Come, my foolish Jean, we cannot stand out forever. I am growing cold. And besides, do you not suppose that Jan would like to see *me*?"

"Foolish—foolish—foolish!" murmured Jean, as they walked hand in hand through the starlight. "She, my Iowaka, my beloved, still calls me foolish! *Mon dieu*, what can a man do to make himself great in the eyes of his wife?"

THE END

SWEETHEART O' MINE

SWEETHEART o' mine, here's a kiss on your hands—

In giving so royal, in loving so loyal!

My beckoners into the love-lit lands,

Their palms are as smooth as a pink sea-shell,

And, cupped to my ears, bring an echo to me

Of an ancient time when I loved you well

On the sunlit shores of Thessaly.

Sweetheart o' mine!

Sweetheart o' mine, here's a kiss on your lips—

Your lips so near and your lips so dear!

As the pool at eve where the wild deer sips,

What water is to a thirsting man,

What the cup of the clover is to the bee,

What love has been since time began,

Are your lips to me—are your lips to me,

Sweetheart o' mine!

Sweetheart o' mine, here's a kiss on your eyes,

Your eyes so blue and your eyes so true,

Tender and trusting, pure and wise!

Trite my similes, poor my art,

Broken my praise as a wind-swept lute;

But my love in my being's inmost part

Lies hid as the song in the lyre lies mute,

Sweetheart o' mine!

Edna Valentine Trapnell